

If you let me

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by [winterlighting](#)

Summary

So George had a problem. A problem he knew it was one, but never dared to say out loud before. Dream could tell something was wrong, and as usual, wanted to help. But this wasn't something he could fix for him, was it?

“Well, there’s nothing you can do,” he said, shrugging.

“Well, I mean... Technically...” The brunet raised an eyebrow.

“What?” His friend let out an awkward laugh.

“You need a heat partner,” Dream pointed out. Then, he pointed at himself. “I’m an alpha.”

At first, the omega didn’t see the relation between both statements. But the moment it clicked, his cheeks instantly turned red, huffing and looking away.

“You’re such an idiot,” he let out. “Stop messing around.”

“I’m not, I’m not! I’m being deadass.”

George blinked a few times, before huffing again, expecting him to laugh and say he was kidding. But he didn’t.

“So what? What does that mean?” He pressed. Because there’s no way the boy was actually suggesting that. “You would just, fuck me?”

“If that’s what you needed.” The alpha shrugged, as if the conversation was normal.

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Or, George has some sexual issues and needs a heat partner. Dream is a good friend who wants to help.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

As a London boy, George wasn't too fond of hot days.

Used to clouds and rainy days, he found comfort in slightly colder zones and warm and cozy clothes. Never having to deal with sweating like a pig, or one layer of clothes feeling like one too many.

He liked it like that, he liked the freedom of deciding whenever he wanted to be warmer or not. And more than just liking it, it was everything he knew and was used to. Whenever he had gone to other places that weren't as chill as his home city, he didn't particularly enjoy himself nor wanted to repeat the experience.

Days had no business being warmer than twenty five Celsius degrees. That's the conclusion he's gotten to and decided he didn't like temperatures any higher than that.

So, no amount of mentally preparing himself would've been enough for him to be ready for Florida weather.

Living with his two best friends was everything he had wished for and more. Being able to touch them, long discord calls replaced by face-to-face conversations, and even staying silent for hours not doing anything but enjoying sharing the same physical space. And of course, finally seeing Dream's face, as he always wanted to.

It was fair to say, he was the happiest he's been in a long time. That last month of his life was the best one he's had so far and he knew it was only just starting.

But he just couldn't get used to the high temperatures.

The state's inability to produce the weather of any season other than summer, and how twenty-five degrees was almost considered a chillier day there, was seriously getting to his head. Hot day after hot day, he couldn't get a freaking break.

In simple words, it fucking sucked.

And George was pissed. He was upset.

He's been trying to endure it as best as he could and not let it affect him, knowing it was a matter of getting used to it. But today, it was simply too much.

From the moment he woke up, everything had been shit, a pool of sweat on his sheets and body a little too hot for his liking. Just with that, he knew the moment the sun fully raised he would be in quite literally a living hell.

He had to change clothes not even halfway through the day because of how much he was sweating, and had to take a shower *twice* so his already burning skin wouldn't set on fire because of the stupid sun.

God fuck, why was the house so warm even with the AC on?

George walked to the kitchen, joggers and t-shirt feeling like too much fabric, feeling itchy and hair sticking to his forehead. He scratched his neck carefully, trying to get some relief from the itchiness without taking his scent patch off on accident.

Fuck, he hated using those. He couldn't be more uncomfortable if he tried to.

Not only they irritated his skin, but he was hyper-aware of it and how little he could smell his own scent the whole fucking time he wears it. Sadly, when living with two alphas, sometimes they became necessary, and today was one of those days.

The boy opened the freezer, looking for anything that could help him survive. But after a few seconds, he let out a loud sigh.

The day kept getting worse and worse.

First the fucking sun existed, then they didn't have anything cold that he liked for him to eat.

The brunet was about to curse out loud and go back to his room to be miserable until sleep claimed him, but then, he heard the light sound of the tv in the distance. Quickly closing the fridge, he turned around to head to the living room. Maybe things could still be fixed, or at least be more bearable.

He didn't stop walking until he stood in front of the couch, just a few steps away from the blond currently watching reruns of some American Football game.

The boy glanced up to look at him. George spoke right away.

"We're out of ice cream."

Dream blinked a few times, taken back by the sudden words. Then, he smiled, letting out a soft chuckle.

The omega loved his friend's laugh, always making him happy to hear him. But right now, it only made him annoyed.

Because he knew what he would respond.

"There's some chocolate one in the fridge." The British sighed, rolling his eyes.

"I don't like that one, it tastes like crap." No ice cream meant no ice cream, what part wasn't clear? Obviously he didn't want the one they had, and that's why it didn't count, or he wouldn't be having that conversation. "I want vanilla."

The alpha raised an eyebrow, shifting to face him more directly.

"You were eating it yesterday, though," he said. George huffed loudly, his chest burning with annoyance and resisting the urge to mock his tone and tell him to fuck off. Was his friend trying to be insufferable on purpose? There was no need to point those things out, he was complaining for a reason.

"And I didn't like it." The blond chuckled. The brunet frowned. He really wasn't in the mood for his playful banter right now. "*Dream*," he whined.

He knew he was being bitchy. And he knew the boy wasn't to blame, so he shouldn't be taking it on him. But to be honest, he couldn't find the strength to stop himself. He really wasn't having it

today, and he just needed something to make himself feel better.

The American looked at him, laughing softly again before shaking his head, reaching for the remote to turn the tv off. He stood up next, moving closer to him and offering him an understanding smile.

“Want me to buy you some?”

“Yeah.”

“Alright, we needed some groceries anyways.” The omega relaxed slightly with the promise of getting what he asked for, not so pissed off anymore. “Want anything else?”

“A rainy day.” Dream snorted to his words.

“Don’t think I can give you that, but I’ll try.” The brunet couldn’t help but smile at that.

“Thanks,” he mumbled, because he wasn’t a complete ungrateful asshole despite his previous behavior.

As he watched the boy head to the front door, George let himself fall onto the couch, sighing to himself. God, his head was starting to hurt because of the stupid sun, and guilt was now kicking in for being rude to his best friend for no reason.

He hated getting like that, moody and snappy to everything and anything. But there wasn’t much he could do about it, not when his hormones were all over the place like they were now.

Stupid biology and stupid body functions.

For the most part, George had never had much to complain about his heats. Unlike other omegas, he was blessed with regular cycles, getting his heat every three months as expected. And whenever he got it, it was never *too* intense. He didn’t go full crazy, barely conscious of what he was doing and losing all his senses, as he’s heard other people experience.

But if there was one thing that he was cursed with, it was the pre-heat symptoms. The weeks prior to getting it were literal nightmares. His hormones would randomly spike and make him irritable, sensitive and, sometimes, *needy*, for hours and even days at a time. He could never be sure when he would wake up feeling like the world was against him, or how long it would last. He only knew it meant his heat was close, and the bad days would continue to happen until he got it.

He hated it, it was the worst. And he couldn’t help but feel like a walking cliché for getting the oh so stereotypical hormones effects that people always made fun of.

But this was his luck, and he had to endure it.

And now, a little over two weeks away from the peak of his cycle, he was trying to do just that.

The brunet stretched, trying to relax, then deciding to take his scent patch off. The only reason he was wearing it was because he knew his scent was a bit stronger than usual, and didn’t want to affect his friend’s moods with his own emotions. But Sapnap had gone out for the weekend, and Dream had just left, so there wasn’t a need to wear it for now.

He closed his eyes next, taking deep breaths until his body felt less tense and the headache wasn’t as intense.

And now, he was bored.

Ever since he got to Florida, he could count with the fingers of one hand the times he felt bored. And each of those times, the problem was easily fixed by annoying one of his friends. But now he was alone, for the first time since he moved in. So he had to find a way to entertain himself on his own.

George's eyes opened instantly.

... Home alone.

The boy bit his lip, a part of him cursing his mind for instantly *going there* .

But, could he really blame himself?

He knew perfectly well one of the reasons he was particularly hormonal this time around, was because of how little attention he's been paying to his body needs for a while now. In the month he had been living there, he hadn't gotten any *relief* not even once, and the lack of taking care of said needs made all those feelings pill up.

To be fair, he didn't usually do it that often anyways before coming to the States. He felt the urge here and there, but the effect doing *that* had on him wasn't the same as in most people. So, he mostly avoided engaging in those acts, unless it really felt necessary.

Yet it still went from *rarely* to *never* , and his body was starting to take notice.

And by taking notice, he meant waking up with a problem almost every day for the past week or so.

He didn't dare to do anything about it, not with his alpha friends in the house. They could easily notice he did something by the way his scent would change, and he didn't want to deal with the awkwardness of that.

But now, they weren't there.

His feet moved before he could process his own actions, heading upstairs and getting to his room in record time. And as soon as he entered it, he took his shirt off and threw it away, hopping onto the bed and laying on it. His pants were off in a matter of seconds too, spreading his legs to get straight to work.

It wasn't difficult to get in the mood, the promise of some needed pleasure being enough to fill him with excitement; how long he's waited only increasing his desire to do it already.

His fingers found his entrance, rubbing circles over it to stimulate himself and get his body to produce some slick. There was already a bit of it there just from his hormonal state, so it only took a few seconds for him to be able to push a digit in.

He closed his eyes, focusing on the feeling, aiming for the spot he liked right away because he needed the relief and he needed it right *now* .

It was nice, the stimulation was welcomed and made his breathing slightly heavier. So he added a second one, working his fingers in and out in the pace that was usually more effective.

Good, it felt good. And for the way his walls were squeezing him in he could tell he truly needed it. Which made sense, he hadn't had anything inside since around two weeks before leaving

England.

For the most part, he would simply jerk off when he needed to get off. Fucking himself took too much work, so he rarely did it outside his heats. It's not like he was lazy, but he cared about things being efficient, so why would waste time and energy on something if there was an easier way to accomplish the same thing.

He pretty much moved through life by that motto, liking to get the best result possible with the least resources needed. Probably the same reason why he had gotten a liking on making Dream edit his videos, ever since he realized the boy would actually agree.

George stopped his hand, letting out an annoyed sigh.

He shouldn't be thinking of that right now. He shouldn't be thinking at all.

Okay, clearly, fingers weren't going to do it this time around. He waited for too long, his body needed more now to get into it. But going as far as using that...

Fuck it, he had it for a reason.

The brunet took his fingers out, quickly reaching for a box under his bed. He hesitated, before opening said box and taking the dildo out.

Sex toys were nothing to be ashamed of. Especially for unmated omegas that spent their heats alone; there wasn't anything weird or shameful about needing some extra help. Yet it still made his cheeks flush pink, a sense of guilt invading him, especially whenever he used it outside his heats.

Desperate times, desperate measures.

He took a deep breath, before aligning the toy with his entrance, teasing himself with it before slowly pushing it in.

Oh god fuck, it was bigger than he remembered.

... Well, that, and the fact that he didn't really prepare too much.

But it was good, it felt good. He liked feeling full.

Okay, maybe he wasn't *that* full. He's had bigger. But full enough to make him close his eyes and sigh.

He pushed the toy slowly, giving himself time to adjust before picking up his pace again. And that definitely was better than his fingers.

He pushed in and out, fucking himself like he knew could make him cum.

Did he have any tissues on his nightstand to clean himself after? Well, worst case scenario he would have to walk to the bathroom. At least he had his own one in the room, so it wasn't too bad. And according to his mental calculations, he should have at least an hour alone, so it should be okay.

The store Dream usually went to wasn't too far away, just a ten minutes' drive, but the blond liked taking his time when grocery shopping so he could pick the best products and brands.

He hoped the boy would remember to buy the new towels he asked for a week or so ago. They had plenty of towels in the house, but there was this brand he liked that specialized on Omega's needs

and the fabric of all their products was so gentle on his skin... He preferred having those ones.

Oh. Maybe he should've asked him for new blankets, too. Not to replace the ones he had, he liked them just fine. But with his heat around the corner, having as many comfortable items around for his nest as possible would be really helpful.

Or maybe he could go shopping on his own. The idea of asking Dream to buy such personal items was a bit embarrassing, now that he thought about it. And he didn't want to sound ungrateful, because he knew his friends put a lot of thought into making his room safe and cozy for him.

They did a pretty good job, to be honest, taking everything in consideration of what he said he liked and preferred.

His bed specially, the mattress as comfortable as it could possibly be. The sheets were soft and easy to relax in them, they rubbed against his skin nicely. And the pillow was squashy and adapted to his head and invited him to fall asleep.

He always felt calm when lying down, it was easy to disconnect.

The boy's chest moved slowly, head feeling light. He shifted a little to his side to get comfortable, but instead he was met with pain.

He opened his eyes slowly, groggy and slightly disoriented, cringing to the awkward feeling.

... Wait.

A frustrated groan escaped his lips, starting to move his hand again to thrust into him with the toy.

For fuck's sake. How the fuck did he manage to doze off?

Yeah, that maybe he's fallen asleep while pleasing himself before, maybe it wasn't too weird for him to wake up with fingers still inside and boner long gone without climaxing. But falling asleep with a fake dick up his ass was a new personal low.

God fucking dammit. What the fuck was wrong with him?

... Okay. So George had a problem.

A problem he knew it was one, but never dared to say it out loud.

Between the fear of being mocked and the shame of simply admitting it, he's never been able to share his frustrations and open up about it. But it's been there for years, slowly getting worse.

No matter what he tried to do, how he did it, and regardless of whether he managed to cum or not... Masturbating wasn't satisfying.

It wasn't like it felt bad, or he didn't enjoy any of it. In the best cases, when he managed to keep his mind into it for long enough, he actually liked the process just fine and experienced pleasure with it as he's supposed to. But cumming was still... Disappointing, or even boring sometimes. Nothing but physical relief that didn't bring him any mental satisfaction nor made him more at ease.

He felt less pent up, and that was it. But he would end up getting horny again soon after because whatever he needed to get from his release wasn't given to him.

And that, when he actually managed to cum. Which sadly, wasn't always the case.

Getting distracted or sleepy because jerking off wasn't interesting enough to keep his mind focused was something he dealt with constantly. In a way, it almost felt like he was completing a task. Like he was doing it *to get off* but his brain barely reacted to the stimulation before getting to that point.

Even when he was extremely turned on, underwear wet, and even the slight friction of rubbing his legs together already making him shake and sending waves of pleasure down his spine, the moment he started to work on himself the flame would begin to die.

Even when he was fucking himself so good he would actually moan out loud, heavily panting and dick leaking pre-cum, the ending still sucked.

He couldn't remember when the last time was he had a truly good orgasm.

And it was frustrating, it was upsetting, but for the most part, he pushed it off and moved on with his life.

When his heat came, however, it was the actual hell.

The discomfort and distress he would experience during his whole heat for not being able to cum properly would have such a big impact on his emotional state he wouldn't feel okay for days. During his last one, he ended up so overwhelmed and drained and with his emotions so fucked up that had to stay away from social media for two whole weeks.

And for how things were going now, it seemed like history would repeat itself.

... And he was getting distracted again.

Fuck. He shouldn't be thinking right now. He should be panting and moaning and fucking cumming, for crying out loud. But here he was, barely producing any slick, making it harder and even painful to keep trying to move the dildo inside.

George groaned in frustration again, his eyes watering because he was just so stupidly upset he could actually cry. Nothing was going well and things would continue to suck because he couldn't even get off properly to calm his hormones down. And he would go through that same shit again.

A knock on his door took him out of his thoughts.

The boy froze on his spot.

"George?" Dream's voice asked, hesitantly.

The omega's heart raced instantly, panic invading him and kept him from moving.

Oh no. Oh shit. Why was the blond back so soon?

This could not be happening right now. This could not-

"George, are you okay? Are you hurt?" The door began to open, the brunet's eyes widened, finally snapping out of it.

"Wait, don't come in!" He yelled, but it was already too late. His friend was already opening the door and all he had time to do was grab his blanket and try to cover himself with it.

Dream froze on his spot the moment he stepped inside the room, concerned expression changing to surprise and eyes growing as big as the brown ones.

Not a second later, he was turning around, scent heavy with embarrassment as he walked out.

“Shit, I’m sorry-”

The door was closed again before George could say a word.

Oh my fucking god.

All the heat on his body pooled on his cheeks, face bright red as a shameful sob escaped his lips. He pulled the blanket over himself some more, now successfully covering his whole naked body.

But it was too late for that now. There’s no way the boy wasn’t able to tell he was naked before, even if his main private zones were covered. And even if for some magical reason he didn’t notice the lack of clothes, the fucking sex toy’s box was *right there* on his bed .

He had been one hundred percent caught.

And now his boner was long gone.

That was officially the worst day of his life.

In theory, his plan of staying in his room for the rest of the weekend until he figured out how to disappear from that stupid world was a good one. In practice, not even five hours later he was sneakily leaving said room to grab some food.

It was close to midnight, and he was hungry, and the lack of food was only worsening his mood.

He still didn’t want to see Dream, though, so he waited until he didn’t hear a single noise coming from the first floor before daring to go down, begging he would be safe to eat something and go back before he could be noticed.

The universe, however, wasn’t on his side.

The moment he stepped into the kitchen he was met with green eyes. He turned around, ready to leave right where he came from.

“Wait, George-”

“Don’t,” he warned, his cheeks already reddening with the ever-present shame.

“I made you food!” The brunet stopped his movements, his stomach growling to the offer. “I’ll leave, I promise, just... Here, I made you food.”

The omega hesitated for a second before turning again, slowly entering the kitchen but avoiding looking at his friend. He sat down by the table, a plate with dinner placed in front of him. And so he waited, waited for him to leave first so he could safely eat.

“George, I’m sorry.”

“I knew it,” he groaned. Of course it would be a trap. Of course the blond wouldn’t leave without trying to talk first. “Just drop it, I don’t wanna talk about-”

“I actually thought you were in pain, or upset,” Dream continued, voice filled with regret. “I wasn’t trying to- I was walking by your room and your scent was like- I thought maybe you’ve hurt

yourself, or, I don't know. Just, never thought that you were-

"I was just frustrated, okay?" He let out without thinking, wanting to stop his rant because he really didn't need to hear how he smelled like all those bad things when he was supposed to be pleasing himself. George's face was filling with blood, embarrassment taking over because, how pathetic could he possibly be. "And you weren't supposed to be here."

"I forgot my wallet, had to drive back." The brunet didn't respond, taking his fork and playing with his food hoping the blond would take a hint and leave already. But then again, that wasn't the case. "Why were you frustrated?" The British groaned, his face burning red. Was he seriously asking that? "Are you... Having some trouble with-

"I'm not discussing this with you."

"George, if you need to talk..."

"I don't," he cut him off. "Now leave already."

Dream shifted awkwardly on his spot before nodding, heading to the door. But before crossing it, he turned to look at the brunet one more time.

"Maybe you need better toys?"

"Get out."

The boy left right away, before the omega could kick him out himself.

George was wrong, *now* it was officially the worst day of his life.

Getting sex toys advice from his best friend was quite literally the last thing he needed right now. Although... He might have a point. Maybe it wasn't the worst idea ever to try and find something more *effective* to keep his mind in *the zone*.

Without giving it another thought, because he knew he would feel ashamed if he did, he quickly searched on his phone for the highest rated vibrator he could find, clicking on instant shipping despite costing another two hundred blocks and buying it before he could change his mind.

He quickly ate his food, before going back to his room to sleep.

And thankfully for him, express really meant *fast as fuck* this time.

He ran down the stairs as soon as he got the delivery notification the next day, shouting a 'I'll get it' once he saw his roommate ready to stand up from the couch to get the door; completely dismissing the fact that he hadn't said a word to him all day before that. The package was discrete enough, and he thanked the delivery guy before getting back to the house.

He couldn't help the smile on his face, or the excitement of possibly fixing his issue once and for all.

The look the blond gave him when he walked back into the living room was too close to a knowing one, eyeing the package as if he knew exactly what was inside. But George decided to ignore it, simply heading upstairs without saying a word. Maybe it was better if he knew, anyway, so he would stay on the first floor and let him have alone time to test his new toy.

If he was lucky enough, everything would be solved after that.

Nothing was fucking solved.

At this point of his life, George was starting to lose hope and accept he would never find the same satisfaction on masturbation as literally anyone else in the world.

His body didn't work. Something in him was broken or something. It simply didn't work.

When did it get this bad?

During the last 36 hours, the number of times he panted as his body shook with pleasure because of the vibration stimulating his insides was awfully high. Maybe not as high compared to other people, but doing it more than once was already a lot for him so twice each day felt like an awfully big amount.

Yet despite how good the process was, his orgasms weren't any freaking better. It didn't bring him any relief, the reason why he had needed to try again so soon after.

He didn't want to keep trying, he wanted to accept he had at least gotten some physical relief and move on with just that, but knowing his heat was close and how much it would suck had him already grieving a loss he hasn't experienced yet.

Spending a heat alone at his age already made him more likely to be affected by bad heats. But if besides the lack of his emotional needs to be fulfilled his biological ones weren't met either, his inner omega would break down.

Like last time.

He wasn't mentally ready to go through that again. He didn't want to spend another two weeks locked in his room, feeling like crap; unlovable, useless, and unworthy; crying for absolutely no reason and completely emotionally unstable the whole time.

He didn't want to suffer, he didn't want to freak out. The experience was honestly traumatizing. He never wanted to go through anything like it again.

But everything pointed out to that being the outcome.

So, at this point, he was willing to do almost anything to prevent it from happening.

The brunet stormed into the living room, knowing Dream would be there. The boy had spent most of the past two days downstairs, according to the constant tv noise.

The blond lifted his head instantly to look at him, watching as the brunet awkwardly sat by his side.

And god, this was beyond embarrassing, but taking a deep breath the omega spoke quickly.

"Where do you go to find people to hook up with?" He blurted out before he could change his mind. His friend blinked, notoriously confused, before a light blush took over his cheeks.

"George, what-"

"I know it's not safe to go to a random public place, someone could recognize me," he interrupted, feeling more and more awkward the more he spoke. "So where do you go?"

Dream blinked again, then shifted, staring at him more directly now.

“The new toys weren’t good either?” The omega felt his face turn red, wanting to strangle his friend for being too direct. “George, I don’t think you should- I think it’s too dangerous, getting a stranger for a quick fuck-”

“That’s not what I want,” he instantly defended himself. “My heat is close, and I just-” God, what was he doing? “I don’t have to explain anything to you, just tell me where you go.”

“I don’t go anywhere. I don’t do hookups.” The brunet groaned in frustration. Great, fucking great. “And... Would you really trust a random stranger with something as personal as that? You’ll be vulnerable, George, they could-”

“I don’t have another choice, okay? I can’t spend it alone.” He was getting upset again. He didn’t like the judgment, or the concern. He didn’t want to have to deal with that, he just wanted to find a solution so he could cum when he needed to.

The blond stared at him, hesitating before speaking in a soft, worried tone.

“Why not?”

“Doesn’t matter.” He said too much, more than he intended to. Sighing loudly, he stood up to leave. “This was stupid.”

“George, wait.” The boy grabbed his hand, pulling him to sit again. “Talk to me.”

“There’s nothing to talk about.”

“There obviously is.” The omega rolled his eyes, avoiding his gaze. “We’re friends, George, and we’ve talked about sex stuff before. Hell, we’ve talked about worse things.” He chuckled.

“Whatever is wrong, you can tell me.”

“What do you want me to tell you?” He snapped, between annoyed, embarrassed and overwhelmed by the fears that kept invading his mind. “That I can’t have a good orgasm for the life of me and I don’t wanna go through a heat drop again?”

“Again?” The brunet sighed, looking away. His body was trembling lightly with the memory, his eyes watering against his will. “George...”

“Don’t,” he instantly said, sensing the boy was about to get closer. He quickly wiped his eyes, taking a deep breath to calm down. “Just, god, this is stupid.”

“It’s not.” The blond placed a hand on his shoulder, but the brunet pulled away, shaking his head.

He wasn’t about to cry because he couldn’t get fucked, and he wasn’t about to show his friend how truly scared and tired he was. It wasn’t anything new anyways, he’s been having trouble enjoying himself for years. It just happened to reach a breaking point four months ago, and now he had to deal with it.

Dream shifted awkwardly on his spot, moving his hand closer to him again but pulling it away right after. He seemed conflicted, and almost nervous, something clearly on his mind but not saying it out loud.

George gave him a questioning look.

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“Dream.”

“Just, my inner alpha-” He stopped himself, the brunet raised an eyebrow. The boy huffed, looking away for a moment before glancing at him like before. “Okay, look, it’s gonna sound bad-”

“Just say it.” The blond bit his lip, hesitating for a moment before talking again.

“There’s a distressed omega close to me,” he began, and the British was already scoffing. He could tell what he meant by ‘sound bad’. “And not any omega, but one that I love and care about,” he continued. “So just, my inner alpha is going crazy. You know, telling me to do something, to help or whatever.”

George scoffed again, almost amused by the whole statement. Protecting and providing were such basic alpha instincts, and a part of him wanted to make fun of his friend for it just so the situation felt less focused on him and how his own instincts were messing with his head.

“Well, there’s nothing you can do,” he decided to say instead, shrugging.

The blond opened his mouth to talk, then closed it again. He chuckled, cheeks slightly pink as he shrugged as well.

“Well, I mean... Technically...” The brunet raised an eyebrow.

“What?” His friend let out an awkward laugh.

“You need a heat partner,” he pointed out. Then, he pointed at himself. “I’m an alpha.”

At first, the omega didn’t see the relation between both statements. Or he didn’t want to, maybe. But the moment it clicked, his cheeks instantly turned red, huffing and looking away.

“You’re such an idiot,” he let out, considering actually leaving this time. “Stop messing around.”

“I’m not, I’m not! I’m being deadass.”

“No you’re not.” He looked at him again, with a challenging look. The boy didn’t look away, his features certain and determined.

“But I am.”

George blinked a few times, before huffing again, expecting him to laugh and say he was kidding. But he didn’t. His friend’s expression didn’t change.

“So what? What does that mean?” He pressed. Because there’s no way the boy was actually suggesting that. “You would just, fuck me?”

“If that’s what you needed.” The alpha shrugged, as if the conversation was normal. “I also have hands, and a tongue, if you would rather that.”

Once again, George’s face was fully red. He opened his mouth to talk, but nothing came out. He felt like he was being made fun of, but at the same time, everything felt a little too serious and real.

“You’re just- shut up. You’re an idiot. Just shut up.”

“I’m being serious, I’d do anything for you,” the blond assured again. “You’re my best friend, and I want you to be okay. So if you need my help, I’m here.”

The brunet looked away right away, pushing aside the bubbly feeling on his stomach and the way his inner omega cheered to feel cared for, and focused on how awkward and weird the idea made him feel. Dream was his best friend too, but that was exactly the reason why he didn’t think that was something he could realistically do with him.

“‘M gonna sleep.”

Without waiting for a response, he stood up and walked away, needing to be alone to clear his head.

He felt odd, and confused, and he still didn’t know what he would do once his heat came. But one thing was for sure: He couldn’t even consider the boy’s offer, not unless he wanted to make things weird.

Maybe he really needed to sleep, get some rest and figure out a plan of action in the morning once his emotions were less all over the place.

Yet despite hours passing, he couldn’t fall asleep.

His body was once again feeling a little too warm, a tickling sensation in his lower abdomen. A craving, a need, a silent petition he hadn’t fully answered to.

George sighed in frustration, turning on his bed.

That was one of the reasons why he never caved in his physical desires unless it felt extremely necessary. Because once he did it once, and didn’t get the desired effect, his body would ask for it again and again as if that way it would get what truly needed.

The brunet laid on his side, hesitating for a moment before placing a pillow in between his legs and slowly rocking his hips to grind against the fabric.

He wasn’t even in the mood to get off. But fuck, he didn’t want his hormones to be worst in the morning because he neglected himself again.

He closed his eyes, focusing on the feeling, eagerly seeking more friction as he shifted his hips harder. But it didn’t feel good, his body was responding yet his brain was bored.

The boy pulled his pants down with a quick movement. He didn’t think touching that area again was a good idea, with how much he’s been doing it lately. The least he wanted was to become sensitive right before his heat, or it would hurt as shit. But again, he knew he wouldn’t finish if he didn’t put something inside himself.

He decided his fingers couldn’t do too much damage, as long as he didn’t use the toy again he should be relatively fine.

There was already slick there, making it easy to push to fingers in, once again showing his body and mind were completely disconnected. He took a deep breath, moving his digits in and out and aiming for the spot he liked. Over, and over, and over.

His erection was going down. He wasn’t enjoying it.

God fucking dammit.

With a loud and frustrated groan, he took his fingers out, pursing his lips and trying to keep tears from forming in his eyes.

He didn't want to do it. He wasn't feeling good. But he was still so stupidly horny.

And maybe he could give up and go to sleep today, but what about tomorrow? And the next day? He still had around two weeks before his heat kicked in, it would happen again and again until then.

He actually felt like he could cry.

Without really thinking, driven merely by his emotions, the omega grabbed his phone. He clicked on the number before he could think twice and let the phone ring.

"George...?" Dream's voice sounded sleepy, and he felt bad about possibly waking him up.

"George, are you okay?" God, this was stupid. They were in the same house, for fuck's sake. "Why are you calling, is there something-"

"I'm upset." The only explanation he could give. *I always called you, back then, when I was upset.*

"Do you want me to-"

"No, don't come," he completed, knowing what he was going to ask.

He didn't feel like he could do this, *to talk*, if they were face to face. And it's not like he *wanted* to talk, he didn't like sharing his personal business. But Dream said he *could*, and at this point, he felt like maybe he should. He would literally implode if he didn't do something, *anything*, and this was the only thing he could think of.

"Why are you upset?" The blond asked. The brunet closed his eyes, taking a deep breath.

Here goes nothing.

"I can't get off."

Silence.

He was officially pathetic.

"I mean, I can, sometimes. But it never feels good." His attempts to make it better only made him feel worse. The silence was killing him. "Dream, say something."

"Is it like, a stress thing or...?"

"No, I don't know. It's always like this, I just can't-" He took a deep breath, shame invading him for the confession. "I don't know what to do anymore." The boy hummed, then got quiet for a few seconds, as if processing his words.

"Were you trying right now?" George sighed, rolling his eyes.

"Do you really need to ask?" His friend hummed again, and he heard him shifting on his bed.

"George... Do you trust me?" The brunet wanted to sigh again. Wasn't the fact that he was opening up answer enough to his question? Yet he still let out a quiet 'yeah'. "I want to try something, then. Is that okay?"

“I guess.”

“Okay. Were you jerking off or...?” He blushed lightly to the question.

“Fingers.”

“And are you fully naked or...?”

“Why does it matter? Dream-”

“You said you trusted me,” the boy interrupted. “So trust me.” George huffed, trying to push away his embarrassment.

“Still have my clothes on.”

“Alright.” He could almost hear his friend nodding. “I want you to lay down on your back, and follow my lead, okay?” The omega blinked a few times.

“What?”

“I’m gonna tell you what to do, so just follow my words.” Just like that, his face turned fully red, realizing what the alpha wanted to do finally hitting him.

“Dream-”

“You can mute your phone, for, um, privacy.”

“I- Are you serious? I know how to touch myself, Dream,” he didn’t mean to sound half as defensive as he did, but the situation was beyond humiliating.

“But it doesn’t feel good, does it?” George opened his mouth to talk, but nothing came out. He couldn’t exactly deny that. “Let me help, you don’t lose anything by trying.”

He shouldn’t be considering it. He shouldn’t be thinking about it. There were a bunch of reasons why that was simply wrong and he shouldn’t go through with it.

But he was desperate.

“I mean, you don’t have to, it’s only if-”

“Hold on,” he interrupted, and without giving himself time to change his mind, he grabbed his wireless earpads from his nightstands and put them on. “Okay.”

“Okay,” his friend repeated, and the brunet muted himself on the phone before putting it away. “Lay down as I told you, and put one hand over your dick, with your clothes still on.”

He couldn’t believe he was doing that. But still, he did as he was told. His cock twitched under his hand, somehow fully hard again.

“You’re gonna trace the shape of it with one finger, slowly.” The omega took a deep breath, then began to move his hand. “Get your other hand on your stomach, lift your shirt just enough to slide it under and feel your skin.”

George let out a soft sigh, his skin feeling warm, and the movements of his fingers against it almost soothing. It was nice, relaxing even.

“Move your hand up, until you reach your nipple, and tease it with your thumb. Palm yourself with your other one.”

He took a sharp breath, resisting the urge of rocking his hips to get more friction. He felt needy, the touch too light to give him any pleasure, making him want more. But it was still relaxing, keeping him too calm.

He reached for his phone to unmute.

“Pinch your nipple with two fingers and-”

“Not too much foreplay,” he interrupted him. “Or I’ll fall asleep.” The other line was silent for a moment.

“You’ll- You’ll *fall asleep* ?” Heat crept to his cheeks, embarrassment catching up with him as he realized how pathetic his admission was.

“I get bored and- I told you I- Just don’t-”

“No foreplay, got it,” Dream agreed, not pressing it further. Probably realizing how humiliated the boy felt. “Take your clothes off, then.”

His cheeks blushed for a whole other reason hearing that sentence.

He muted his phone again, before doing as he was told.

“Place your hands over your thighs, imagine it’s someone else who’s slowly spreading your legs.” George closed his eyes, trying to do as requested. “They’re caressing your skin softly, up and down, then gripping at it.” A small sigh, liking the feeling of fingers pressed hard against his muscles. “One hand moves further up, then behind, reaching your ass.”

The omega tried to imagine this faceless person touching his body, squeezing his butt before spreading his cheeks apart, one finger teasing his entrance. He tried to follow the fantasy being narrated, but it was hard to.

George couldn’t see mental images. He couldn’t actually *picture* the scene. So, for him to imagine what was happening, he needed to think of the situation taking place, think of every detail, focusing on the words he was listening to and believing they were happening despite not being able to see it.

And that wasn’t an easy job, when there was a void in the information.

He tried to quickly come up with someone to fill up the space. Someone to be the character in the story that was being told. But no celebrity came to mind, nor previous hookups, and his exes weren’t worth starring his fantasies. And mentally describing the qualities he knew he was attracted to every time his friend said ‘they’, trying to make up a person so he could have an idea of who was doing it, was taking too much effort.

And he could tell Dream was still talking, but he was barely paying attention, mind too focused on the empty spaces in the narrative that he couldn’t come up with himself.

He quickly unmuted his phone again.

“I’m getting distracted,” he complained, sighing in frustration next.

“What?”

“This whole *someone else doing it* thing, it’s- I can’t visualize, Dream. So I just- I have to tell myself what I’m seeing. And I can’t. Because I don’t know who it is.”

The boy was quiet for a moment, simply humming to his words. But after a few seconds, he spoke again.

“Okay. Then... I’m- I’m teasing you with my finger, pushing the fingertip in.”

George choked on his spit, cheeks turning bright red.

“*Dream*,” he complained. Because literally, what the fuck.

“You know me, George, you know what I look *and* feel like. So you- you can imagine it, right?”

He wanted the earth to swallow him. Or spontaneously combust. Whichever happened first.

But he wasn’t wrong. He *could* focus on the actions better now, knowing who he was supposed to be imagining. Even if that someone was his *best friend* .

Was he really willing to do that, though, just to have a less disappointing orgasm?

“... Fine, keep going.” This had to be a whole other new low for him.

“I push my finger deeper, and explore that zone of your body with- with it.” The boy cleared his throat. “I-I know where to touch to drive you crazy, but I’m not going there yet. I wanna take my time with you, to make you feel good.”

The brunet felt heat pooling on his abdomen, his heart beating faster. He mimicked the actions narrated, letting his fingertip graze at his walls, pushing his digit deeper, the slick making his movement fluid and easy.

“I wanna feel everything, get to know your insides as the back of my hand... I wanna touch every sensitive spot, give you as much pleasure as I can.” George bit his lips, closing his eyes, how low his friend’s voice had gotten, sending shivers down his spine. “So I slowly pick up the pace, moving it faster, until you ask for another one.”

“Dream,” he sighed, pleasure slowly filling his body and making him want more.

The other side of the line when silent, then, a sharp breath. The blond cleared his throat again.

“George, you’re- *fuck*. You’re not muted.”

The brunet snapped his eyes open.

“Shit, I’m sorry-” All blood rushed to his cheeks, embarrassment hitting him as he quickly looked around for his phone. “I don’t know where- I can’t find my phone.”

“It’s fine, take your time-” The omega groaned, shaking his head. God dammit, not now.

“No, if I take too long I’ll lose focus.” He was feeling good, he was actually enjoying himself. He didn’t want to kill the moment. “I’ll- just keep going. I’ll keep quiet, I promise.”

For a moment, his friend was quiet, only hearing him shift on his spot. But eventually, he spoke again.

“Okay,” he whispered. “If you’re sure.” George nodded, despite knowing the boy wouldn’t see him. Maybe he would feel ashamed of himself in the morning, but right now he just wanted to continue until he came. “I’m- I’m adding a second finger, as slowly as the first. I know you’re wet enough to take it, so I start moving right away...”

The omega took a deep breath, biting his lips to prevent himself from making noise. He *was* pretty wet. He couldn’t remember the last time that he felt not just horny, but actually turned on. Thinking of the fingers inside him as two stronger, larger ones, moving with the only purpose of making him feel good, and having that deep voice guiding him... It was hot. Too hot.

“In and out, again and again, moving faster with every thrust before... Before spreading them, in scissoring motions.” The brunet inhaled deeply, sighing quietly to himself. His walls were squeezing his fingers deliciously, tension building up on his stomach. “P-Preparing you for something bigger, something I know you want and I’ll make you beg for.”

He choked out a soft sound, biting his lips to muffle it. God, he wanted it. He wanted it so badly. He wanted the warm body over him, fucking him open with long digits so he could take his dick fully.

He couldn’t help but move his fingers faster, wet sounds from his slick and soft panting filling his room.

The blond took a sharp breath, mumbling a breathy *fuck* to himself before clearing his throat once again.

“George I-” Another sharp intake. “I can hear you, I- I can hear everything.”

It was shameful, to be heard. He *should* be ashamed. But instead of making him embarrassed, that sentences made him stupidly aroused.

“M sorry,” he let out in a whisper yet continued to move his fingers. “*Dream*,” he straight up moaned, brain clouded with pleasure. “M sorry, I can’t- Can’t keep quiet. I’m sorry.”

“You don’t- No need to apologize to *me*. It doesn’t *bother* me.” The boy’s voice sounded raspier than before. He inhaled deeply, taking a moment before speaking again. “But you- I don’t wanna overstep-”

“God, Dream, I don’t care,” the Brit interrupted, a soft sound coming out next. “Wanna keep going, please, I don’t give a fuck.”

His friend let out a breathy chuckle, and he could almost see his mocking grin.

“That good?” George groaned, rolling his eyes. “Okay- fuck. Okay. Keep moving, then.”

“I am. Never stopped.” The alpha chuckled again.

“So needy,” the boy mocked. And the omega *whined*. Good lord, why even *that* felt good? “I... I keep spreading you open, getting you ready to take me.” The brunet moaned quietly, imagining how good that would feel, to finally be fucked. To have *Dream* fucking him. “But you want more, don’t you? You need to cum first, just with my fingers.”

“*Yeah*,” he sighed, speeding up his movements. “M close.”

“I push my fingers deeper inside, let the tip just barely graze at that sensitive spot you like so much.” George’s eyes shut close, breath getting heavier and a louder sound coming out the

moment he found his prostate. “I rub at it softly, too gently for your liking, until all you can think of is how good it feels... And how much you want me.”

“Dream... Dream, so *good*” he moaned, body trembling with each of his movements and panting fast.

He rocked his hips, body desperate for more. He knew he only needed to keep rubbing that zone, and he would get what he wanted. He would cum all over himself, maybe even scream as he came, and finally get the release he’s been needing...

At least, physically.

No, he was feeling too good. He was feeling better than he’s felt in years. He had to enjoy it this time, right? He had to.

If it ended up being yet another disappointing orgasm he would literally-

“George.” The alpha interrupted his thoughts. “Focus on my voice.”

Maybe he had stopped making noise, or sounded different, or something. Whatever it was, his friend caught up on his mind drifting away.

The boy spoke again, but this time, his tone was different.

“When I’m fucking you, you can’t think of anything else. Understood?”

Holy shit.

“Yeah.” His body was on fire again, mind clouding with desire. He couldn’t keep his sounds inside even if he tried.

“I’m thrusting my fingers harder, hitting that spot over and over.” His tone was darker, voice lower and deeper. “And I’m leaning over you, caressing your sides and... Kissing you.”

George moaned *loudly*.

Suddenly, his brain disconnected. Suddenly, that was the only thing he could think about.

Lips over his own, wet tongue asking for access, teeth nipping at his skin. The alpha’s body all over his.

“Dream,” he whined, speeding up again. “Dream, ‘m gonna cum-”

“I’m wrapping my free hand around your dick, fingers playing with your tip before stroking you. Fast, hard, same way that I’m fucking you.”

“Oh god, oh fuck, Dream, I can’t, I’m-”

“Cum for me, George.”

And he did.

Electricity ran through his whole body, heat filling him full as the most intense wave of pleasure he’s ever experienced clouded his senses. He trembled, limbs shaking and chest lifting as he breathed harshly, all the tension building up suddenly releasing and relief taking over him.

It made him feel whole, his brain enjoying the sensation as much as his flesh.

And then, it was over.

All too quickly, after barely a couple of seconds.

Yet that was still more than he could've expected. Yet he still *felt* it.

It took George a few moments to realize what just happened, processing both the high and coming down from it. It took him a moment to understand it wasn't exactly how it was supposed to go, but it was definitely an improvement from whatever he's been doing so far.

It took him a moment to take in the whole situation, and that he was still on the phone, his best friend on the other line.

The phone was completely silent, not a sound to be heard. And as seconds passed, embarrassment finally caught up with him.

Oh my *god*.

He quickly removed his fingers from his ass, feeling stickly, sweaty, dirty, and ashamed, a soft whine escaping his lips against his will because his best friend just heard him *cumming* and what the hell was he supposed to do now?

Once again, the blond cleared his throat. Once again, he spoke when the brunet couldn't.

"... Good?" The omega took a deep breath, trying to push aside how mortified he felt because if the boy wasn't making it weird, he wasn't going to be the one making it weird.

"Better," he admitted. Because it was, *definitely* better.

"Cool."

"Yeah."

Okay, maybe it was a little weird already.

Maybe it was fucking awkward.

But he didn't want it to be. He didn't want to think about it right now. He wanted to enjoy the feeling for as long as he could, then go to sleep and deal with whatever just happened in the morning.

"... Thanks," he said, because truly, what else could he do? His mind wasn't working enough to think straight and he just had the best orgasm he's had in months, if not longer. He didn't want to care about anything but that.

"Any time," the boy said, as if it was normal. And for now, he preferred it that way. George yawned, exhaustion already trying to claim him. "So... Goodnight?"

"Yeah, goodnight."

"Sleep well, Georgie."

"You too."

And then, the call was over.

George shifted to his side, sighing loudly. He cringed, something hard poking uncomfortably on his back. He moved again to remove whatever it was.

... Oh, he was lying over his phone.

He placed the mobile on his nightstand, then sighed again, closing his eyes.

The omega fell asleep in a matter of seconds.

Chapter End Notes

back at it with another abo fic lets gooooo

been thinking about this idea for a while, so hopefully you guys will like it <3

this first chapter is way longer than any chapter ive written so far, i usually try to keep them medium-ish length so its easier for people to read, but lets see how this works out :] cant say all chapters will be like this one, but cant say they wont be

anyways have a great day guys <3 as always kudos and comments are appreciated

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Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Waking up well rested, not tired and in a good mood wasn't too common to him. Usually, he either slept too little and woke up still exhausted and moody, or slept too much and woke up with a headache.

But that day, as he opened his eyes and breathed slowly, he felt better than he's felt in a long while.

His body felt light, his mind was calm, like a weight had been lifted over him.

He felt good. It was nice. He finally wasn't tense.

Oh, the wonders a more satisfying orgasm could do for a person.

...

Calm time was over.

All too fast, the memories came back. All too fast, mortification invaded him. All too fast, his cheeks were bright red and he was cursing himself because *what the fuck did he do*.

He couldn't believe it was real. He wanted to believe it was a product of his imagination, something his brain came up with in his sleep. But as soon as he checked his mobile, seeing the name of his latest call, he knew there was no denying what happened.

He had phone sex with his best friend.

Well, technically. They didn't exactly do things *together*, both of them, but they talked about having sex and he came to the fantasy being narrated, and Dream listened to it happen, nevertheless. So in his head, it still counted.

He had phone sex with his best friend.

He had phone sex with his best friend.

Hands came flying to cover his face, an embarrassed and frustrated groan escaping his lips. He actually, for real, let his horny-self take over and decide orgasming while on a call with the boy, not even muted for fuck's sake, was an okay thing to do.

He even moaned his name, for crying out loud.

Oh god, he had truly humiliated himself, hasn't he?

No matter how close Dream and him had always been, and no matter how many private details they've shared with each other over the years, this was something completely different and out of place. He had truly crossed a line he didn't even think they could cross.

And he was beyond mortified, a part of him regretting everything that he did and happened.

... But he couldn't deny that's the most pleased he's felt in a long time.

George groaned, that thought only made him more embarrassed.

Because the only thing that could possibly be worse than doing such a thing with your closest friend, was knowing just how much he enjoyed it as it happened.

The fantasy of being touched, the dirty words being said, the way Dream's voice got deeper as he instructed him what to do... Pleasing himself while thinking of long fingers exploring his body, soft lips against his own, panting and begging for strong muscles to manhandle him at will...

A sharp breath.

Fuck.

He couldn't seriously be getting hard.

Not by a memory. Not by *that* memory.

He seriously hated his heat and his hormones and how they made him act. In all seriousness, he wasn't super into sexual stuff most of the time, not having the same visceral reaction as most of his friends to the idea of sex. He wasn't a horny person, you could say, not feeling those urges all that often. But during the weeks before his heat, everything and anything could turn him on.

And if he caved in to those needs, then it got even worse.

It was annoying as fuck.

He looked down at himself, at the bulge on his pants. A part of him wanted to ignore it, take a shower and go on with his day. But a part of him saw it as an opportunity.

What he did with Dream was shameful, yes. But it worked. So maybe if he continued to replicate that on his own, he could get the relief he needed from now.

He glanced at his door, quickly getting up to lock it before getting in bed again, pulling his pants down. He spread his legs, going straight to business because truly this was merely to test something and respond to his body reactions, not because he was mentally wanting it.

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and went over the steps again.

First, to place his hands over his thighs, imagining it's someone else spreading his legs, one finger reaching his ass and teasing him with it.

George moved his hand, recreating his friend's instruction in his head. He tried to use the memory as his mental image, so he wouldn't have to try to visualize anything. He wasn't as turned on as when it actually happened, but the memory still made his scent turn sweeter.

... Hopefully it wasn't too obvious, though. The last thing he needed was for someone to break into his room and catch him again.

He shook his head, trying to push those thoughts away.

Teasing himself with the finger next, taking his time to explore that zone of his body... Picking up the pace, until he was ready for a second digit. Starting to move it right away because he should be able to take it.

He cringed to the intrusion, not enough slick being produced for the movement to be smooth. The lack of slick was inconvenient, but at the same time, it might be a good thing right now. Less likely

to be caught or for the alphas to notice he did something.

Fuck, Sapnap should be back by now, shouldn't he? He had two people to worry about now.

He better hurry then.

In and out, again and again, before scissoring himself with his fingers, as if he was getting ready for something bigger. Pushing them deeper inside next, letting the tip graze at his prostate.

The boy took a sharp breath, liking the feeling of it and biting his lips to stop a small sigh from coming out. Okay, that wasn't so bad.

He hit it again, then, again.

It wasn't so bad.

But it didn't feel nearly as good as it was supposed to.

George sighed in frustration, taking his fingers out.

Who was he kidding? It wasn't working.

The night before he had been panting and moaning and barely been able to keep himself quiet and now a sigh was the most he could get from himself.

Maybe it was his worries. Maybe thinking of how he wasn't home alone and his friends could catch him killed his mood. Maybe. He hoped. Because the alternative to why it didn't work wasn't something he wanted to think of.

Deciding to take a shower, the brunet got off his bed and grabbed some clean clothes.

Maybe it was time he got some scent neutralizers for his door, so he could masturbate in peace from now on without being scared of being found out. This was his home now too, after all, and he needed to be comfortable to do whatever he wanted. He hated his hormones, but that's how his body was, so he needed to take the measures needed to make this house 'Omega-friendly'.

He really wouldn't survive the week and a half before his heat without jerking off again at some point, or the weeks before every other heat he'll eventually have. So, scent neutralizers seemed like the most practical choice.

To be fair, if he did please himself and his roommates noticed by the change of smell in his room, they probably wouldn't comment on it. They probably had their own private time in their rooms here, after all. But even the idea of them knowing made him feel awkward. He was... Reserved, when it came to his personal business.

He would need to go shopping.

As soon as he finished changing, he was ready to get some food on his system. But once he got to his door, he stopped, cheeks blushing again.

If he left his room, he might have to face Dream.

He was *not* ready for that yet.

Without thinking twice, he grabbed his phone, quickly opening Sapnap's contact and pressing to call. It rang once, then twice, then, a confused hello.

“Are you home yet?” He let out right away, skipping the unnecessary small talk.

“Uh, good morning to you too?” The boy chuckled, George rolled his eyes. “Yeah, I got back like-”

“Is Dream there?” He interrupted.

“What?”

“Is Dream downstairs?”

“No, I haven’t seen him. Why are-”

He hung up before his friend could finish the sentence. And now that he knew it was safe to go eat, he hurried to leave his room and head to the kitchen.

Of course, what he didn’t take into consideration, was that the youngest boy was there eating as well, and didn’t take more than two seconds of seeing him for him to start questioning him.

“Yo, what was that about?” Crap, maybe he shouldn’t have hung up like that. George’s features scrunched in displeasure, but soon tried to act normal and walk to the fridge.

“I don’t know what you mean.” He could almost feel the boy raising an eyebrow, despite his back being at him. It made him feel tense.

“Did you and Clay get in a fight or something?” The omega pursed his lips, opening the fridge and looking inside, trying to focus on that instead of the conversation to not get embarrassed.

“No.”

“Then why are you avoiding him?”

He tensed some more to that question, annoyance and frustration bubbling on his stomach because he really didn’t want to have that conversation. Especially since he couldn’t say the real reason why he wanted to keep his distance.

“Dude, I’m not trying to intrude, but we all live together and you’re my best friends so I just wanna-”

“I’m not avoiding him.” He could tell his tone was slightly defensive, but he couldn’t really help it.

“Then why were you asking if-”

“It’s nothing, we’re fine.” He cut him off, turning around to glare at him. “Can you drop it now?”

Sapnap seemed taken back by his reaction, simply nodding before lifting his arms in a surrendering gesture. George almost felt bad for snapping at him.

“Sorry.”

“It’s all good,” the boy offered him an understanding smile, before focusing on the bowl of cereal he was eating. The brunet focused on checking the fridge, trying to find something to eat.

He spent a few moments looking at all the options, before closing the refrigerator and sighing, going to check the rest of the kitchen to see what they had. He looked at every single thing, trying to figure out if that’s what his stomach wanted, but every single time it was the same: a visceral

feeling of disgust, like the mere idea of eating any of that was repulsive. Even with the foods he liked.

He wasn't in the mood for any of what they had.

After some pointless minutes of searching, he sat down, feeling defeated.

"You good?" The alpha questioned.

"I don't know what I wanna eat."

"Maybe a cereal bowl too?" George scrunched his nose, then shook his head. "Hold on, I bought brownies last night, I think I have some left in my bag if you want them?" The Brit shook his head again.

"I don't want anything sweet." His friend hummed, thinking for a moment.

"What about eggs? I'm not the best at cooking but I can make you some?" Once again, he gestured no. "Grilled cheese?" The omega sighed, placing his arms on the table and hiding his face on them.

"No, just, nothing sounds good." He sighed again, feeling frustrated with himself. This wouldn't be half as upsetting if it wasn't because he was actually pretty hungry.

"We could always order something?"

"Like what?" He let out an annoyed tone as he barely lifted his face to look at the boy again, his frustration growing. "I told you I don't know what I want, nothing sounds good." His friend blinked a few times, seemingly taken back, but simply nodded.

"... Maybe we could go out, then. If we find something you like, we get it, and if not, we can just do something cool like go to the movies," the boy suggested. The Brit groaned, not understanding why he was insisting so much.

"Don't wanna watch anything."

"Then I could show you around, places you don't know. There's a lot of Harry Potter themed places here, you know." The brunet looked at him, seemingly considering it before shaking his head. "Then we can just look for food, have some bonding time and maybe..."

"Just drop it, why are you being annoying?" Once again, his friend seemed taken back, blinking before relaxing and offering him an understanding look.

"George, are you getting your heat soon?"

George's face went flat.

Sapnap froze, realizing his mistake and sensing the brunet's desire to punch him in the face for making a *moody because of the hormones* related joke.

"No, wait, I didn't mean- It's the three A's, right?" The alpha hurried to say. "Karl gets it too, he explained it to me."

The omega blinked a few times.

Oh. That.

The preheat three A's, also called preheat depression. Abulia; lack of will power and difficulty at making decisions and taking initiative; anhedonia; the inability to feel pleasure, enjoy things you used to like, and absence of motivation; and apathy; lack of interest, enthusiasm, and concern about things.

As if to prepare or compensate for the elevated state of main hormones in their bodies, a few weeks prior the peak of their cycle some hormones tended to get low, causing that imbalance. It wasn't something every Omega experienced, but it was a pretty common thing.

And George, sadly, did experience it. Again, being a walking chicle for pre-heat symptoms. Horny, moody and depressed.

Sometimes he wondered if his inability to feel sexual satisfaction was related to that, if maybe some hormones or brain chemicals he wasn't aware of were usually low on him and had a permanent anhedonia that was slowly worsening. But he never cared enough to check. Never seemed too important, too concerning.

"I noticed you've been off this week, and right now you were particularly..." The brunet glared at him. The youngest boy stopped himself, chuckling nervously. "Anyways, I thought I should ask. Is it that?"

The Brit hesitated, before nodding. So that's why the boy was being so compliant and babying him. He knew what was going on with him.

"Okay, so, I know this one store that Karl likes. They have like, every kind of comfort food you can think of," his friend said, sounding pretty hyped about it. "He shops there for his heat, to have all the cravings he knows he'll get so... Wanna check it out?"

Once again, George hesitated, feeling a bit weird about it. A part of him didn't like to feel like he was just an omega being taken care of by alphas, both Dream and Sapnap getting out of their way to pamper him just because he was close to getting his heat. But then again, they were his best friends, who had always gotten out of their ways to be there for him when he needed them. And he knew they wanted him to be comfortable, and happy, and he could appreciate that.

So he nodded.

And since he was at it...

"I need to buy some other stuff, can you drive me to-"

"We can go anywhere you want, Gogy," the boy cut him off. "Anything so you don't kill us in your sleep." The brunet couldn't help but snort to the joke, shaking his head.

"You're an idiot."

Turned out, Sapnap was right. The store truly had a little bit of everything, and he found more than one treat that caught his attention. And with his stomach full, and his mind occupied with something other than embarrassment and annoyance, going shopping for Omega care items was way more bearable.

Soft, cozy blankets. New comfy towels. Special soap.

And the so needed scent neutralizers.

He pushed his chart to get in line to pay for his items, ready to go home and possibly snack on

some of the treats he got from the store before getting a well-deserved nap.

But once he got there, his eyes widened.

“Why aren’t you in the car?” He let out instantly, looking at the younger boy. Sapnap turned to look at him, offering him a smile.

“Wanted to get a blanket.” George blinked, then raised an eyebrow.

“A *heat* blanket?”

“For Karl, his heat is soon too,” the boy explained. “You two might actually be in sync, now that I think about it.”

The brunet hummed, about to ask a question when he noticed his friend was looking at his things. His eyes widened again, cheeks turning a soft shade of pink, thinking of something to say before the other could but not being fast enough.

“Are those for your door?” A stupidly obvious question. Where else would he put them? “You know we’ll leave to a hotel for your heat, right? You don’t need to-”

“I know,” he simply said, shifting awkwardly on his spot. Sapnap seemed confused for a second, and like he was about to ask something. But then, his face changed, as if something clicked in his head.

The alpha grinned. The omega’s blush grew bigger.

“So, why are you avoiding Clay again?” His tone was a little too knowing, his grin a little too teasing.

“Whatever you’re thinking, you’re wrong.” He probably wasn’t. And just because he knew that, he decided to change the topic back to the question he wanted to ask in the first place. “You like, spend Karl’s heats with him, right?”

Now it was the shorter boy who was blushing lightly.

He nodded a few times, then shrugged.

“Yeah, sometimes. We still- It’s just sometimes, but yeah.”

“How’s that like?” His friend seemed confused by his question, furrowing his brows and tilting his head. “I mean, isn’t it weird? Since you’re close friends?”

“I mean, I guess the first time it was a little awkward. But at this point, well, all things considered, it’s not weird at all.” George tilted his head now, unsure of what he meant by ‘all things considered’, but before he got the chance to ask, his friend spoke again. “Why? Any specific reason why you’re asking?”

And the annoying grin was back.

He felt his face growing warmer again.

He huffed, turning around to look at the cashier. It was their turn to pay.

“Nope.”

Avoiding a person you live with isn't an easy job. Yet somehow, George managed.

Spending most of the day with Sapnap helped, the boy even helped him install the scent neutralizers on his door to keep his scent from leaking outside his room. It was a natural way to be away from the blond without making it too obvious that he was trying to avoid him, which was exactly what he needed. And then, he took a nap. So, for the most part, things had gone well. He didn't have to worry about his best friend and facing him, and the memories of what they did barely crossed his mind.

Until now.

The omega stared at his ceiling, frustration growing as he patiently moved his fingers inside him, trying to replicate once again what he did the night before.

He wasn't too surprised about waking up hard, after all, he wasn't able to please himself that morning. And well, it seemed like a good opportunity to test the scent neutralizers and prove his mind wrong, to show himself that without the fear of being caught, doing what he tried a few hours earlier would work.

So he pulled his pants down, he purposely brought the memory back to his head, and did what he needed to do.

Or tried to.

He didn't get it. He didn't understand why it wasn't working. Or he didn't want to get it.

He was doing exactly what he was supposed to, following the instructions one by one. Yet it didn't feel the same. It didn't feel half as good. He took a deep breath, remembering each of the words, moving his hand the ways he had been instructed that one time. But there was no use.

He didn't want to get it. He didn't want to accept that the reason why it didn't feel the same, was because he didn't have this time around the voice that guided him and made him cum.

He didn't have Dream.

The brunet groaned in frustration, stopping his movements.

He didn't want that to be it. He really wished it wasn't. But masturbating was never satisfying, so maybe he needed to accept the reason it felt good at all was because he didn't do it alone. Because there was someone else involved.

Which meant, no matter how many times he tried to replicate the experience on his own, it wouldn't work. It wasn't a recipe he could follow.

What made it enjoyable was having someone helping him.

So basically, he was screwed.

His perfect solution to his issues, that would allow him to have a decent heat, wasn't actually one. If he wanted it to work, he needed someone to be there with him.

He sighed in frustration, letting the phone ring by his ear.

... Wait.

Wait, shit, why was he-

“Hello?” The omega froze hearing that voice, the realization of what he just did hitting him. *Why the fuck did he just call Dream.* Why the fuck did he- “George?”

Shit.

At first, he thought about simply hanging up, but he quickly realized that would probably make everything worse. The last thing he wanted was to make his friend worry and have him come to his room to verify he was fine.

“George, are you okay?”

“Hey,” he mumbled right away, mentally cursing himself for acting without thinking. “M fine.”

Silence.

But it wouldn’t last. He knew the question that would come next.

And he didn’t have an answer.

He didn’t have an excuse to call him, and he surely couldn’t tell him the real reason for what he did. He couldn’t tell him it was an impulse, because he was once again frustrated at not being able to cum alone and happened to remember how the boy said *any time* after they finished the night before.

But he couldn’t stay silent forever.

“Then why are you-”

“Can we order something for dinner?” He blurted out, the first thing that came to mind. The boy in the other line was quiet, and he could almost feel his confusion.

“Um, sure. What do you have in mind?”

“I don’t know.” He was making a fool of himself. But worst case scenario, he could blame his odd behavior on his hormones. A dick move, a hypocritical one too. But anything to save himself some humiliation. “You choose.”

“Okay...?”

“Thanks, goodnight.”

He hung up before Dream could add anything else.

George groaned, wanting to hit his head against his wall. He had not only embarrassed himself but successfully killed his boner in the process.

Defeated, and not wanting to think about what he almost did, he decided to get up and get ready for dinner, since he would have to eventually go downstairs. His underwear was stained with slick, and the rest of his clothes stank with his scent, so he needed to get changed.

He went straight to the bathroom in his bedroom, washing his hands first then his face. He sighed, avoiding looking at himself in the mirror before slowly removing his shirt. But before he could take off the rest of his clothes, a knock on his bedroom door caught his attention.

He was about to ask, but the person announced himself right away.

“It’s me.” George froze to Dream’s voice. Shit, what was the boy doing there?

“Just a second, I’m changing,” he let out right away, hurrying to remove the rest of his clothes and run to his closet to get his sleeping clothes.

“Changing?”

“Pajamas.”

“Oh.”

“What did you need?” The brunet asked, hoping he wouldn’t have to open the door to resolve whatever brought the boy there, quickly putting the new clothes on and going back to the bathroom to get a scent patch just in case.

“Um, just wanted to ask if pizza was okay for dinner.” The blond mumbled, awkwardness in his tone.

“Sure, that’s fine.” He fixed his hair, before walking to the door. But he didn’t open it, just waited there to see if the boy would leave on his own.

“I... Also wanted to check on you.” Dammit. Just what he had wanted to avoid.

“... Why?”

“Well, we haven’t talked today and- the phone call... Can I just, see you?”

George bit his lips, hesitating for a moment. He didn’t particularly want that, but not allowing him to do so would be more suspicious. So he took a deep breath, and opened the door just enough for his friend to be able to see him.

“Hi,” he instantly said, trying to push aside his embarrassment of finally seeing the alpha after what they did. Dream seemed a bit concerned, but overall, there wasn’t any trace of awkwardness in his face, or anything that indicated he was equally as embarrassed.

“Hi,” the boy said back, offering him a smile. He examined him with his eyes, before relaxing. “You’re not mad at me.” Not a question, a statement.

“I’m not.”

“I thought you were avoiding me.” He was.

“I wasn’t.”

“Then why didn’t you go to my room?” The omega furrowed his brows in confusion. “To ask me about dinner, why did you call me instead?”

“Oh.” A good question. One he didn’t have an answer to. “Um... It was easier.”

“Easier?” The blond raised an eyebrow. The brunet didn’t even know how to defend his bad excuse.

“... Yeah.” He could only hope his lazy nature would be enough to make his answer believable.

Dream hummed, then opened his mouth to talk. But right after, he closed it, and his expression suddenly changed, looking at some point of George's room before staring at him again.

The omega instantly panicked, quickly glancing at his own room to find whatever the boy had seen, almost fearing his sex toy was there in the open again or a bottle of lube even knowing he didn't use either and therefore couldn't be there.

But the only different thing about his room was that his bed wasn't made, and his tissues plus a glass of water were on his nightstand.

And that alone shouldn't be incriminating, it wasn't anything too weird and shouldn't give him away. But apparently, for the blond it was.

The boy's look was too close to a knowing one, his lips curving ever so slightly up in a way that made his cheeks grow warm.

"So... Was there any reason why you called me?" There it was. The proof he had been found out for a second time. The brunet's face flushed red, quickly shaking his head.

"No."

"No?"

"No." His friend hummed, his whole demeanor now different. He didn't say anything, simply nodding as he continued to stare at him. The omega really couldn't handle that right now. "So, pizza?"

"Sure." The boy nodded again. "I'll go call the restaurant."

George nodded, waiting for the blond to walk away before closing his door and groaning in frustration.

How fucking humiliating.

He walked to his bed, letting himself fall onto it and hiding his face on his pillows. He wanted to scream.

The alpha read him like a book. He saw right through him. And now, he truly didn't know what to do. If the idea of facing his friend was hard before, now he was actually considering hiding in his room forever.

How was he supposed to explain that? How could he justify himself?

His phone ringing took him off his thoughts.

George blinked a few times, confused to see Dream's name on his screen, but answering anyway.

"Hello?"

"Ordered the pizza," the boy blurted out. "It'll be here in half an hour."

"... Okay?" The confusion was clear in his tone.

"So, we have half an hour."

At first, George didn't understand what he meant. But all too soon, the hidden message hit him,

face growing red and eyes widened, a shiver running down his spine to the implication of those words.

“Dream-”

“You wanted my help.” As before, not a question, a statement. “So, let me help.”

His heart was beating out of his chest. He could feel heat pooling on his stomach, the idea feeling all too appealing to his inner and to his body. But his rational self was stunned, completely taken back by the boldness and how simple the boy was making it sound. As if he was suggesting playing Minecraft instead of engaging in literal sexual acts.

“Dream,” he repeated, trying to keep his head focused on the reasons why he wasn’t supposed to go ahead with it. “We can’t.”

“Why not?” His friend questioned. The omega opened his mouth to talk, but nothing came out. All the reasons he could give, were reasons he should’ve given the first time. Knowing they already did it once, made it hard to have solid reasoning to deny a second. “It felt good, didn’t it?”

George doubted for a second, before sighing, nodding to himself.

“Yeah.”

“And you want to feel good again, don’t you?” He took a deep breath, before nodding again.

“... Yeah.”

“I want that too,” the blond whispered. The brunet felt ten times warmer. “I want you to feel good.”

“Dream,” a whine this time, all the embarrassment over the idea of asking for assistance again suddenly disappearing.

“I want to help you,” another whisper. “Can I?”

“Yeah.”

“Take off your pants, then.”

He was a weak man. He was horny, needy, and he was a weak man. And he knew he might regret it the moment the call was over, but right now, he didn’t want to care anymore.

So he did what he was told, grabbing his earphones next.

... He couldn’t believe he had phone sex with his best friend again.

He couldn’t believe he fingered himself, jerking off as well, and came with a moan while his friend listened to all of it happen, *again*.

And he couldn’t believe that after it was over, they had simply gone downstairs and ate pizza like nothing ever happened, the boy acting completely chill and not treating him differently at all.

He didn’t understand it. He didn’t understand how the blond could behave normally, be as casual as usual and not seem affected at all by what they did. He said goodnight to him as always, they ate

breakfast together the next day, even played games at some point, and nothing felt off.

George still felt embarrassed, a part of him still cursing himself for giving in, but the awkwardness he expected to face was never there. Not that same night, not the next day, and not the one after that.

He wasn't sure what to think of it.

Truth was, the more time passed and the more he saw things didn't have any of the negative effects he thought could come from having phone sex with a friend, the more a part of him wanted to take it as a sign to maybe, just maybe, do it again.

It was hard not to think about it, it was hard not to think of how his heat was soon and this could be the solution he had hoped to find after all. Maybe he wouldn't have to suffer and be unsatisfied, because the alpha had proven to be able to help without things getting weird afterwards.

However, as soon as he caught himself thinking that, he instantly came up with counter arguments to stop himself from going there.

First of all, maybe things had stayed okay because they've only done it twice. Maybe if they did it more, things would eventually get awkward after all. Besides, like it or not, the way he acted now and the way he would act during his heat would be different, so that could be a breaking point.

But, most importantly; and the most logical argument he had against that idea; having Dream guiding him over the phone wasn't a realistic plan of action for his heat. Sure, maybe during the week prior to it he could rely on that, but not during his actual heat. Because the fluctuations on his libido could happen at any point during those days and he realistically couldn't have the boy on the phone with him non-stop the whole time.

And it was that thought that truly set chaos free in his brain, one memory of a certain offer popping out and hunting him ever since it crossed his mind that morning.

The idea kept coming back, making him go over and over it and creating a conflict inside him he never thought he would be having.

Because one part of him wanted to keep having help, he wanted to do anything in his power to prevent another heat drop. But he knew that if he truly wanted that, his best shot was to fully rely on his friend, not on the phone this time.

He didn't want to think about it, but Dream's proposal to be his heat partner was more and more appealing the more he thought about it.

George wanted to push the thought away. This was his best friend he was thinking of, for fuck's sake. And no matter what they've done, there was a big difference between using a cellphone and actually spending such vulnerable days together.

He didn't want to cross a line and regret it later, he didn't want to compromise their friendship.

Then again, maybe it wouldn't. If Sapnap and Karl were able to do it and it didn't get weird for them, why would it be any different for the blond and himself?

Besides, he had already thought of picking a random stranger as his heat partner. That was his level of desperation. So if he was willing to spend it with someone, wouldn't it make more sense to choose someone he was close with and trusted?

And he had to admit, his inner Omega seemed keen to the idea.

It wasn't exactly surprising to him. His inner seemed to react very enthusiastically to the boy even before they met in person. Dream's care for him, the attention it gave him, the softness he showed him, it made his instincts happy. And now that they finally shared a physical space, his presence and touch always caused a positive response inside him. Which wasn't too weird, they were best friends after all, so that inner voice inside him felt at ease when they were close.

So knowing the more instinctual part of himself didn't dislike the idea was a good plus, it made it less likely to have a bad heat experience that could cause him damage.

But even so, it was scary. And he wasn't sure if he truly wanted to take the chance.

Truth was, he's never really had heat partners before. He either spent it with someone he was already in a relationship with, or he spent it alone. He never liked the idea of depending on someone else to take care of his own needs, he believed he was perfectly capable of managing on his own. He liked feeling independent, he liked having control over himself. So, if he didn't already have reasons to invite someone to spend it with him, he simply didn't.

And maybe he ended up in a weird mood and unsatisfied every time he had spent it alone in the past two years, but it was never too bad he couldn't handle it. It was never bad enough to make him change his mind. Until it was.

George wasn't stupid, he knew how biology worked. He knew despite society being more progressive now and a single omega in his mid-twenties or older wasn't something people judged nearly as much; even the concept of not wanting to mate being more accepted nowadays; instincts were assholes sometimes. And too many heats alone in a row would have an effect in an Omega's psyche that wasn't pleasant to go through.

He learned it the hard way.

A heat drop was one of the worst experiences an Omega could possibly go through. The utter despair of feeling useless to your core, the three A's hitting you so hard you can barely eat on your own.

George wasn't stupid, he wasn't dumb. And no matter how much he didn't like relying on people; only liking people doing things for him when he asked them to; he wasn't going to compromise his health and put himself through hell just to prove he could do it alone.

He couldn't, not this time.

So the idea of having a heat partner for the first time was scary.

But the idea of not having one was scarier.

And if he had to trust someone with something as personal as his more basic needs, and let them see him in such a vulnerable state, in such a instincts-driven mood even if he wasn't as bad as others, it made sense for that person to be the boy he's closest with.

But could he really be blamed for being scared things could change between them?

He kept going over those two poles, going in circles over and over again until the day was about to come to an end.

George took a deep breath, reaching for his phone and writing a quick text.

The doubts weren't going to leave his head until he did something about it, that much he knew. And this wasn't a decision he could realistically make on his own.

The knock on his door came just a couple minutes later.

The brunet quickly stood up, going to open the door for his friend so he could get in before going to sit in his bed, waiting for the boy to do the same.

Dream seemed a bit anxious, sitting by his side with a concerned expression.

"You wanted to talk...?" The omega nodded a few times, before taking another deep breath.

Here goes nothing.

"Were you actually for real?" He let out, before he could change his mind. "About the heat partner thing," he clarified.

The blond seemed surprised by the question, but soon enough his whole demeanor relaxed, offering him a smile as he nodded.

"Yeah, of course."

"Why?" He asked, the boy looking confused by his words. "Like, why would you do it? What would you get from it? Is it to keep your inner alpha in peace or do you want something else?"

It's not like he thought his friend had a hidden agenda, but more like he needed things to be as clear as possible to avoid any kind of awkwardness. If the alpha wanted something in return, that was fine. But he needed to know beforehand so they could both agree to the terms and keep things fair.

To his surprise, Dream laughed.

"Well, first of all, I get to help my best friend with something I couldn't have before," he mumbled, before smirking. "And I mean, I get to fuck a hot guy, that's always a plus."

George's cheeks instantly reddened, huffing and rolling his eyes.

"You're an idiot," he accused. "I was- I was being serious."

"I am too, George, you're hot. Like, do you even realize how attractive you are?"

"Oh my god shut up." The boy wheezed to his reaction, shaking his head.

"No but, for real. You need help, and I can do something about it. So I wanna be the one doing it." The blond smiled, shrugging next. "I guess what I get from it, is that you don't choose someone else for it."

The brunet looked at him for a few seconds, before nodding, accepting his answer. With their dynamic, that made sense to him, not needing to question it further.

"And you promise things wouldn't get weird, if I said I want that?" The boy's smile showed understanding, as empathetic as ever, moving closer to grab one of his hands.

"George, you're my best friend," he assured. "Everything else in the world can change, or even between us, except for that."

The brunet couldn't help but smile as well to that, a sense of relief hitting him. There was

something about how certain his friend sounded about things that made him hopeful for the best outcome too. Like with YouTube, and all their biggest projects. The blond's confidence was contagious and George could sin or blindly follow him sometimes.

But it wasn't as simple this time, and despite feeling like maybe it could work just because the boy said so, he needed a little more to keep his mind at ease. He needed to cover it all before really going through with it.

"What if I said I don't want sex? Like, if I only wanted-"

"Whatever you prefer, I'll do that. I told you already." To be fair, he did. In his original offer, he made that clear. "I don't need anything in return, this is for you. So... Just say the word, and I'll eat your ass." George couldn't help but snort.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you," he joked, thinking back to all the comments his friend had made about it over the course of their friendship.

"You have a fat ass, George, can you blame me?"

The brunet scoffed, rolling his eyes again to hide how flustered the casual compliments made him feel. It wasn't unusual for them to engage in a little bit of flirting, but the context made it feel different.

And soon, they would feel even more different.

Because Dream would make jokes about his body, actually knowing what it looked like.

Dream would see his body, naked.

He would see his face when he's getting pleased, he would see the expression he makes when he cums. He would see how he gets when he's truly desperate, he would see him begging and needy and asking for more. He would see him fall apart, and would be the one making him too.

"This is weird" he let out, doubts invading him again. "This whole thing is weird, I- you're gonna see me like- This is weird."

The blond looked at him, seemingly hesitating before talking.

"I mean, I already heard you like... You know. Is it really that different?"

"Yes." He sighed, shaking his head. "My face, my body, it's just, you haven't... It's not the same. And then in heat I'm different too. So it's just- It's gonna be like... It's gonna be weird."

Going from only seeing each other in casual and friendly settings to literally seeing him panting and orgasming would be a big change, and there was no way they could pretend it wasn't going to be awkward at least at first.

And he didn't want that.

His friend looked at him, humming as he thought. He seemed lost in his own head for a couple of moments, before finally speaking again.

"What if we practice?"

The brunet blinked a few times.

“What?”

“What if we practice?” The boy repeated. “So the difference isn’t as big, or it doesn’t feel so weird to go from zero to a hundred.”

“What do you mean?”

“Like... Instead of waiting until your heat comes, we start doing stuff now. And we start with something simple, like a handjob-”

“How is that *simple* ?” The blond snorted to his horrified tone.

“Okay, like a *kiss*, then. Point is, we practice doing stuff before your heat, we do more each time, and so once it comes, you’re already comfortable with me,” the boy explained. “And you won’t feel as weird, about me seeing your face, and body, and whatever.”

George was quiet, taking the words in.

It made sense. In an odd, bizarre and crazy way, but it did. He wouldn’t be as freaked out, if that wasn’t the first time the boy saw him naked or the ways he reacted to things.

Then again, how would they even do that? His heat was only about a week and a half away, they didn’t have a lot of time.

“Well, we should start right away, then.” His friend’s voice made him realize he had said those last words out loud. The brunet’s cheeks got warm once again.

“You want us to kiss?” He questioned. “Like, right now?” The blond shrugged in response.

“Why not?”

He opened his mouth to talk, but nothing came out. It wasn’t the worst idea, but he still wasn’t sure.

The alpha seemed to notice this, offering him a reassuring smile.

“You can say no, George. And you can change your mind at any point, too.”

It was his choice, the boy was doing it for him.

George closed his eyes, taking a deep breath. He hesitated for just a few more seconds, before nodding. He had nothing to lose at this point. He could always call the whole thing off if he didn’t feel sure or ready by the end of the week.

“Okay.”

“Okay,” his friend repeated. “I’m going to kiss you, then.”

Big hand was placed on his cheek, cupping it softly. The brunet held his breath, closing his eyes as their faces grew closer together.

And lips met lips.

A tingling feeling appeared on his stomach, heart rate increasing. Dream’s mouth moved slowly, kissing him gently and softly.

And it was just like a first kiss should be. Tender, careful, with clear affection.

It was sweet, it felt nice. He liked it.

The blond pulled away after a couple of seconds, just enough to look at him.

“Good?” He asked. The brunet nodded shyly.

And the boy closed the gap again, placing his free hand on the omega’s hips. Their lips meet again, this time with less doubt and more curiosity. It was still tender, it was still sweet, but there was more wanting in each movement, more need.

The Brit melted into the gesture, reciprocating and granting access to his mouth when he felt a cautious tongue lick at his bottom lip. A soft sigh escaped him, enjoying the sensation of tongue dancing together and hand caressing his hip.

He wrapped his arms around the boy’s neck, the blond pulled him closer until he had him sitting on his lap, straddling him.

Dream pulled his face away again.

“Still good?”

“Shut up and keep kissing me.”

The alpha snorted to his words, but still complied. He kissed him with more urgency this time, tongue wasting no time to explore his mouth. The omega sighed into the gesture, fighting for power and growing demanding with the movement of his lips.

He allowed his hands to caress the boy’s shoulder, then moved to his back. He felt every one of his muscles over his clothes, gripping at his shirt. The blond placed both hands on his waist in response, caressing his sides. And George’s skin grew warmer under his touch.

God, he liked the feeling. He liked finally being touched.

He wanted him to touch him so much more, in so many other places. He wanted those big hands all over him, caressing as much as he could. He wanted his mouth over his skin too, marking him up.

A soft sound escaped his lips, the kiss getting hungrier.

His skin felt like it burned, his head felt light.

And he liked it, he liked it so fucking much.

Dream broke the kiss again.

George frowned, wanting to protest. But noticing the nervous expression on his friend’s face, his annoyance stopped, getting worried instead.

Before he could ask, though, the boy did first.

“Um, George?” The blond mumbled, then looked down. The brunet was confused, so he followed his glance. His face instantly turned bright red. “Are you- Do you-”

“I’m hormonal, okay?” He instantly let out, shifting on his spot and trying to pull his shirt down to cover the very notorious bulge in his pants as he simultaneously tried to pretend like he didn’t want

to explode right there and then.

Oh my fucking god.

It seemed like the omega had completely lost his ability to *not* humiliate himself.

Embarrassed wasn't strong enough of a word to explain how he felt. He was okay with his friend knowing he was enjoying himself, he even would've been okay with admitting he liked kissing him. But getting hard from it, and having the blond notice it right away, was definitely not in his plans nor something he ever wanted to do.

He instantly tried to excuse himself, to save his ass from the mortifying situation he was in.

"It's normal, I- my heat-"

"It's okay, I know," the boy assured right away. "I wasn't trying to- I didn't mean it as something bad. I knew it could happen."

The brunet's face was still burning up, but he relaxed slightly to those words, knowing the blond wasn't about to make fun of him for it. It didn't make it any less embarrassing, though.

Dream opened his mouth to talk, then closed it. Then he opened again, and closed it again as well.

George raised an eyebrow, giving him a questioning look. The boy hesitated for a second, before finally speaking.

"I just, I was gonna ask..." He cleared his throat, seemingly nervous. "Do you wanna... Do you want some help with that?"

The brunet didn't think his face could get any redder. But there he was, blushing even more.

His eyes widened, heat pooling in his stomach and embarrassment hitting him again while his inner omega fucking *cheered*.

Dream was offering to help him. He was actually offering to help him right now.

Suddenly the whole partnership thing felt a hundred times more real. Suddenly realization punched him in the face, seeing how deadass his friend was about their agreement.

And he wanted it, he couldn't say he didn't. The idea of finally experiencing proper pleasure and satisfaction wasn't something he could easily turn down. He wanted to feel good, he wanted to accept the offered help.

But *should* he?

The blond noticed his hesitation, rubbing his hips over his clothes with his thumbs in a soothing gesture.

"Or I can leave, so you can take care of it yourself," he said, always understanding.

The brunet pursed his lips, doubting for a moment.

He knew, in a logical sense, that was the right thing to do. They said they would practice, but he himself thought going straight to touching was a little too much.

But he also knew that wasn't even close to what he needed. Doing it on his own wouldn't cut it, it

wouldn't solve his issue. And it definitely wasn't what he wanted either.

"I... I won't be able to... I won't enjoy it," he admitted. Because there was no point in lying about it. His friend hummed, thinking for a second.

"I could call you."

George snorted, rolling his eyes. Due to the circumstances, taking in the context, the idea of going to separate rooms just to call was almost funny.

"That's stupid."

And now, they were silent, the blond seemingly lost in thought.

The brunet sighed, lowering his head and closing his eyes, taking a deep breath.

He considered for a moment simply letting his boner die down, but fuck, he was really turned on. He was still sitting over his friend, hands still on his hips, and he craved his lips again.

He didn't want to wait until he calmed down.

His inner instincts wanted him to be taken care of. And in all honesty, he also wanted it. He hadn't been with anyone in years, and he missed the contact. But also... He was curious. Curious about how it would feel, to have *Dream* pleasing him.

But he hesitated, when the boy offered. And he said it wasn't a simple thing, when he suggested it earlier. So how could he ask for the help he rejected now? How could he say that he actually wanted it?

"Hey." The blond's voice took him out of his thoughts, making him look at him again. "Do you... Do you wanna just, keep kissing?"

He nodded faster than he probably should.

And their lips meet once again.

Tongues dancing together, pleased sighs, teeth nipping at bottom lips. Hunger present in every movement, his desperation showing in the way he demanded for more.

It felt good, it felt nice. But it only made his body warmer. It made him needier.

Dream placed his hands on his legs, caressing them slowly.

"This okay...?" He whispered into the kiss. George simply nodded in response, shivering to the touch.

It was more than okay, breath getting heavier to the feeling.

The boy continued to caress his legs, before moving to his inner thighs.

"And this...?"

"Yeah." His tone was almost embarrassing, giving away how stupidly aroused he was. If his body didn't show it enough already.

The blond hummed, deepening the kiss and continuing with his actions for a few moments. But

then, one of his hands began to move again, little by little wandering up. He pulled his face away slightly, just to see his reaction, as one of his fingers grazed at the bulge in his pants.

A soft whine escaped the brunet's lips, taking a sharp breath.

"And...?" The omega could only nod, moving closer to kiss him again. That was enough confirmation for the alpha to place his hand over the tent, gently palming him over his clothes.

God, that felt good.

That felt fucking amazing.

It had been so long, and Dream's hand was so big over him, and he was so hard and his friend's lips tasted so good.

A soft sound came out into the kiss, his hips starting to move, seeking more friction.

The blond deepened the kiss, palming him faster as the brunet grinded against his hand, chasing his own pleasure. His whole body was hot, heart beating fast as he panted, tension building on his lower abdomen and shivers running down his spine. The boy's other hand continued to caress his inner thigh, gripping and squeezing at his muscles.

And even just with that, even with simple touches over his clothed dick, it already felt better than what they did over the phone.

He hasn't felt this good in ages, the pleasure growing and growing with every thrust of his hips.

The tension inside him was growing alarmingly fast.

George broke the kiss, stopping his movements and placing his hand over the blond's to stop him as well.

Dream blinked, seemingly taken back by the abrupt action.

"Are you okay?" The boy asked. The omega nodded a few times, cheeks blushing lightly.

"Yeah, just... Getting too close." The alpha raised an eyebrow, as if confused as to why that made him stop.

"So?"

"My pants," he mumbled. "Don't wanna- Just, they're gonna get dirty." The blond blinked again, then let out a soft chuckle. He shook his head, before offering him an amused smile.

"George." The hand on his thighs moved back to his ass, very gently caressing the zone. "I think they already are."

Once again, his face went fully red, realizing the amount of slick he was producing and how soaked his clothes felt. He groaned with embarrassment, lowering his head and hiding it on the boy's shoulder.

The alpha chuckled again, kissing his head.

"Just enjoy, Georgie. Cum if you want to," he mumbled, starting to palm him again, faster and harder than before.

The brunet took a sharp breath, a soft sound escaping his lips. His hips began to move again, rubbing against his friend's hand desperately, seeking his relief.

They pick up the pace, moving faster. The boy massaged his ass with his other hand, adding to his pleasure.

And it was too much. It was too overwhelming. After months and months of little to no satisfaction, he couldn't handle this much.

He thrust his hips once, twice. Once more. And the tension inside him reached his maximum point.

With a moan, he came inside his pants, body trembling and hands tightly gripping at Dream's shirt. Waves of pleasure ran through his entire body, the biggest sense of relief he's felt in years invading him fully.

The blond palmed him through his orgasm, slowing down his movement after a few seconds until they came to a full stop, to not overstimulate him. George stopped his movements as well, still panting as he recovered from the intensity of what he just experienced. They stayed like that for a few moments, quiet and still, with the brunet slowly coming down from his high.

And once he did, the realization of what just happened hit him hard.

He just came, sitting on Dream's lap. Because the boy touched him.

How many times had he blushed in the past half an hour?

He was almost embarrassed enough to want to pull away, stand up and leave to his bathroom to not face his friend. But he was too embarrassed to leave the safety of keeping his face hidden on the boy's shoulder.

He didn't even know what to say.

But then, he felt something.

A twitch, right under his leg.

George pulled away, looking down to the blond's pants for a second before glancing at the boy's face, noticing his red face. And suddenly, he wasn't so mortified.

Dream let out an embarrassed chuckle. The brunet smirked.

"You sure you don't want anything in return?" The alpha scuffed, shaking his head.

"No, I- no. This is- This is for you," the boy assured. "You don't need to do anything, I don't mind."

"You sure? Doesn't seem like it," he joked, tone too teasing and full of himself for someone whose pants were ruined with cum and slick.

"You're an idiot." Dream's blush was kind of cute, his embarrassment amusing him. "Yes, George, I'm sure. No need to do anything in return." Yet right after he said it, he seemed to hesitate, letting out an awkward laugh. "But, um... I might need to take some breaks, at points, during your... Yeah. So I can..."

"Jerk off?" The boy snorted to his bluntness, laughing again.

“Yeah, that.”

The brunet let out a soft laugh as well, both giggling for a few seconds. And surprisingly enough, things didn't feel weird. Not at all.

To be honest, a part of him wanted to do something to help the blond. His instincts wanting to please the alpha, and his curiosity wanting to know how that would feel like. But he wasn't fully sure he wanted to cross that line. In a way, that would feel like more than just 'getting help with his heat'. He still was coming to terms with the agreement, and he didn't want to push himself to something he could regret.

“Can I help clean you up?” His friend asked, with a soft smile. The omega smiled as well, feeling a bit shy all of the sudden.

“You don't have to.”

“I know,” he assured. “But I want to.”

George hesitated for a moment, before nodding a few times. After being *intimate* with someone for the first time in a long time, he couldn't say a part of him wasn't craving the aftercare.

Dream carefully placed him on his bed, before going to the bathroom to get a wet towel and a dry one. He came back quickly after, kneeling by his side and placing his hands on the waistline of his pants.

The blond looked up to him, like asking for permission, and the brunet gulped before nodding, letting the boy slowly take off his sweatpants, revealing his completely ruined underwear. But as soon as he felt the hands reaching for his boxers, ready to repeat his previous actions, his hands flew to stop him.

“Don't,” he let out in a panic, suddenly not liking the idea of his friend seeing that part of his body for the first time right after he came all over himself. The alpha stopped right away.

The omega's eyes widened, realizing of his own actions, and was about to apologize but Dream simply smiled, hanging him the towels instead before standing up. Understanding, always understanding.

“I'll get you some clean clothes, alright?” George nodded softly, watching the boy head to his closet.

He quickly removed his underwear and cleaned himself up, trying to do so as quickly as possible then covered himself with the dry towel, waiting for the boy to turn around. The blond did so after a few moments, hanging him the new clothes before turning around to give him some privacy.

Once he was done changing, Dream crawled in bed with him, wrapping his arms around him and pulling him into a hug. The brunet allowed himself to get comfortable, closing his eyes to the feeling of lips pressed against his forehead.

He felt relaxed, he felt satisfied, he felt happy.

“Stay until I fall asleep,” he mumbled, a request not worded as one.

It's not like he was the clingy type, but again, after being intimate with someone for the first time in a long time, he needed company afterwards. His inner would probably break down with anxiety if the boy left him so soon.

The alpha hummed, kissing his head again. And he could smell in his scent that he was still aroused, yet he didn't complain, complying to his demand.

George wondered if his friend would jerk off as soon as he left to his room. He wondered if he would think of him and what they did as he took care of himself.

A part of him wished he did.

He wasn't sure why.

Chapter End Notes

i had a migraine so finishing this was hard ahaha and i was too sleepy to reread so it might have more errors than usual (i apologize in advance for that) but i really wanted to post before going to bed so, i tried

anyways thank you so much for all comments, reading you is the best part of my day <3 i hope you all have a great night/day :]

ps: i made a tumblr acc, dont know yet if i'll really use it much but if you want it here it is

[twitter](#)
[tumblr](#)

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

His chest moved lightly as he breathed, an arm wrapped around him and body pressed closer keeping him warm. He was comfortable, and well rested, nuzzling against the source of warmth with his inner instincts gloating with content.

But his brain knew better, his mind knew something was off.

Slowly, his eyes opened, regaining consciousness as he began to wake up.

A scent that had become familiar filled his nose, the comforting smell of oak and brown sugar. A sweeter, somewhat softer scent from what he would expect on an alpha, but that's exactly what made it so fitting.

Dream.

The brunet pulled away leisurely, blinking a few times as he looked at the boy sleeping by his side, holding him close. He doubted for a moment, ignoring the blossoming joy inside him and the bubbling feeling of waking up not being alone, before placing a hand on his friend's shoulder, shaking him lightly.

The blond groaned, shifting closer and burying his face on his shoulder.

He shook him a bit harder.

"Dream," he mumbled, still moving him to wake him up. And this time, it worked, getting another annoyed groan before the green eyes opened sleepily.

The alpha looked at him, they stared at each other for a couple of seconds.

"Good morning," the boy mumbled, rubbing his eyes. "Did you sleep well?"

"Yeah," he replied, nodding a few times. He shifted awkwardly next, hesitating again before asking. "Why are you- I mean, why did you...?"

"I'm sorry." The blond chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck as he took some distance and sat up. "My inner alpha was just- I thought it could upset you, to wake up alone after... That." George tried to ignore the heat pooling on his cheeks to the mention of what they did. "It didn't feel right to leave you."

The brunet also tried to ignore the way his heart rate quickened with the nice sensation of being cared for. Because yeah, his friend was right. He would have probably panicked at first, as a very basic instinctual reaction. The whole fear of abandonment that hit them before their conscious minds could fully process the context.

"Thanks," he mumbled, unsure of what else to say. He could call him an idiot, roll his eyes and huff, but he decided to extend some of the same courtesy and niceness back to him just this once.

Probably because he was still sleepy.

It was kind of disappointing, though. Because that meant the blond didn't jerk off to him after all.

But it was too early to think about that.

“I need a shower.” He sighed, sitting up as well then stretching up. Cleaning up with a wet towel was barely enough and he was feeling quite dirty.

The alpha hummed in response, nodding softly to his words.

“Can I join you?”

The omega froze on his spot.

He blinked.

“What?”

“I need a shower too.” George blinked again.

“*What?*” Dream wheezed to his reactions, shaking his head.

“Okay, no, look. I meant like- You seemed nervous yesterday, about me seeing you?” The boy mumbled, and it was worded like a question but didn’t feel like one. More like seeking confirmation.

“I mean, *yeah.*”

“Yeah so, I thought this way could be better? I mean, like, if I saw you in a less compromising context.”

“*Less compromi-* Dream, we would *both* be naked, I-”

“Exactly! You wouldn’t be the only one naked and exposed so, it wouldn’t be like, awkward or embarrassing.” The blond shrugged. The brunet was sure that no matter what the circumstances could be, being naked in front of your best friend for the first time would always be awkward and embarrassing. “I dunno, I thought it could be easier for you, to get over with it in a more casual setting.”

The omega opened his mouth to talk, but quickly closed it again.

In a way, his friend had a point. There was something about Dream seeing him without clothes in a sexual situation that made him feel weird, like it was the definite point to fully said they’ve crossed a line. Like nothing could be saved after that. So maybe he would be less nervous about it if that wasn’t the first time seeing him like that. Yet the idea of showering with him, doing something so intimate in a way that wasn’t sexually driven, and seeing the blond’s body as well was just... Way too embarrassing for him, he didn’t feel ready for that either.

The alpha offered him a smile, seemingly understanding despite his lack of words.

“It was just an idea, we don’t have to,” he assured, moving closer to kiss his forehead in an affectionate gesture. “I’m gonna go, then.”

George couldn’t help but look at his friend’s lips, the gesture reminding him of what he experimented with the night before. He couldn’t help but think about how good it felt, to have his mouth dancing with his own. He couldn’t help but think he wouldn’t mind practicing some more.

The boy noticed his gaze, looking at him with a questioning look before moving closer again, until their foreheads touched. Almost as if he could read his thoughts, almost as if he could see what he

wanted.

He leaned down slowly, giving him time to react.

The brunet pulled away, looking to the side and clearing his throat.

“Make me breakfast,” he demanded, trying to act casual despite the sense of awkwardness invading him. He hadn’t even brushed his teeth yet, it was way too early to start doing *those* things.

The blond scoffed, shaking his head before standing up.

“No way,” he simply replied, then headed to the door. They both knew he would do it anyways, there was no weight to his words. “Don’t take long,” he added right before leaving.

The omega sighed, lazily getting off the bed and grabbing clothes from his closet before heading to his bathroom. He turned the shower on, removing his pajama carefully then stepping inside, letting the warm water caress his skin.

He sighed, taking a few moments to wash his hair carefully and clean his body before closing his eyes as he stayed under the water, relaxing to the feeling of the warmth against his muscles.

He felt somewhat at peace, his body feeling satisfied and content, for once in balance without pain or discomfort or hormonal reactions begging for his attention. He felt light, in a way. Yet his mind...

It wasn’t as chaotic as he would’ve thought, but it wasn’t calm either. He didn’t feel the regret he feared nor was overthinking his choices, somehow coming to terms with what he did and feeling okay with it. But the memories were stuck on his brain, replaying now that he was alone again.

He kissed his best friend, he *made out* with him. And he let his best friend touch him, palm him over his clothes. Dream pressed his lips against his own, explored his mouth with his tongue. His strong hands caressed his body.

George placed his hands on his thighs, just like the blond did the day before. He moved his hands the same way the boy did, shivering to the feeling, until his fingers reached his member.

God, the American’s hand over his clothed dick had been heavenly. Being touched after so long was exquisite, and his friend had known exactly how to do it to please him.

He could only imagine how good it would feel to have his touch directly.

Fingers wrapped around his length, thinking just how much longer the blond’s would be, covering more of him. His palm was probably rougher, and he would probably like it. Would he start slowly? Pick up his pace whenever the brunet reacted to his actions?

He probably would. He would take every sharp breath as a sign to give him more, every pleased sigh would make him play with his tip, and every moan would lead him to increase his speed.

George moved his hand faster.

He remembered the way Dream massaged and played with his ass as he touched him, and how he kept kissing him too. He would probably do the same while stroking him, wanting to make him feel good in every way that he could. He wondered if he would caress the rest of his exposed skin, maybe play with his balls. Touch everything the Brit allowed him to.

The omega moved his free hand to his behind, his fingers grazing his butt, playfully teasing himself in the way he imagined the blond would. He grabbed his ass cheeks, massaging them and spreading them apart as he speeded the movements of his other hand again.

And then, he let one finger wander closer to his rim, just barely teasing his entrance.

He leaned onto the shower's wall, trembling slightly and moaning quietly as he came, stroking himself through his orgasm until he fully rode off it.

He pulled his hands away right away, holding himself to keep his balance as he panted softly.

Then, he blinked, looking down to the substance being washed away by the shower's water.

Oh.

He just came.

He just jerked off, and came.

Even when he wasn't planning to.

And it didn't feel so bad. And he didn't have to force himself to keep focus to be able to get to the end, he didn't even have to think about it. It just... Happened.

And it was okay, it felt okay.

The brunet washed his hands, cleaning his body again, feeling a bit out of it from how unexpected that was yet somewhat proud of himself for managing to do that, and on his own without help.

... Well, that wasn't entirely true. The blond might have not been there, but he couldn't take the credit away from him. But still, it was mostly his doing, and he would take it as a win either way. Because maybe it wasn't a great, mind-blowing orgasm, but it didn't feel like a task this time. And that was good enough for him right now.

What a good way to start a day.

George yawned as he walked to the living room, a cup of tea in his hand and rubbing his eyes with the other one. He could hear the tv on, his friends probably having another movie night, so he headed to the couches to join them; after spending most of the day in his room napping.

The past two days had been pretty chill. After his alone time in the shower, his mood had been stable and calm during the rest of the day, spending the first half with his friends then sleeping the second one. He had been feeling a bit tired because of his pre-heat, so taking naps on and off ever since he woke up the next day hadn't been too weird. But he eventually got hungry, and finally felt like socializing a little.

As soon as he got to the room he saw the two boys sitting on the main couch, in front of the tv, a blanket covering them and with Sapnap seemingly asleep. He hummed, walking closer until the blond noticed his presence, lifting the blanket for him and patting the free spot next to him.

He sat down, drinking some of his tea before leaving the cup by the table.

The alpha smiled at him, then offered a part of the blanket to him. The brunet took it, covering himself with it before moving closer to the boy.

“Slept well?”

“Mhm.”

“Did you eat something already? You didn’t come down for dinner so-”

“Yup, just ate.”

The blond hummed, nodding a few times before focusing on the screen again. The brunet found it slightly amusing the way he checked on him, but he would be lying if he said it didn’t make a part of him happy. To know he was cared for, even if at a very basic and expected level.

“What’re we watching?” He asked after a few moments, trying but failing to understand what was going on in whatever show it was playing.

“Oh, it’s this murder mystery series, Sap picked it,” his friend mumbled, glancing at their asleep roommate. “It’s not as good as the description made it seem.” The omega scoffed in response.

“Well, obviously.” If Sappnap passing out was anything to go by. “Why are you still watching, then?”

“Dunno.” The boy shrugged. “To see who did it, I guess? And didn’t have anything else to do, so.”

“I mean, you could’ve been doing something with me.”

“You were asleep, George.” His friend chuckled, shaking his head.

“Well, I’m awake now.” The alpha glanced at him, raising an eyebrow. For some reason, his reaction made him feel a little weird, his cheeks threatening to turn pink.

“Hm? So, what do you suggest we do instead?”

“I don’t know, just- hang out with me or something.” Dream snorted to his words, opening his mouth to talk and probably point out how, technically, they were spending time together already. “At least pick another film so I’m not lost.” The boy chuckled again, before nodding.

“Yeah alright, that’s fair.”

He reached for the remote, selecting the menu to choose a movie. He spent a few moments showing him options until they selected one. Then, he wrapped one arm around his shoulder, relaxing onto the couch and getting comfortable.

George felt his cheeks growing slightly warmer to the gesture.

It wasn’t so unusual, Dream had been pretty touchy with him since he had gotten to Florida. But it also wasn’t unusual for his heart to beat slightly faster, his inner omega always happy with the proximity. And right now, his instincts were demanding him to get closer and embrace the affection.

So he leaned into him, nuzzling up against his side and resting his head on the boy’s shoulder, letting himself indulge on those feelings this one time. After all, it wasn’t too weird to feel a little bit clingy to the person you’re being intimate with close to or during your heat.

The blond hummed to his actions, placing his hand over his knee under the blanket, probably understanding he needed the physical touch. The alpha glanced at him, to make sure that was alright, before rubbing his leg with his thumb in a soothing motion.

The brunet closed his eyes just for a moment, before focusing on the tv again, trying to understand the film as he relaxed with his friend's touch. But enjoying the nice feeling while he watched the movie didn't last long, the calmness breaking quite quickly.

The moment he felt the boy's hand move to his thigh, caressing him up and down, his concentration was fully broken, the action no longer feeling just comforting.

Suddenly, he was holding his breath, his heart beating slightly faster with his attention on the blond's hand. Suddenly, he felt anxious, the slow movement feeling like it was burning him.

And it shouldn't, because truly there wasn't anything weird about the way Dream was touching him. And he could tell the boy didn't mean to cause anything with it either. But thoughts he shouldn't be having were rapidly invading his mind, his hormones all too eager to accept the offered affection as more than what really was meant to be.

George mentally cursed himself.

He had been fine, he had been calm for two days. Why did his body decide to react *now* ? He just wanted to spend time with his friend and enjoy the gentle caress, but instead here he was, fixated in the ways the long fingers ran up and down his thigh.

He took a deep breath, shifting awkwardly on his spot, trying to calm down. The least he wanted was to alert the alpha and make him stop giving him the physical attention.

Thank god for his scent patch.

"You okay?" The brunet almost jumped to the unexpected voice, widened eyes instantly looking at the blond and nodding a few times. The boy raised an eyebrow. "You sure? You seem tense."

"M fine," he lied. The alpha seemed unconvinced, but he didn't press it, simply continuing with his actions.

The omega tried his best to relax and ignore the bubbling feeling on his stomach every time his friend's hand moved. Ignoring the electric sensation on his skin whenever the boy caressed it over his clothes. But then, he squeezed his muscle, and his brain disconnected again.

He shifted on his spot as before, heart racing and cheeks getting warmer.

The blond's hand stilled.

"Am I making you uncomfortable?" He asked, because of course his act wasn't fooling anyone.

"I said I'm fine," George insisted, averting the boy's gaze. But his face was a little too red for that to be true, his demeanor a little too nervous.

Dream raised an eyebrow again, opening his mouth to talk. But right after, he closed it, blinking a few times before giving him a questioning look. And the brunet was about to ask what that was about, when he felt the big hand moving slightly up.

Out of instinct, he spread his legs for the alpha, granting him easier access.

The blond chuckled with amusement, his hand moving further up and caressing his inner thighs, letting his fingertips barely graze at the growing bulge on his pants. The omega's cheeks darkened with blood, embarrassment slowly filling him.

“If you wanted to *practice*, you should’ve said so.” A cocky tone, a cockier grin. George huffed, rolling his eyes.

“I didn’t.” A half-truth. Not really wanting it at first, with the first touch, but that changed rather fast.

“Oh yeah?” The fingers stroked at his hardness over his clothes, making him take a sharp breath.

“Dream,” he warned, closing his eyes for a second to try to think straight. “Not- Not here” he mumbled, glancing at the other side of the blond. “Sapnap is *right there*.”

The boy snorted in response, nodding to his words before pulling his hand away.

“Right.” The alpha chuckled, then offered him a smirk. “Wanna go to the room?”

“*Yeah*.” A little too eager, but there was no point in lying. His hormones had woken up entirely and he saw no reason to reject such an offer.

They were careful as they stood up to not wake up their roommate, quickly yet quietly heading upstairs. But the moment he set foot on the second floor, all caution was thrown away, the boy’s hand finding his way to his waist and suddenly pushing him against the nearest wall.

Dream lips were on his before he could even react.

A soft gasp escaped him, the blond using the opening to push his tongue inside his mouth, exploring it as he pleased while he placed one of his hands on the brunet’s crotch.

George couldn’t help but whine into the kiss.

God fuck, he was burning up. Every movement of his friend’s hand, stroking him over his sweatpants, only increased the growing fire inside him.

“Dream,” he whined, breaking the kiss. The alpha instantly attached his lips to the omega’s neck, pressing them softly over his skin. “*Dream*.” The way the blond was touching him, it almost felt like *he* was the needy one. And that only made the brunet more eager. “Room. Now.”

The American pulled away just enough so they could walk, somehow managing to get to the omega’s room and stumbling to the bed.

The blond carefully pushed him into the mattress, laying over him and kissing him deeply as his hands caressed his sides, then thighs. The brunet shivered under his touch, soft pleased sighs escaping his lips with every squeeze and stroke.

The boy broke the kiss, but just to attach his lips to his neck, placing open mouthed kisses all over his skin until he reached his patch. He nipped at it with his teeth, and the Brit had to hold his breath.

“Can I?” Dream whispered, gently pulling at the edge of the patch. “Wanna feel your scent.”

Blood rushed equally to his cheeks and dick, both weirdly flustered and incredibly aroused; his inner omega cheering to the confession.

He nodded quickly right away; the only reason he was wearing the patch in the first place was so his friends wouldn’t smell his hormone changes, and there was no need for that in the current situation. The blond didn’t lose a second to rip the tiny cover and set his gland free.

The alpha inhaled deeply, burying his face on his neck next.

“Fuck, you smell so sweet,” he whispered against his skin. “So fucking good.”

A bubbling feeling took over his stomach, heart beating faster with both excitement and pride.

Dream liked his scent. Dream liked his scent and his own aroma was getting sweeter with arousal, brown sugar melting into caramel.

“Need you to touch me,” the brunet blurted out, his erection becoming painful in his sweatpants, all the anticipation driving him crazy. The blond nodded in response, moving his hand to the waistline of his sweats.

“Can I?” He asked again.

For a moment, the omega hesitated, before finally nodding, letting the boy carefully remove his pants. Blood rushed to his cheeks again, feeling suddenly exposed, his bulge way more evident now and on display. The alpha stared at his body, examining him with his eyes as he licked his lips, then placed his hands on the waistline of his underwear.

George hurried to stop him.

The blond looked at him, blinking a few times confusedly.

“I-” Now, he felt like an idiot.

Being embarrassed at this point was stupid and unnecessary, yet he couldn’t help but feel somewhat self-conscious and awkward still with the idea of being seen by the boy. Maybe he was shyer than he thought he was, never having a *big* issue with people seeing him before, but now that it was his best friend who would do so, for some reason feeling weird about it.

“I can’t, I- I just-” He didn’t even know what to say. He knew he would need to eventually get naked if he wanted to be ready for his heat. But he couldn’t yet, he was too nervous.

The alpha offered him a smile right away, moving his hands down instead to massage his erection over his clothes.

“Alright,” he mumbled, kissing his cheek in a reassuring way. “So, what do you want us to do this time?” He asked then. George blinked in confusion. “I mean, we said we would be doing more things each time and all that so you get used to it, right?” The boy waited for the omega to nod before continuing. “So if sucking your dick isn’t an option yet...”

His brown eyes widened, heat pooling on his lower abdomen to the implication that not only Dream was willing to suck his dick but was planning to do so until he stopped him. He mentally cursed himself, his member twitching in interest to the thought.

“I could... Touch you again,” the boy mumbled, fingers running up and down his clothed length. The brunet took a sharp breath. “But maybe under your clothes, if you’re comfortable with that.”

The omega couldn’t deny the idea was more than a little appealing, to have everything he imagined two days ago in the shower, now coming true. And the more the blond stroked him, the more the need to be pleased grew inside him.

The alpha wrapped his fingers around his length over his clothes, moving his hand up and down slowly, getting soft sounds out of him.

But he wanted more. He needed more. The offer sounded more and more appealing by the second.

Dream moved his free hand to his hips, caressing his sides, before moving behind to his ass. He gently squeezed it, and just like that the omega's brain disconnected.

"Or if you rather just..."

"I need you inside," George blurted out, cutting him off.

The boy stopped moving, eyes widened and cheeks blushing lightly to his words. The brunet instantly realized what he said, his expression mimicking his friend's.

That's *not* how he meant to word it. And although it wouldn't be completely wrong if the blond took what he said in a literal way, he had implied in their first conversation about the whole thing that he wasn't sure he would want them to go *that* far, and he actually meant it

Which was probably why the American seemed so taken back and had stopped his actions.

"I mean- your fingers," he quickly clarified. But that only made his embarrassment grow. Having to ask for that out loud was kind of mortifying. "I just- I want-"

Dream kissed him.

George melted into the kiss, letting him shut him up with his tongue.

The boy slowly moved to sit up, pulling the brunet with him to make him sit on his lap. He placed a couple short pecks on his lips before breaking apart.

"I can do that," he whispered, giving him another peck before moving to his neck, placing kisses all over. He placed his hands over his ass next, massaging his cheeks slowly.

The brunet lowered his head, hiding his face on the boy's shoulder as he took a deep breath, anticipation killing him. Soft sighs escaped his lips, biting them when his friend's hands finally found its way under his boxers, touching his body directly.

He shut his eyes closed, trying to swallow his nervousness and embarrassment to enjoy the moment.

Dream's hand was so warm it felt like it burned his skin, squeezing his butt a couple of times before spreading his cheeks, moving one finger closer to his entrance.

The boy hummed, rubbing circles on his rim with one fingertip.

"You're so wet," he mumbled, making the brunet's cheeks turn a darker shade of red.

"Shut up," the omega whispered, burying his head more onto his shoulder. This was embarrassing as it was, he didn't need his friend to make fun of him.

"It's hot," the blond instantly reassured, probably smelling the change on his scent. "George, *fuck* - you're hot." The Brit was burning up, breath hitching and letting out a quiet whine, heartbeat quickening to the compliment. The alpha pulled him closer, and now he could clearly feel a hardness pressed under his leg, further proving Dream meant his words. "You're so wet and ready to take me."

"Just touch me already," he demanded, slick soaking the boy's finger more with everything he said. He couldn't wait any longer, he needed the release, he needed the pleasure.

His friend complied, pushing one digit inside him without hesitation.

George couldn't help but moan.

Shit, that felt good. It's been so long, and it felt fucking amazing.

The blond's finger was bigger than his own, and was clearly skilled on what was doing, moving it in and out in a way that had him panting in a matter of seconds.

Of course he would be good at it. He was good at everything.

The alpha moved his head closer to his ear, whispering into it.

"You feel amazing."

The brunet felt like he could melt, a moan coming out against his will.

"More," he demanded. Again, Dream obeyed.

A second finger found his way inside, giving him a couple seconds to adapt before picking up the pace.

The Brit wrapped his arms around him, holding tightly onto him, more sounds coming out and shifting his hips slightly once as an instinctive response. But the second he moved, the boy froze, taking a sharp and shaky breath before continuing with his actions.

At first, he didn't understand what just happened, his mind too out of it to realize. But then, feeling something twitching by his leg, it clicked.

An intense need of feeling the alpha suddenly took over him.

He knew he shouldn't, he knew that wasn't a part of their agreement. But god, he wanted it so badly. He couldn't help but shift his hips again, softly enough it didn't seem intentional but still being able to rub against the hard member under him.

Dream let out a soft groan, thrusting his fingers into him faster.

"Careful," he whispered, taking a deep breath. "Don't- Don't move like that."

George stopped, more pleased sounds escaping him as the boy stimulated his insides. He focused on that feeling for a few moments, before casually beginning to move again, his inner all too eager to keep feeling his friend's dick even if with layers of clothes in between.

The blond groaned again, but then used his free hand to still his movements, placing it on his hips to keep him in place.

The brunet took that as a sign to stop his attempts completely, not wanting to upset the boy or cross a line. He wasn't sure if the American was doing it because he truly didn't want him to do anything in return, or because he didn't know if the Brit was okay with it or doing it out of horniness. But either way, right now wasn't the time or place to question that. They could talk about it later.

Right now, he had two big fingers fucking into him. And his brain quickly focused on that again.

"More."

The alpha hummed, pushing a third finger inside. He moved slower at first, before picking up the

pace again, soon returning to the previous rhythm. And then, he twisted his fingers, pushing deeper inside.

Holy shit.

He moaned loudly, holding onto him tighter.

“There?” The boy asked. He quickly nodded in response.

The blond moved his digits faster, hitting the sweet spot inside him over and over.

George was a moaning mess.

He was trying to keep his voice down, using his friend’s shoulder to muffle himself since they weren’t alone in the house, but still loud enough for the American to hear him. And with every sound, with every reaction, every time he gripped at his shirt, the boy hit his prostate harder, building tension inside him at a surprisingly fast speed.

His whole body was trembling, bursting in flames, shivers running down his spine with a kind of pleasure he’s not sure he’s ever experienced.

And the boy kept thrusting his fingers inside, bringing him closer and closer to the edge.

“Dream,” he whined, panting heavily. “Dream, wait, I’m gonna-”

He wasn’t able to finish his sentence.

Before he could fully grasp what was happening, a louder moan escaped his lips, releasing all over his underwear.

For just a second, his mind was blank. Nothing but relief filling his senses. But as the boy began to stop his hand and he came back to reality, he couldn’t help but blink.

And blink again.

He just came untouched.

He just came untouched by someone else playing with his ass.

In all his years being sexually active, that’s never happened before. He honestly thought he wasn’t capable of that.

When he first began to realize masturbation wasn’t too enjoyable for him, he didn’t find it all that surprising. In a way, when he finally noticed the pattern and how it didn’t give him the kind of satisfaction that was expected, he felt like it was something he should’ve seen coming. Because truth was, feeling pleasure during sexual situations was something he struggled with in general.

He wasn’t imponent, or anything like that, and it’s not like he didn’t enjoy or desired sex. But there was always something off about it, always feeling somewhat like less of a big, exciting thing as what everyone made it seem.

He guessed it was normal at first, when he had his first sexual experiences. First ‘serious’ partner, both inexperienced, never went past fingering and sloppy hand-jobs. He guessed it wasn’t so weird that it didn’t feel as good as he thought, since neither of them knew what they were doing.

Things didn’t change that much as he experimented more. He began to learn how to enjoy what he

got from it and normalize it, and even thought he came normally during sex. That, until his last relationship.

Funny enough, it wasn't until a year into the relationship that he figured out the tension building and pleasure rising, with pre-cum leaking, wasn't actually him cumming. He guessed orgasms were different when you had sex than from masturbation, so he didn't question why he didn't release as much.

Funny enough, all the bragging his ex did about making him cum multiple times during one same round, was based on an unintentional lie. Because every time he was getting close to his release, and since he's never experienced anything more intense than that, he thought he had reached his climax. But truth was, it was simply multiple times of getting close to feel good but never truly getting to that point.

And it took him *actually* cumming after his partner finally found his prostate, for him to see what he was missing.

But of course the guy took it as unlocking some new kind of specially intense orgasm, and George didn't have the heart to admit the truth, not wanting him to believe he had been intentionally faking.

It didn't really matter now.

The point was, he was hard to please. For some reason, his body didn't react as people normally did. And for that same reason, he had learned exactly where to touch to please himself and reach his orgasm faster and more efficiently, because he knew if he tried to make himself enjoy the process it would lead to nothing. And for that same reason, it usually took people more than just fingering his ass to make him cum, since they didn't have the knowledge that he had on his body.

But now...

Soft lips took him out of his thoughts.

George blinked, before reciprocating the gesture, realizing he was now laying on the bed and the boy's fingers weren't in him anymore.

Dream pulled away after a second, offering him a smile. The brunet smiled shyly back at him.

"Good?" The boy asked. The omega's cheeks blushed lightly, nodding a few times. The alpha moved down to kiss him again, before chucking softly. "Good. I thought- I thought you had changed your mind."

The Brit tilted his head, giving him a confused look.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know, just- I thought you didn't wanna do this with me anymore. Like, maybe last time was disappointing or just made you uncomfortable or something."

The blond shrugged. Yet his demeanor was notoriously nervous.

George couldn't help but laugh lightly.

"Is that why you were so eager in the hallway?" He teased, watching his friend blush. "Were you *happy*, Dream? Were you *relieved* you didn't disappoint me and I still wanted it? Is that why you

were so into it, calling me hot and all?”

“Shut up, you’re- you’re being an idiot.” The brunet laughed again, the boy huffed in response.

Dream was cute when he was embarrassed.

He leaned closer, pressing their lips together again.

The blond reciprocated right away, a sense of neediness on the way he moved his lips. The brunet fully laid down again, pulling his friend closer as he did. And soon enough, the boy was over him, hands on his waist and caressing his sides.

The alpha deepened the kiss, his movements growing demanding.

The omega felt light-headed, skin still feeling sensitive and all his senses still overly-alert.

All too soon, the American pulled away, cheeks red and scent smelling like burned wood and caramel.

“Sorry.” He chuckled, a sense of embarrassment on his voice again. “I’m- I’m too turned on.”

The confession sent shivers down his spine, his eyes unintentionally traveling down to the bulge on his friend’s pants.

And all the thoughts he had during their encounter, all the wants of feeling him and pleasing him, were back all at once in his head.

“I don’t wanna leave you yet, I- I don’t feel like I should. But I just, I need to, um, just...” The boy blushed, his cheeks darkened as well. The blond seemed to hesitate, before asking awkwardly. “... C-Can I just, use your bathroom?”

It took George a moment to fully understand what he was actually asking.

Dream wanted to jerk off, in his bathroom.

From a logical standpoint, he could understand why. He needed to take care of himself, but he knew leaving him alone right after what they did would mess with his head. So by using his bathroom, he would at least be within reach and shouldn’t cause the same anxiety.

But that didn’t make it any less embarrassing.

A part of him felt like he should say no, to tell him to just go to his room and assure him he would be okay being alone. Another part of him wanted to offer him help, keep him by his side and touch him too. But at the end, he simply nodded.

The blond mumbled an awkward thank you before quickly hurrying to the bathroom, failing to cover his boner with his shirt as he walked.

He closed the door behind him, and as soon as he wasn’t in sight, the brunet sighed. He reached for his tissues on his nightstand, taking some time to clean himself before deciding to get changed to keep his mind busy from what his friend was doing just meters away.

He managed to put on new clothes and get into bed without thinking about it, but his mental peace didn’t last.

He had scent blockers on his bedroom door, but not in his bathroom.

His face turned completely red, lust and arousal filling his nose all too quickly.

Fuck.

Dream was actually masturbating. He was pleasing himself after getting hard helping him. He was working on his length, touching himself, in George's restroom.

Heat pooled on his stomach, his hormones completely dismissing the fact that he *just* finished and was already waking again.

But how wasn't he supposed to react, when the intoxicating smell flooded his room?

He closed his eyes, trying to ignore it.

He bit his lips, curiosity driving him to think about it.

He shifted on his bed, trying to relax and fall asleep.

He gave up, sliding a hand inside his underwear, wrapping it around his already hard member.

And maybe his friend would be able to smell him as well, the chances of being caught too high for the risk to be worth it. But he couldn't help it. He wanted to drown in the feeling of Dream's aroused scent all around him.

George stared at his reflection, his whole self on display in the full-body mirror. His hair was still damp from his shower, clothes by his side but still not putting it on.

He bit his lip, glancing at his phone.

Should he do it?

He had been thinking about it ever since that last night of practice. Even if the next day they didn't do anything of that kind, his hormones being calm after getting release twice within less than an hour, the thoughts still kept coming back to his mind. He couldn't stop thinking about his fear of being naked in front of his friend.

He tried to ignore the thoughts at first, deciding it was a problem for his future self so he could enjoy his day. And to be fair, it worked. He went shopping with his friends, getting some supplies they needed for a stream and groceries since they were at it. They watched a movie after, and ordered food for dinner before each of them going to do their own thing.

He had fun, he felt okay. Florida weather still sucked but it was overall a good day.

But as soon as night came, the memories came back. The embarrassing knowledge that he was too much of a coward to let the boy see him without clothes.

And he knew, sooner or later that would be a problem.

Because wanted to acknowledge it or not, his heat would make him need more than what he's been preparing himself for so far. And he wouldn't be able to stay clothed forever. His heat was awfully close and he couldn't keep postponing this.

But the idea of being fully naked in front of the blond... He would be completely vulnerable, and he had trouble with vulnerability. Plus he didn't want things to be awkward, or somehow mess it

up.

So here he was, first thing in the morning, exposed in front of a mirror and debating whenever he should take the pictures or not.

The idea came to him as he showered, remembering the alpha's offer of a few days ago. He remembered how he suggested it because maybe showing himself in a more casual, less compromising scene could help with his nerves. And just like that, his mind found a way of detaching himself as much as possible from the actions.

If he took a picture, he wouldn't have to get naked for the boy in real time. Dream would still see him, his whole body, but not with him in the room. And that would make it easier to actually get undressed in front of him, knowing that it's nothing he hasn't seen yet.

Yeah, it was probably his best choice. The best plan he could come up with.

So taking a deep breath, he grabbed his phone and opened snapchat. He placed his phone on his face to cover it, so his heavy blush wouldn't be seen, making sure one more time he looked alright before taking the picture. Then, he turned around, taking him a bit longer to find the right angle since he couldn't look directly, so he could capture his whole body, before taking another snap.

He sent the photos, then quickly wrote just one simple message on the chat.

'Naked practice, done lol'

He closed his phone right after, putting it aside with his heart beating out of his chest.

Of course his first time sending nudes would be to his best friend.

He sighed, trying to ignore the shame and mortification and grabbing his underwear instead to put it on. He grabbed his shirt next, but before he could continue getting dressed, his phone rang.

The brunet blinked, seeing the blond's name on his screen. He hesitated, before picking up.

"Hello-?"

"George." Blood rushed to his cheeks to the boy's tone, something dark in that raspy and low voice. "George, what the *hell*?" There was some sense of urgency in how he sounded that the omega didn't know how to interpret, shifting awkwardly on his spot, already getting nervous and regretful. "You just- You sent me- Why did you-"

"To get over with it. It was easier like that," he cut him off, his behavior making him anxious. "Now it's done, so I don't have to worry about it anymore." He shrugged, despite knowing the American couldn't see him.

"You-" The blond took a deep breath. Then, he heard a door being opened over the phone. "Sap, go buy some milk."

"What?" He heard Sapnap in the background, notoriously as confused as the omega himself was. "What do you-"

"Go to Walmart and get us some milk."

"To Walmart? Dude, that's like half an hour away, why can't we get it from the store at-"

"Use my card, get anything else we might need." The brunet blinked, the line being silent for a

couple of seconds.

“Alright, let me grab my keys.” He heard the door again, then footsteps.

“Dream?” He asked, confused by everything he heard. But when he checked his phone, the call was already over.

He blinked again, before putting his phone down, deciding to finish getting dressed and go ask the boy directly what was all that about. However, he only managed to put the shirt on before he heard a knock on his door. So he left his sweatpants there, and simply headed to his bedroom door.

It wasn’t surprising to see the tall boy there.

He stepped into the room right away, closing the door behind them.

“You sent me nudes,” the blond blurted out. George’s cheeks turned red instantly.

“Yeah,” he tried to sound uninterested, playing it cool.

Dream moved closer, his intense gaze fixed on his body. He placed his hands on the small waist, holding him tightly, his blush intensifying in response.

“Let me see you.”

George’s eyes widened.

“What?”

“Let me see you.”

“Right *now*?”

“You said you weren’t worried about it anymore.”

The Brit opened his mouth to talk, but closed it right after.

He had to admit, he didn’t expect for their in person encounter to be so soon after the digital one. And he had to admit, he wasn’t as unbothered about it as he thought he would be knowing he had been seen before. But he couldn’t keep making up excuses and let time run out. And it’s not like he didn’t want him to see him, especially seeing how enthusiastic his friend was being about it.

So he just needed to push his anxiety aside, and suck it up.

He pulled away, quickly removing his shirt and throwing it away.

The blond’s pupils grew dark, taking a sharp breath and licking his lips, his hands finding his wait to his waist again.

In a blink of an eye, the boy had picked him up and placed him on the bed, positioning himself between his legs. Strong hands caressed his sides, then stomach, then chest, feeling him up slowly like he was trying to memorize every detail of his skin.

The brunet felt lightheaded, temperature raising with every touch and hungry glance. The way his friend was looking at him was making his stomach twist and heat pool in his lower region.

It was embarrassing. He was getting aroused by *a stare* .

The alpha looked down, obviously noticing this.

But instead of teasing him, or lighthearted laughing at him, he moved one of his hands down instead, fingers barely grazing at his growing hardness.

George took a sharp breath, biting his lips.

“These too, take them off.”

The omega didn’t hesitate this time, removing his underwear immediately. Eager to get more of those reactions, to see more of how hypnotized the boy seemed by his body. His inner omega eager to feel wanted, to feel desired, to get possessive eyes claiming him.

“Fuck.” Dream places his hands on the Brit’s thighs, spreading his legs slightly as he stared at his fully naked body. The brunet felt like he could whine only with that. “George...” His friend took a deep breath, then looked him directly in his eyes. “I wanna eat you out.”

This time, he actually whined.

Holy shit.

“You want to-” he choked out, unable to finish his sentence.

“I wanna eat your ass.”

He was going to faint.

He felt dizzy, chest moving heavily just from how stupidly turned on he was. His whole body was on fire, legs trembling lightly and already producing slick.

It’s not like it was something he particularly loved, or something he had in mind or thought would happen. In all honesty, he’s only tried that once before, because his last partner wanted to try. But he felt weird, the sensation too new, and stopped him just a couple minutes after starting.

Yet the way the blond was saying it, the way he could tell me meant every word. And now he was devouring him with his eyes, scent heavy with lust... George felt like he could die if he didn’t get his friend’s tongue inside him.

He nodded faster than he probably should. Dream spread his legs further apart right away, moving down until his face was right in front of his ass.

And it was embarrassing. It should be embarrassing. To be in such a vulnerable position, completely exposed. But he couldn’t bring himself to care.

He wanted this more than he’s ever wanted anything before, ever.

“Dream,” he whined after a couple of seconds, getting impatient. The more time the boy spent looking at his ass the more self-conscious he would get. He didn’t want to think right now, he wanted to feel-

A tentative lick.

George *moaned*.

His reaction seemed to be good enough of a sign to encourage the blond to continue, his tongue soon finding his way inside him.

Holy fucking shit.

It was weird, yeah. It was a strange feeling just like he remembered. But this time, not in a bad way. Not in a way that it made him want to stop.

At first, the alpha's actions were tentative, cautious by nature. He explored his insides, stroking his walls, pushing deeper inside, all in a gentle and careful matter. But as the brunet began to let out sounds, closing his eyes and getting lost in the feeling, the blond got more confident.

The moment the wet muscle began to thrust into him, his mind fully disconnected.

He couldn't even describe how heavenly it was, unable to think and responding merely by instincts, fully driven by his pleasure.

He gripped at his sheets, let his head fall, kept his eyes closed and moaned loudly.

Panting heavily and whining was all he could do, pre-cum collecting on his stomach.

And just as he thought it couldn't get better than that, Dream added a finger.

The attention to his prostate had him trembling in seconds, moans getting louder and his friend's nickname escaping his lips.

The way he twisted his tongue, the way he fucked him with his finger. The way he stimulated every single spot he could find, pleasing him with every movement.

It was too much to handle, it was too much to hold on.

He was cumming before he could even warn.

An electric wave ran through his body, a tickling sensation reaching every single part of him, filling him for a few seconds before slowly fading.

And it felt good.

It felt *good*.

Was that what a truly satisfying orgasm felt like?

The fact that he still felt in ectasis despite the physical sensation being gone, made him believe that it was. Or at least, a briefer version of what it normally felt.

He was so happy he could cry. Or laugh.

The blond pulled away slowly, reaching for the tissues and gently cleaning him up before the brunet could protest and tell him not to.

So he allowed it, his inner rejoicing with the attention and care he was receiving.

"Good?" His friend asked as soon as he finished cleaning. Completely unnecessarily after the show George gave him, but still, he nodded. The boy smiled at him, clearly pleased with himself, before looking down at himself awkwardly. "Um, do you mind if...?" He looked at him, then pointed to the bathroom. "Like, the other day?"

And maybe it was the dopamine and serotonin messing with his brain, maybe it was his relaxed state affecting his filter. But this time, he didn't simply accept.

“You could do it here, you know.”

The blond blinked a few times.

“Here?” The omega nodded. “Like, in the room with you?”

“Yeah,” he confirmed. “It’s like, more efficient, you know? If you keep leaving during my heat I might get like, upset or weird or something. But if you stay, it’s easier, and quicker, and reduces risks.”

A very logical argument, that was pretty on point. But not really his main motive to want him to stay.

The American looked at him for a few moments, hesitating before nodding.

“Yeah, okay. That’s probably right.”

George hummed, watching the boy sit up and get into a more comfortable position, before slowly unbuttoning his jeans and pulling them and his underwear down.

Brown eyes were instantly glued to his friend’s body, watching him as he wrapped his hand around his length, keeping his own eyes on himself as if he tried to focus on that to act calm and collected.

“You’re big.”

The way Dream’s face turned bright red was almost comical, his eyes snapping back at him.

“Why are you- You’re staring,” he accused, embarrassment heavy on his scent.

“You’ve starred too, it’s only fair.” The boy huffed, clearly not having a come back to that. But he didn’t want to make him uncomfortable, so he left his desires aside and mumbled with reassurance. “If you don’t want me to, I won’t.”

“No, it’s- it’s fine.”

The brunet was about to ask if he was sure, but before he could, the blond began to move his hand.

Watching Dream jerk off was hypnotizing.

The way he moved his hand, up and down his length at a steady rhythm. The way his thumb played with his tip, shivering to his own touch. The way his lips parted, rosy cheeks and eyes momentarily closing.

The omega carefully sat up as well, to look at him better, not wanting to miss any detail.

Every motion made his stomach twist, the desire to feel him and need to please him creeping through his mind. He licked his lip, heart beating fast.

And if his body wasn’t so exhausted, he would probably be getting hard again.

The blond opened his eyes, looking at him.

Their glances met, two different yet similar intensities in them.

George moved closer, pressing their lips together.

The alpha moaned into the kiss, instantly reciprocating and speeding the movement of his hand.

That was enough for him to realize he could help like he wanted, after all.

So he kissed him deeply, intensifying the gesture, tongue finding his way inside and exploring the American's mouth.

He let their tongues play, then slightly pulled away. But just enough to nip at his lips, pulling at them before kissing him deeply again.

Dream came with a guttural noise.

He panted heavily, breaking the gesture to catch his breath, hand slowly stopping his movements as he rode off his orgasm. And he stayed like that for a few seconds, with his head down and taking a moment to calm down.

When he finally seemed to be okay again, he grabbed some tissues to clean himself.

He was quiet at first, making the brunet nervous, thinking maybe he had crossed a line by doing what he did. But not ten seconds later, he had wrapped his arms around him, laying down on the bed and pulling him with him.

George wrapped his arms around him as well, appreciating the closeness and affection after the intimacy, feeling happy, nuzzled against him.

"Thank you," the blond mumbled, finally breaking the silence. The omega lifted his head slightly to look at him, offering him a confused look.

"For?"

"The kiss, I guess. It, um, helped." The brunet couldn't help but snort.

And he could've left it at that. Or maybe say you're welcome, then move on. But the topic was already on the table, and he saw his chance. His chance to ask about the limitations to his agreement, and what he was allowed to do too.

... However.

"Are you sure you don't want me to do anything for you? You're like, doing a lot for me. I can do stuff too."

However, he was a coward. And he couldn't state that he *wanted* to do things for him, because it still felt like blurring the friendship line in a way that could be damaging.

Because if they were having this partnership for his own good, that was one thing; it was basically his best friend doing him a favor. But if he did things in response just because he wanted to, that was more than simply getting help with his issue. And he didn't want things to get weird or confusing or go too far. Because he was still hormonal and affected by his pre-heat, after all, and it might be that what made him so desperately want to *please the alpha*.

The blond looked at him, offering him a reassuring smile before shaking his head.

"No, it's fine. You don't have to."

"I know I don't *have* to, but... If you want to get something from this, it's fine, you know? And I *can* -"

“I mean, not doing something for me in return doesn’t mean I’m not getting *anything* from this,” the boy interrupted. The brunet furrowed his brows, blinking confusedly. Dream chuckled to his reaction. “George, I just *came* -”

“Yeah but...” He stopped, thinking for a moment of how to word his thoughts. “So, what? You’re getting like, material to jerk off or?”

The blond wheezed to his words, shaking his head a few times.

“Okay, I mean- That’s not... You’re not *wrong*.” He wheezed again, the omega giggled softly without being able to help himself. His laughter was simply too contagious. “But no, that’s not what I meant.” He shook his head again, finally stopping laughing. “I already told you... What I get is that you don’t choose someone else to do this with.”

He didn’t question his words back then, and he didn’t question them now. It was logic and not phasing, with the dynamic and relationship they held.

Dream has always been possessive of him, their bond always being different and treasured in a different way as well. It wasn’t weird for him to get jealous when other people did things for George and tried to do it for him instead. So, that’s why he didn’t see it as anything odd.

But this time, the words caused his cheeks to blush lightly.

Because this time, the tone was different. The tone was more decisive, more assertive.

Because this time it sounded less like the focus was on the *other people won’t be involved*, and more on the *I’m the one that gets to do it* one.

And the implications... His most basic instincts were trying to read more into the sentence than they probably should.

The blond smirked, then leaned down, placing a hand on his cheek before connecting their lips.

The Brit melted into the gesture, but it was a bit too brief for his liking, the alpha breaking it after just a couple seconds.

“George, I’m doing this to help you,” the boy assured, then kissed him again. A slightly longer one, before pulling away. “But that doesn’t mean I’m not also being selfish.”

There was something about the idea of his best friend seeing getting to please him as a reward on its own, that was weirdly satisfying, filling him with a sense of pride.

There was something about the fact that Dream had said he *wanted* to eat him out before doing so, that made that idea seem close enough to reality for his inner omega to rejoice.

He didn’t press the topic further, knowing if he wanted something more from their current arrangement he would have to be upfront, and not feeling quite ready for that yet. At least he knew the blond was willing to fuck him if he needed it, and he was starting to believe that would be the case.

He would figure it out. He was too tired now.

“Sleepy?” His friend asked. The brunet nodded a few times. “Wanna nap for half an hour before Sappan gets back?” He nodded again, already nuzzling into him and closing his eyes, not caring that he was still naked. He just wanted to be close to the boy right now.

The alpha pulled him closer, petting his hair with one hand while holding him with the other. George relaxed into his touch, slowly letting sleep claim him. He buried his face on the boy's shoulder, with his nose right by his neck. Close enough to his gland to feel his scent every time he breathed, not close enough to be invasive.

And as he dozed off, he wished with their proximity some of that comforting smell would rub off on him.

Chapter End Notes

i tried re-reading to spell check but i kept falling asleep cuz its almost 4 am, so i apologize for all the typos you probably saw, i'll fix it in the morning

also im sorry it took me so long to update, this semester is kicking my ass and i dont have a lot of free time, but im working hard to keep the chapters coming as soon as possible <3

anyways, looking forward to read your comments!! thank you sm for the support :]

[twitter](#)

[tumblr](#)

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The sound of the shower resonated in the background.

George carefully finished drying his hair with a towel, just got out of the bath himself, before placing it aside to grab his clothes spread out on the floor. He still couldn't believe how things developed, what two bad selfies ended up causing.

He still couldn't believe they had casually taken a nap after, as if nothing happened.

And he still couldn't believe now he had the blond cleaning himself, just meters away.

Having Dream showering in his bathroom was something weird to think about, and something he definitely didn't expect; especially when his own room was just at the end of the hallway. But he had no reason to tell him no when he asked to use it, and knowing Sappnap would be back any minute now, it almost felt like the most efficient way to do it.

But it was still weird to think about it. It felt almost... Domestic. Which he didn't hate, but still made him feel strange.

He shook his head, deciding not to think about it, then put his underwear on. He looked at his shirt on the floor, but his eyes quickly wandered to the bigger one on the bed; for some reason, Dream had undressed in his room instead of the bathroom, that weirdo.

He doubted for a moment, before grabbing it and putting it on. It looked comfier than his own, and it definitely smelled better.

He hopped onto his bed next, checking his phone and scrolling through twitter to kill time as he waited for his friend to be done. There were a few new drawings, a few edits and nice inspirational tweets, but overall most people were simply asking about his whereabouts and talking about missing the Dream Team streaming, either on their own or together.

Huh, maybe it had been longer since his last stream than he recalled. Maybe they should stream before his heat started, so it wouldn't feel like he abandoned them for a month straight again.

After a few minutes of mindlessly scrolling, the bathroom door finally opened. George's eyes immediately looked at the boy walking to the room, but not two seconds later he was looking away, a light blush taking over his face.

"Why are you *naked*?" He instantly let out, hearing the boy snort in response.

"I just got out of the shower, what do you *mean* why am I naked?"

"You could have put a towel on?" He accused. The blond chuckled, clearly amused.

"George, you slept naked next to me, why are you making a big deal out of me being-"

"Just get dressed already, don't make it weird."

Dream wheezed to his words, George's cheeks grew warmer. He knew it was a stupid thing to be getting embarrassed over, considering what they did just an hour ago, but seeing him like that

wasn't something he was used to it yet and he didn't understand how his friend could be so casual about it.

Maybe because he knew he was hot, he felt confident enough to be fully nude around him.

"Are you wearing my shirt?" The alpha's voice took him out of his thoughts, making him look at him again. At least this time, he had his pants on.

The omega blinked, then blushed again.

"Yeah." He shrugged, acting as it was nothing. "It looked comfy."

The blond raised an eyebrow, between looking amused and in disbelief, like he didn't fully believe him.

The brunet opened his mouth to defend himself before he could say anything, but the boy beat him to it.

"You should put some pants on before Sap gets back," Dream mumbled, a cocky grin on his face. "If he sees you like that, he's gonna know."

George huffed, rolling his eyes like his friend was saying something absurd, despite knowing he was right. Wearing nothing but underwear and someone else's shirt was pretty incriminatory.

"Are you hungry?" The boy then asked. The Brit doubted for a second before nodding. "Alright, I'll go get a shirt and then we can see what we have and cook something."

"Or you could cook alone and bring it to me here." The blond scoffed in response.

"You want me to cook for you?" The brunet nodded a few times. "Okay, but you're coming downstairs to eat."

"No, I want you to bring it here."

"George- No, I'm not gonna bring you food to bed."

"Yes you will."

"No I won't," he huffed. "I'll be waiting for you downstairs."

Dream turned around without another word, walking to leave the room. George rolled his eyes, getting comfortable on his bed, knowing his friend would end up giving in and doing what he wanted anyways. He closed his eyes, deciding to relax for a few more minutes until the food was ready.

However, the next time he opened his eyes, several hours had passed.

His room was submerged in darkness, not one single light on, but he could still distinguish a plate of food by his nightstand. He sat up, rubbing his eyes before checking his phone, realizing it was already nighttime. And God, he was starving.

So he took the food, not bothering to turn on his lights and simply eating in his bed like that. It didn't take him long to finish, proceeding to go to his bathroom to get the sweatpants that he left in there hours ago and put them on, then putting a scent patch on as well. And once he was ready, he headed out of the room to go downstairs.

The living room was empty, but the kitchen light's were on, so he walked there expecting at least one of his friends to be there.

Both boys were sitting in front of each other, laughing about something he didn't get there soon enough to hear. A box of pizza was placed on the table between them, and each had a glass of juice in front of them.

George hummed, taking the seat besides Dream without saying a word.

"Ayo, sleeping beauty finally woke up," Sapnap said, smirking. "You took long enough."

"For real," the blond agreed. "I thought I would have to like, kiss you or something."

"*What?*" His eyes widened, taken back by the words, a light blush threatening to appear. Thankfully he connected the dots soon enough, quickly realizing he was referencing the fairytale. He huffed, looking away. "You're an idiot." He grabbed the glass of juice in front of him and took a sip.

"Hey, that's mine," the tall boy complained, but the Brit ignored him, almost drinking the whole thing before putting the glass down.

"It's your fault for not getting me anything to drink with my food."

"How it's my- you're way too spoiled, that's not my fault. You should be thankful I got you anything in the first place."

Their roommate snorted to their little banter, shaking his head.

"It is kinda your fault, dude," Sapnap mumbled, siding with him. "If you didn't simp for him all the time he wouldn't expect you to do whatever he wants."

"Yeah, it's your fault, Dream."

"That's not- You know what, you both suck."

George couldn't help but laugh lightly at his reaction, the three of them giggling for a few seconds.

The youngest of them sighed after, getting comfortable on his seat and taking another slice of pizza.

"Anyways, as I was saying... I'm going to Karl's on Friday, to spend his heat with him," the boy explained, filling him in on the topic of their conversation, then looked at the brunet. "How close is your heat again?"

"Like, almost a week away."

"So you should still be in heat when Karl's over with his, right?" The Brit doubted, before nodding. He wasn't sure how long his friend's heat was, but that was most likely right. The brown-haired boy hummed, then looked at the blond. "Okay, so can you send me the name of the hotel you're gonna be staying at so I can book a room there too when I'm done?"

"Actually, I'm not gonna stay at a hotel."

George's eyes instantly flew to the boy sitting next to him, widened with surprise and slight panic. He looked at their roommate right after to see his reaction, seeing the same sense of surprise on his face. But soon enough, his expression changed, a smug smile appeared as he glanced at the clothes

the brunet was wearing.

“Oh?” His tone was a little too knowing for the omega’s liking, quickly trying to think of an excuse to fix the situation. But his best friend beat him to it.

“Yeah, I’m gonna just visit my mom,” the tall boy said, shrugging, his tone so casual even the Brit felt like that was always what he was gonna say and not a lie he probably just came up with. “Haven’t seen her in a while, so I figured I could use this time to do so.”

“Right,” Sapnap said, nodding once. George wasn’t completely sure he had bought the excuse, but for his own sanity he decided to believe that he did.

“We should stream,” he let out, deciding to change the subject just in case. Both boys looked at him right away. “Before you leave, so the fans don’t think it’s weird we all disappeared at once and all that.”

“Yeah, that sounds like a good plan.”

“Tomorrow then?”

They hummed in agreement, nodding as well. George took Dream’s juice, drinking what was left.

Surprisingly enough, they did end up streaming. Unsurprisingly, though, it wasn’t the next day as they had planned.

At first, it was Sapnap’s fault. The boy had remembered almost at nighttime that there was stuff he needed to get before going to see Karl, that he forgot about buying sooner. That led Dream to ask if George needed to buy anything for his heat as well, and next thing they knew they spent three hours at the same store the shorter boy and him visited the week before.

He was planning on going before his heat anyways, to get a bigger supply of snacks and other comforting items he could end up needing. So he couldn’t complain... Plus, blond paid for everything he decided to get, so that definitely was worth his time.

The next day, though, not streaming was his pretty much fault.

Long story short, he had been too sleepy all day. And the new blankets he got were way too comfortable. So he rarely got out of his bed, and whenever he did, going live was the last thing he wanted to do.

But when another day came and they realized it was Thursday already, they couldn’t keep postponing it. Sapnap still needed to pack, so they couldn’t lose more time.

Both the younger of them and himself went live, and they played fornite for almost an hour and a half; long enough for their fans to be happy but short enough so his roommate could have time to get his things ready. After they were done, though, Dream suggested they played Geoguessr.

So the brunet bugged him to go live instead, then ended his stream, closed discord, and went to his room so they could be together while playing. He saw no reason to be in separate rooms for that game, it was better that way.

Except the boy’s room was cold as fuck.

He stood up quietly, heading to his friend's closet to get a hoodie as he listened to him ranting about why that place *had* to be Australia. Then he went back to his spot, moving his chair closer to the blond as he tried to focus on the game again.

However, they didn't play for long, the Brit notoriously getting tired after a few rounds and not being as responsive as before; mostly humming or letting out quiet 'yeah' and 'sure'. He really tried to, but after only taking one nap that day so far, keeping his eyes open and mind working wasn't too easy.

As soon as the stream was over, George yawned softly, his friend sighing and stretching before looking at him.

"Do you wanna order some dinner? I don't feel like cooking," he asked, the brunet thought for a moment before answering.

"Later," the omega mumbled, not feeling quite hungry yet. Mostly just sleepy. "Wanna lay down for a minute first." The blond hummed in response, nodding a couple times.

"You're going to your room then?"

"Yeah." He nodded, standing up next. The alpha hummed again, but stayed where he was. George shifted awkwardly on his spot, doubting for a moment before talking again. "You can come with me if you want, I guess."

The American blinked a few times, before nodding and standing up as well.

And the Brit was thankful. Thankful that the boy didn't try to tease him in any way for his obviously pretended disinterest, and how it was pretty clear it was him who wanted him to join him. Because in all honesty, he should have simply gone to his room on his own. He was tired, obviously would fall asleep, so there was no reason to ask for his company. But he didn't want to be alone.

These past few days, he had felt rather clingy.

It wasn't a 'being all over him' kind of clinginess, not something physical at all, but rather... Craving his friend's company. Wanting to be close to him. Wanting his scent around, and the comfort that it brought him to know he was there.

So he had been spending a lot of time with him, hanging out in the living room or his room, or wherever he happened to be, for most of the time he had been awake. And it's not like it was unusual that they hung out, but he was pretty sure the boy could tell he was more actively seeking to be around him now.

It wasn't a weird thing, so he tried not to think much about it. It was a normal omega reaction: To crave the presence of whoever they're being intimate with, especially close to their heats, trying to keep them around almost as if to assure themselves they won't leave them right before their heat started.

It was normal, even something that could be expected, so he didn't give himself a hard time about it; even if this was his first time experiencing that feeling to this intensity, normally only feeling anxious if his current partner left him alone for a couple of hours. And Dream probably knew that's what it was too, reason why he hadn't commented on his change of behavior.

He simply played along, sitting a little closer to him on the couch, wrapping his arm around him too, or letting him lay on his bed for no reason while he worked on some videos.

George opened the door to his room, stepping inside and letting the blond get in before closing it behind them. He walked to his bed, crawling onto it and sitting on his usual spot.

But when he glanced at the American, he noticed he was still right by the door, eyes widened slightly.

The brunet raised an eyebrow, confused by his reaction.

“Your- You’re nesting,” the boy mumbled. The Brit blinked a few times, then, his cheeks blushed lightly.

Right, he forgot about that detail.

He forgot about all the blankets and pillows and comfort items he had worked on carefully positioned in his bed for the past two days.

“I’m about to go into heat in less than a week, Dream,” he instantly let out, voice slightly defensive yet holding a ‘well duh’ tone like he should’ve known. That, to be fair, was pretty much the case. He obviously would make a nest for his heat, that was basic omega knowledge.

“I know, I just mean-” The blond looked at him, offering him an awkward smile while rubbing the back of his neck. “I just- we’ve never talked about... So I didn’t- I didn’t know, how soon you start or, just-” He chuckled, for some reason seeming embarrassed about it. Maybe because his surprised tone of earlier made him sound a little dumb. “It’s my first time seeing it, okay? So it’s like, *woah*, that’s my best friend’s nest... You know?”

Now, it was George who felt a little awkward. Truth to be told, he wasn’t the kind to show his nest to his friends too often. Or to anyone. He usually was pretty reserved about it, liking to have his privacy. So the American’s reaction made him feel a bit weird, reminding him what he did was kind of a big deal.

“It looks comfy,” the alpha commented, getting his attention again. “I like it.”

And the awkwardness was gone.

The brunet couldn’t help but smile, now feeling quite proud of himself and his inner instantly thrilled with the compliment.

He patted the spot next to him on the bed.

“Are you gonna join me then or are you just gonna stand by my door forever?”

Dream’s eyes widened again, surprise taking over his features.

“You want me to... Sit with you?” He asked, seemingly in disbelief. George rolled his eyes, then nodded a couple times. “... Are you sure?”

To be fair, he could understand his apprehension and general reaction this time.

Omegas were usually protective of their nests, they didn’t invite anyone to get in them. The blond probably knew that, and didn’t want to overstep a boundary.

And, also to be fair, the brunet normally would feel uncomfortable with the mere thought of having people near his nest; especially people he’s not romantically involved with, and especially so close to his heat. Even with the couple official partners he’s had, he hadn’t invited them until after

months of being together.

But this was *Dream*. His best friend Dream.

He trusted him more than he's ever trusted anyone. And he knew he was safe around him.

Plus, the boy had said he liked his nest. And he wanted to show him just how comfy and nice and great it was, wanting to show off his work to the alpha.

So he nodded, patting the spot next to him again.

"Yeah, come here."

The boy did.

He quickly yet carefully got on his bed, sitting by his side and looking around in awe like he was examining his work.

The omega waited expectantly, hoping for more praise or any positive reaction.

The alpha's eyes fixed on a specific point of the nest, close to where the Brit was positioned. Confusion and surprise appeared on his features, yet quickly changed to something he couldn't quite read.

The change in his demeanor instantly worried him, but before he had a chance to ask or let anxiety fill his brain with random thoughts, the boy spoke out.

"... Are those mine?"

George followed his gaze.

His face instantly turned red.

He completely forgot about the shirt and hoodie he had placed there.

He completely forgot about the clothes he casually borrowed the previous days and never returned.

Dream looked at the hoodie the brunet was wearing. The omega felt like he had been caught.

Because yeah, he would have probably already added the item to the pile if he were alone.

It was comforting. The first day that he borrowed his shirt and fell asleep with it, he slept so deeply and nicely because of the scent surrounding him. So he kept it, and then again with the hoodie he stole the next day. And he decided to put them on his bed to keep that feeling of comfort and familiarity and safety around him whenever he napped. It made him content.

But he couldn't say that to his friend.

Admitting that was beyond embarrassing.

"I-

"Do you need more? Or like, something else? You can grab some of my blankets, or pillows too."
The blond cut him off, moving closer to him eagerly. "Just ask for what you need, and I'll-
Actually, you can just take it, you can take whatever you need."

George blinked a few times, taken back by how excited and almost prideful the boy seemed.

But then, he couldn't help but snort, letting out an amused laugh.

He knew some alphas felt accomplished when omegas showed interest in having their scent on their nests, he knew some took real pride in being chosen like that. But he never imagined *Dream* would react that way. Mostly because, usually, that only happened on courtships; the alphas felt proud because omegas wanting a specific scent around was normally a sign that the courting was successful; and since that wasn't their case, he wasn't expecting him to have any reaction whatsoever.

But with the blond's possessive nature... Could he really be *that* surprised he felt proud of that stupid detail? Could he really be taken back by his stupidly happy expression?

Either way, his inner liked that. And it made him feel weirdly happy too.

He moved closer to the boy, pressing their lips together.

The alpha kissed him back right away.

He wasn't fully sure what drove him to do it. All he knew is that he felt content, and he wanted to feel closer to his friend. And they haven't practiced in three days, so he missed the way he tasted.

Their lips moved together slowly, in a soft manner, yet it didn't take long before the blond deepened the gesture. It was still gentle, but needier in the way he explored his mouth with his tongue.

Big hands found their way to his waist soon enough, caressing his sides up and down. And before he knew, he was laying down, the American laying over him.

And it was nice, it felt good, it made his inner happy. But he could smell the way the boy's scent was shifting, getting slightly sweeter.

He broke the kiss before his friend's hands reached his hips.

"I don't wanna practice right now," the brunet let out abruptly. Dream blinked in response, seemingly taken back by his sudden words. "I mean, I do," he corrected himself, realizing his words and actions didn't really match. "But... I wanna practice *this*. Just this. Like, kissing... Only that."

The omega almost felt embarrassed, and a little guilty as well. He knew they were supposed to be doing more, since he was so close to going into heat, yet he hadn't asked for anything since he sent the nudes. He just, hadn't been feeling in the mood for it. He hadn't been feeling like doing anything sexual.

It was probably a mix of being satisfied enough, and how sleepy he's been feeling. Which was normal, especially during the last few days of his pre-heat. It was a way to save energy for the actual heat.

"I just- I'm tired, and I don't really feel like-"

"That's okay," the blond interrupted him right away, offering him a reassuring smile and getting him to lay by his side instead. But then, he hesitated, letting out an awkward chuckle before asking. "So... Do you want to keep kissing then, or...?"

George connected their lips as a response.

They kissed the same way as when they just started. And they kept kissing that way, softly and relaxed, for a few more minutes. They kissed until they became sloppy, they kissed until he got way too sleepy to continue.

The alpha pulled away, then moved to try and carefully leave the bed.

The omega grabbed his hand, stopping his movements.

“You can stay if you want,” he mumbled, not really wanting to sleep alone right now. The boy hummed, moving a hand to pet his hair.

“You sure?” The brunet nodded in response, closing his eyes.

And the blond stayed, laying by his side again and wrapping one arm around him.

George groaned in faked annoyance.

He waited a few seconds, then tried to break free from the embrace his youngest roommate had him in.

He didn’t actually mind Sapnap hugging him, but it was funny to pretend like he did.

“Let me know when you’re ready for me to come back, alright?” The boy said as soon as he pulled away, then grabbed his bag. He had already hugged Dream, so he was basically ready to leave.

The brunet nodded a few times in response.

“Have fun with Karl,” he teased, smirking next.

“Oh, I will,” the brown-haired boy replied, completely unbothered by his attempt to make him flustered, before looking at both men standing in front of him. “Be careful, okay? Don’t have *too* much fun.”

The omega raised an eyebrow, confused by his words. But the blond wheezed, seemingly getting the joke, then shook his head.

“You’re an idiot.”

Sapnap laughed too, then headed to the door.

“See you in a week or two.” And just like that, he was gone.

George turned around as soon as he left, going to grab the empty bowl he used for his breakfast then heading to the sink to clean it. He began to wash it without much thought, but soon enough, his focus was broken.

Strong arms wrapped around his waist, hugging him from behind.

The brunet stopped his actions, blushing lightly to the unexpected gesture. But he quickly tried to continue with what he was doing, not wanting to seem phased by it.

“What are you doing?” He simply asked.

The blond hummed, resting his head on his shoulder before pressing his lips on his neck. He placed faint kisses over his skin, hands slowly moving to his sides to caress them.

The omega's face grew warmer, heart rate raising.

"Dream," he pressed, to the lack of verbal response.

"We're alone," the boy mumbled against his skin, his low tone sent shivers down his spine. But he tried to keep his cool.

"Yeah," he acknowledged. "So?"

The alpha pressed himself closer, biting at his shoulder softly. George took a sharp breath, a tingling sensation on his lower abdomen as he felt the blond's hand move from his side to his crotch.

The American moved his face closer to his ear, whispering into it.

"So, I wanna practice."

Heat pooled on his stomach right away, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath to try and keep thinking straight, despite how quickly he was getting turned on. He could feel himself growing hard under his friend's touch, and he couldn't blame his body for reacting that way.

Dream was fucking hot.

But he didn't want to fall apart so easily. He wanted to play indifferent just a little longer, even if his body was giving him away.

"*You* wanna practice?" He questioned, as sassy as he could be. But the boy didn't seem affected by his words, feeling him nod by his neck as he very lightly palmed him over his clothes.

"Yeah. Your heat is close."

That was true. He couldn't have more than five days left. And it's not like he didn't want to, the blond's actions clearly having awakened his interest already.

Yet his first instinct still was to make a snarky comment, to maybe say something about how there wasn't much left they needed to practice considering he's had both his fingers and tongue inside him already.

Before he could speak, though, the alpha turned him around, making him face him. And not two seconds later, the boy was on his knees, face right by his lower region.

George's eyes widened instantly, suddenly feeling a thousand times warmer.

Yeah. They could definitely practice that.

The American placed his hands on the waistline of his pants, teasingly playing with it. The Brit held his breath, trying to remind himself where they were.

"Dream," he choked out, temperature rising even more when he felt him hooking two fingers inside his pants, ready to pull them down. "R-Room. We're in the- Let's go to-"

"We're alone, George," the blond interrupted him with a low tone, moving his head closer and placing open-mouthed kisses over his clothed member.

A soft gasp escaped his lips, his mind clouding and making it hard to think.

He wanted to give in. God, he wanted to stop caring and give in. But he really rather not have the boy sucking his dick for the first time in their kitchen.

“M-My nest, I want my nest,” he managed to let out, placing a hand on his friend’s head to stop him from going any further.

The boy hummed, nodding a couple times before pulling away and standing up. And just like that, he was picking him up and carrying him to the room.

By the time the brunet was able to react, he was already sitting on his bed, the alpha positioning himself between his legs like before.

George’s heart was beating out of his chest, shaky gasps leaving his lips every time his friend kissed him over his clothes.

It didn’t last long, though, his pants being removed in a matter of seconds, exposing his hard and leaking dick and inner thighs shining with his slick.

His whole body shook with pleasure the moment the tip of Dream’s tongue was on his member, a breathy moan coming out right away. He began to give tentative and short licks to his tip, and then, he ran his tongue up and down his shaft.

The brunet felt like he could die.

He was barely just starting, but it was enough to already have him panting and needing more.

The blond didn’t leave him waiting, swirling his tongue around his head and teasing him for just a couple more seconds before taking him into his mouth.

And holy fuck, it was so wet and warm. It felt amazing around his cock.

The alpha hummed, the vibration sending shivers down his spine, before pushing his head further, taking more of his length without a care in the world. Like he was made to take him, like having his mouth full took him no effort at all. His tongue continued to swirl around him, lips wrapped around him tightly. And then, he began to move his head.

He was slow at first, almost careful, taking his whines and soft moans as indicators of how to move and when. But soon enough, he picked up the pace, wrapping his fingers on the base of his dick and stroking him lightly at the same rhythm that he moved his face.

It was too much. It was way too much.

Cheeks fully red, chest moving heavily as he breathed, hands gripping at his sheets. Every movement of the boy fueled the flames growing inside him.

Dream sucked him harder, increasing his speed.

George rolled his eyes, a choked-out moan coming out as tension began to build.

There was no way he was going to last long.

He hasn’t gotten many blowjobs in his life. It has been over two years since the last one. And the blond was fucking skilled like he always was with everything he did or attempted to.

The alpha kept his eyes on him, never pausing for more than five seconds to breath before swallowing him whole again, sucking him like he was starving and wanted the omega to fucking feed him.

Pre-cum kept leaking and leaking, yet his friend didn't seem disgusted. Quite the opposite, the eagerness in his actions only increased, his big fingers tightening his grip around him as he stroked him.

And it was too much. It was way too much.

He couldn't help but shift his hips lightly.

The boy didn't stop him, increasing his pace as if he took it as a challenge.

He couldn't handle it. He couldn't take it anymore. His whole body was on fire and he wanted nothing more but to cum.

He didn't care if it was soon. He didn't care if he seemed desperate.

The blond was moving his head like he wanted to suck him dry, like his pre-cu he was the best fucking meal he's ever had, and he was losing his fucking mind.

"Dream," he breathed out, hands tangling on the blond strands. "Dream, I'm close."

He fixed his eyes on his friend, expecting him to stop, and finish him with his hand. Expecting him to react at all to his warning. But the American didn't, continuing with his task like he couldn't enjoy it more even if he tried.

"Dream, I'm serious." But the tension kept growing, and the boy kept sucking. "I can't- I'm- I'm gonna-"

A loud moan escaped his lips as he reached his orgasm, releasing onto the alpha's mouth with his whole body shaking. His mind went blank, just as when he ate him out, pleasure taking over him for a couple seconds and the sense of satisfaction filling him even if for an instant.

The blond continued with his actions until the brunet had released everything he had inside, only then pulling away slowly. He panted quickly, licking his lips to clean whatever had accidentally slipped out of his mouth.

George's face turned completely red to the gesture, understanding what that meant. He covered it with his hands because *holy fuck, that was hot* , before letting himself fall down, laying on the bed.

His head felt light, he almost felt dizzy. And for some reason, he was stupidly happy.

Dream crawled onto the bed almost right after, sitting by his side, still panting with his cheeks blushed but seemingly recovered already.

He looked down to himself, to the notorious bulge in his pants, before looking at him again.

"I need to-" The brunet nodded before he could finish his sentence.

The boy didn't waste a second, pulling his pants down and wrapping his hand around his own length.

Despite how exhausted he felt, and how his body was begging him to sleep, the omega still glued his eyes to his friend's crotch, watching him stroke himself. The alpha was already leaking pre-

cum, tip red and as hard as he could possibly be. He didn't need to be a genius to see just how turned on he was, and how he was already close despite just starting.

The knowledge that the boy was that desperate for release by merely sucking him off filled him with pride; knowing that he was enjoying himself as much as he did made his inner thrilled.

He wondered what made him get to that point. Was just having his dick in his mouth? Was George's reaction? Or was it swallowing his cum?

He couldn't help but think he wouldn't mind doing the same for him, or how he would probably enjoy it too. He couldn't help but think he wouldn't mind feeling the boy's release *on* and *in* any part of him, not necessarily just in his mouth.

He couldn't help but think of how badly he wanted that, as he watched as the boy increased his pace and bit his lips to hold back his moans, clearly about to reach his orgasm.

And maybe it was his hormones talking, or the fact that he was still a little too out of it. But he didn't try to stop himself from speaking his mind about it.

"Dream," he let out, wanting to get his attention. "Cum on me."

The green eyes snapped to his direction instantly, widened as he looked at him like he had misheard him. Yet despite his shocked expression, his hand moved faster.

"Wh- *What?*"

"Cum on me," he repeated, lifting his shirt next. "On my stomach, or-"

The alpha was cumming before he could finish his sentence, moving over him abruptly to cover his stomach with the warm substance like he asked.

George closed his eyes, a soft pleased sound escaping him to the feeling, a sense of pride and belonging invading him. In a way, he felt marked, knowing his friend's scent would be on him strongly with that.

But he opened them again rather quickly, not wanting to miss out on the face the blond made when he reached his orgasm.

"*Shit, fuck-*" Dream moaned, giving his final few strokes and finishing painting him white. "*Holy shit.*"

The brunet couldn't help but smirk, the reaction almost amusing to him.

The boy stopped his hand, taking a few seconds to breathe before collapsing on the bed next to him. He took a few more moments to calm down, then finally reached for the tissues to clean him up.

To be honest, he could've done it himself. But he was starting to like when the blond took care of him like that, and how gentle he always was while doing so.

"So... What was that?" The American asked, throwing the tissues away and getting into a comfortable position to hug him. The Brit shrugged.

"I dunno. Wanted to try it." It wasn't a lie, not really. He was just keeping unnecessary details that could make him seem like more of a clingy omega than he had already been acting as.

The alpha hummed, seemingly accepting that as a valid answer.

They stayed in silence for a couple of seconds, but soon enough, the boy was talking about.

“How high is your libido during your heat?”

George blinked, the question taking him by surprise. He took a moment to think about his answer.

“I guess... High enough? I mean, not as bad as others,” he mumbled, knowing that some omegas would need to be pleased again right away after cumming, needing to spend every second of being awake either touching themselves or being fucked. “But I still need to do stuff a few times a day, I guess,” he completed.

“Like, how many?”

“I don’t know. Like, four or five? Can be less.” He shrugged. It really depended on how pleased or not he felt. But since he didn’t think that would be a problem with him, he doubted it would be more than that.

The blond hummed.

“We should probably practice more often then.” The brunet blinked to his words, looking at him confusedly. “I mean, to improve our stamina. I don’t want you to end up exhausted and I don’t want to run out of energy before you’re satisfied.”

For some reason, that sentence made him blush.

A part of him found it amusing, but another couldn’t help but find his dedication kind of sweet.

He decided to focus on the amusing part, though, quickly teasing him with how much of an attentive alpha he was, until his friend was the one blushing and embarrassed.

It wasn’t funny for too long, though.

He should have known. He should have known Dream would take his own words completely seriously. He should have known he meant it and was ready to go through with his plan, and should have prepared himself for it. Because oh boy, he was indeed truthful to his words.

Not even four hours later, he had him panting on his lap, fingers wrapped around his member and stroking him like he wanted to make him cry with pleasure. Then again at night, his tongue found his way inside him like it belonged between his walls, making him cum for a third time.

And he kept his game up, repeating his actions the next day, first thing in the morning. Then again later that day. And he probably would have gone for a third time like the previous night, if it wasn’t because he passed out from exhaustion as soon as they got to the bed.

But his rest didn’t last.

Apparently, his body had picked up on the idea, and got on board with the whole plan. His hormones understood his friend’s intentions and decided to cooperate. Or maybe it was because the blond stayed the night with him, letting him cuddle on his sleep and staying by his side; probably because a part of him felt guilty for tiring him up like that. Maybe it was having his scent right there, wrapping him, plus everything they did. Whatever it was, his mind filled him with images he shouldn’t have, while still being asleep.

Having a wet dream about someone when they're sleeping next to you was fucking embarrassing.

Waking up wet and hard was fucking embarrassing.

But especially, having the alpha wake him up because he was freaking *humping his leg* in his sleep was beyond mortifying.

But the boy didn't complain. Instead, he just continued with what he said they should do.

He didn't care that it was three in the morning. He didn't care that they had been asleep just moments before. He fucked him with his fingers until George came all over himself.

And maybe that should have been enough, maybe that would have put his hormones to rest instead of keeping them active. But he still woke up hard again a few hours later. And so he got fucked by his tongue this time around, imagining how it would feel to be fucked for real until the thought pushed him over the edge and made him cum again.

So maybe those two times were his fault, and so maybe he couldn't really complain.

Well, he couldn't complain either way. It would be a lie if he said he wasn't enjoying himself.

But he really wasn't expecting that shift. He wasn't expecting Dream to actually step up their sex game and he wasn't expecting his hormones to adapt so easily to it. He wasn't expecting to spend two whole days as horny as the previous week, when they first started their encounters.

To be fair, that was probably helping Dream keep up with his word too. Having the smell of an aroused omega around all day was probably motivation enough to keep practicing their stamina.

But also, it was his actions that made him get horny like that in the first place, so the blond was still the cause of it. Like a domino effect.

Dream pleased him. He got horny, wanting more. Dream gave him more.

And that's how he ended up sucking him off again. And in the kitchen of all places, after all.

George huffed to himself to those thoughts, shaking his head as he carefully dried his body with a towel, having just gotten out of the shower. He was exhausted, and could barely feel his legs after all the physical effort he's done the past few days. All he wanted was to sleep, but he had the feeling the moment he joined his friend in bed, he would end up more awake than he currently felt.

Maybe this was his fault, for spending three days without wanting to practice. Because truly, it almost felt like the alpha was compensating for the lost time.

He should never deprive Dream of sex again.

The brunet stopped his actions, freezing on his spot.

He shook his head, as if to get rid of his own thoughts.

It was just a joke, a mental joke. Yet still an inaccurate one that he shouldn't be making. Because this was just for practice, and they were only partners for his heat. Once it was over, they wouldn't do anything sexual together until his next one. So it's not like he could deprive him of sex anyways, they weren't going to be doing those things at any other moment.

The brunet grabbed his underwear, quickly putting it on and ignoring the odd feeling on his stomach as he left the bathroom and walked into the room.

He instantly saw the blond curled up on his nest, peacefully asleep. Also only on his underwear, both desisting from wearing more clothes with how often they were taking them off.

George couldn't help but smile, feeling warm inside with the sight.

He tried to be as careful as possible as he joined him in bed, nuzzling against him. But the boy still felt him, wrapping an arm around him in his sleep.

The brunet hummed in content, doubting for a moment before softly pulling him to lay over him, wanting to have him closer. He buried his face on the blond's neck, inhaling his scent deeply. God, that oak and brown sugar smell only made him feel warmer.

His hands found his way to his friend's back, caressing it up and down, giving him the physical affection he normally wouldn't while he was awake. He buried his nose closer to his gland, breathing deeply again as he continued to feel his bare skin

The alpha groaned softly, moving to get more over him.

And that's what he felt it, his half-hard dick by his leg.

Well, that was definitely his fault.

He stopped his movements, doubting for a moment before using one hand to shake the boy lightly, trying to wake him up. It took him a few moments, a few attempts, but eventually the American sleepily opened his eyes.

"Dream," he mumbled. The blond rubbed his eyes, looking disoriented.

"Hi," he said, notoriously still a little out of it. The brunet smiled at that, then looked down to his friend's underwear. The boy followed his gaze, and soon enough, he was completely awake. "Shit-Sorry."

He tried to pull away, but George stopped him, keeping him right where he was.

"S fine."

"I wasn't trying- I mean, you smell good and, well, you know it happens-"

"I said it's fine." The omega clucked, finding it funny how flustered he seemed. Considering everything they've been doing, it wasn't something he should feel ashamed of. But just to further prove his point, he moved closer, pressing their lips together. Dream reciprocated as always. And it wasn't long before the kiss grew needier.

The way the blond moved his mouth was like he wanted to devour him. So the brunet pulled him to lay completely over him, spreading his legs so the boy could position himself in between.

The alpha's hands were instantly over him, caressing his sides, and chest, and arms. Pretty much all the exposed skin he could reach in his upper part. Yet he could tell he was holding back, not touching a centimeter under his waist. Probably because of how turned on he was, not wanting to act on the craving he clearly was having.

But he didn't necessarily want him to hold back.

The Brit hummed, placing his hands on the American's hips, holding him by them before pushing them down to make him press against him. Dream groaned, shifting his hips out of instinct as soon

as he felt their bodies pressed together. George let out a soft moan into the kiss, closing his eyes as an electric wave ran through his body. He could feel his friend's erection right over his own hardening member, his body instantly heating up to the sensation.

But the boy stopped, not ten seconds later.

"Shit, sorry, I shouldn't-"

"It's okay," the brunet interrupted him. Because it was. It was more than okay. And he didn't want him to stop, not when he was finally getting some of what he wanted. Because he didn't just want Dream to do things for him, he wanted to do things too. He wanted to do things *together*.

"No, it's not, I'm not supposed to-"

George groaned in frustration, having enough of it.

He could tell the alpha wanted it. He could tell, despite the whole 'not needing to do something for him in return' thing, that he wanted more. At least right now, at least once.

But somehow, he couldn't tell the omega wanted that too. Subtle conversations hinting at it and actions to guide him and snap out of it weren't good enough for him to understand it.

And he was a little too warm to keep waiting for him to realize. He was a little too warm to care about feeling embarrassed after. He was a little too warm to hold back too.

"Dream," he interrupted whatever rant he wasn't really listening to. "Please, I wanna feel you."

The boy stopped his words, eyes widening and the hands on his waist holding him tightly. He took a deep breath, dick twitching against him.

"You... Wanna feel me?"

"*I*need to feel you."

And maybe it was his preheat talking, maybe his hormones were acting up too much and he would end up feeling ashamed later. But he could always blame it on that, if that happened. The need of an alpha, something his friend could understand and not judge him for.

The blond took another deep breath, letting out a quiet *fuck* before pressing their bodies closer together. And then, he began to shift his hips again.

George held tightly onto him, moaning softly to the feeling. Dream let out a soft sound of his own, rubbing their erections together at a slow pace.

And god, it felt good. It felt so fucking good.

He wanted more. He wanted so much more.

The brunet rocked his hips as well, adding to the friction and trying to get him to speed up. The blond groaned, doing as he wanted for a few seconds before stopping to pull both of their underwear down.

His body set on fire.

Skin against skin, length rubbing against his own. All he could do was moan, holding him tighter, desperately moving to feel him more.

The alpha wrapped his hand around both of their members, stroking them quickly while still shifting his hips, rocking them like he was fucking him.

God, he could only imagine how good it would feel to have him fucking him.

The tip of his dick on his entrance, teasing him to make him produce more slick. Then pushing inside, opening his walls slowly and carefully because he knows just how big he is, especially in comparison to the omega's body. But George could take it, he could take it all. And the blond would get deeper inside with every thrust.

He could only imagine how he would make him scream, maybe even have him begging for more.

He could only imagine how he would fill him, make him feel full, and keep fucking him stupid until he made a mess out of him.

Dream connected their lips, kissing him deeply.

George came without a warning, whole body shaking and moaning into the other's mouth.

And good lord, it was like every orgasm was better than the last one, the pleasure lasting a little longer, feeling a little more satisfied.

His friend followed him soon after, marking his stomach as he asked him to a few days ago. And once he was done, he collapsed onto the bed next to him at that time too.

They both panted heavily, bodies lightly covered with sweat and exhaustion finally present again. They took a few moments to calm down, then the blond cleaned him up as always.

The boy wrapped his arms around him, pulling him for a hug before kissing him again. In a very soft way this time, in a way that almost felt like a thank you.

The warmth inside him appeared again, feeling happy as well.

"Do you want some water? Or maybe food?" The American mumbled as soon as he pulled away. The Brit shook his head. He was too tired for any of that, the only thing he needed was to sleep.

Dream hummed in response, placing faint kisses over his face, then moving to his shoulder.

George liked that, his inner cheering to the affection after the intimacy.

They stayed silent for a few moments, the blond petting his hair to help him relax. The brunet closed his eyes for a second, thinking about his own thoughts, before looking at his friend again.

"Hey, Dream?" He mumbled. The boy looked at him as well, tilting his head. "I... I want you to fuck me."

The alpha stopped his movements.

"I have condoms in my room," he instantly let out, all too eager, all too ready.

The omega couldn't help but snort.

"Not right *now*." Maybe his friend was taking the whole stamina practice a bit too far. They *just* finished and he was apparently ready to go again, or at least willing to. "I meant during my heat," he clarified, then let out a soft laugh. "I would ask if that's still on the table, but I think you made that clear already."

The American's cheeks instantly turned red, notoriously embarrassed with the teasing tone, which only made him laugh more.

He shook his head after a few seconds, going over the boy's words. And then, his smile was fully gone.

"Why do you have condoms anyways? You said you don't do hookups," he questioned. It wasn't really his place, but he couldn't help but feel weird about it.

The blond blushed some more, letting out an awkward laugh.

"Well, I just thought- I mean, I wanted to be ready. Like, you didn't *actually* say you didn't want to fuck, just that you might. So- In case you ended up wanting to, you know." He shrugged, like it wasn't a big deal, despite obviously still being a little embarrassed. "So I got them a few days ago."

George raised an eyebrow, acting amused. But in reality, he was grateful, and almost found it a little cute. Knowing his friend cared that much, and had been doing everything he could to prepare for whatever the brunet could ask from him, it was nice.

It made him feel warm, really warm.

He yawned, rubbing his eyes.

God, he was tired.

He was warm, and exhausted, and his body felt light and weird.

"Wanna go to sleep?" Dream asked, hand back at petting his hair. The omega nodded, it was pretty late anyways.

"Yeah..." However, despite wanting that, he knew he couldn't. Not just yet. Not without addressing the elephant in the room first. "But..." He doubted for a moment, not sure how to word it. "Um, I think we should probably set some rules first."

"Rules?"

"For my heat." He hesitated again, before sighing. "I... I think it's kicking in," he admitted. "It's probably- I'll probably be in heat tomorrow... Like, when we wake up."

The green eyes widened, both surprised and confused by the confession.

"I thought we had like, at least two more days?" George nodded to his words, then shrugged.

"I think all the sex... All what we did, I think it triggered it."

He had been suspecting it all day. Hell, he had been suspecting it since the night before. That getting aroused so often was messing with his hormones and speeding his cycle. But he couldn't bring himself to say something, because he didn't necessarily have wanted Dream to stop.

He probably should have, though. Because now they didn't have a big enough window to plan what they would do, or to get everything ready for when it fully hit.

"... Sorry," the blond mumbled.

"No, it's okay. I- We just need to set the rules." The boy nodded to his words, then got quiet, looking at him expectantly. Right, he's the one supposed to set them. "Well... First of all, no

biting.” It was probably obvious, but it didn’t hurt to remember it. “I’ll- I might ask you to. Don’t listen to me.”

“Yeah, no, I know. No biting.” The brunet nodded this time, thinking for a second.

“Well, I mean, wearing protection. But you got that covered already.” His friend chuckled to his words, letting out a quiet *yeah* while nodding. The omega smiled, then hummed, thinking again. “I need you to get my snacks, and bottles of water and all that, and keep them here in the room, ‘cause I’m not gonna want you to leave me once my heat hits. And if you need to get anything else, or we ran out of food and need to get more, do it when I’m asleep.”

“I’m not gonna leave you, yeah, no.” They both nodded, mutually understanding the consequences that usually had. The Brit doubted for a moment, before talking again.

“And... I might wanna- I might call you alpha,” he admitted quietly. “Is that-”

“That’s okay, yeah, you can do that.”

How quick he responded was almost funny.

But then his expression shifted, seemingly wanting to add something. George raised an eyebrow, questioning him with his eyes.

“I... Can I- Can I call you mine?” He asked quietly. The brown eyes instantly widened, cheeks flushing red against his will. “Like- Can I call you *my omega*?”

“I- Yeah, that’s fine,” the brunet mumbled, trying to seem indifferent. Even when he knew his scent was probably giving away he felt exactly the opposite of that.

The blond nodded in response, his cheeks also a little bit pink-ish, and also seemingly content with his answer. But neither of them pointed it out.

“I think- I think that’s all,” he mumbled, wanting to drop the topic already. But again, his friend looked like he wanted to ask something. So again, he questioned him with his eyes.

“What about scenting?” He asked quietly.

... Oh. That.

Right. Omegas usually liked to be scented during their heats.

To be completely honest, George was never one of those. Most of the times he scented his partners was when they wanted to, more than being a craving of his own. He always liked being able to perceive his own scent, not mixed nor contaminated with anything else, so he was never a big fan of scenting if it wasn’t necessary.

So he should probably say that.

“... Yeah, I’ll- I’m gonna want that,” he said instead.

Dream nodded a few times, humming to himself before talking again.

“Should we practice that, then? Like, so it doesn’t feel too new or invasive...?”

The omega felt his heart beating faster, shifting awkwardly on his spot. He didn’t want to admit it, but the idea made him kind of nervous. Especially so suddenly.

He didn't need to say anything, though, the alpha noticing anyways.

"Or we could just, light scent? So you get the idea but it's not so... Overwhelming?"

"... Yeah, that's- that sounds good." He could have said no, or even retract his whole statement. But his instincts had a different idea, making him talk before he could think of what he was saying.

The blond nodded again, gently taking his hand next. He waited for a few seconds, as if giving him time to change his mind, before carefully placing their wrists together. Again, he waited for a moment, but when the brunet didn't pull away, he began to rub their glands together.

George couldn't help but close his eyes and sigh in content, feeling the comforting oak and brown sugar scent around him, wrapping him fully.

It felt good, it was nice. He felt safe and happy.

He relaxed to the feeling, moving closer to the boy and nuzzling into him, letting him continue with his actions for a little longer.

But after a few moments, he pulled his hand away, not wanting to overdo it and overwhelm himself.

Dream offered him a soft smile right away, looking as happy as he himself felt.

"Good?"

The omega nodded in response.

"M sleepy."

"Let's sleep, then."

He nodded again, closing his eyes and getting comfortable in the boy's arms. The blond wrapped both arms around him now, kissing his head.

It felt nice, he felt cared for. And he was grateful.

"Dream?"

"Hm?"

"Thank you."

The alpha kissed his head again, pulling him a little closer, then pulling some of the blankets over them to cover their naked bodies.

It didn't take him long to fall asleep, as comfortable as he's ever been.

ayooo new chapter already, look what a full free day and not other fics to write do to a person

i just wanna say... i really dont like writing blowjob scenes, i always feel awkward so im sorry for the half-asses job there LMAO but i tried

THANK YOU FOR ALL THE COMMENTS, THEY MEAN EVERYTHING TO ME AND MOTIVATE ME TO KEEP GOING!!! <3 <3 you guys are amazing, thank you for the kudos too, and just the support in general

anyways we'll be seeing each other soon, how soon? i dont really know, but hopefully within the next week

i hope you enjoy the chapter :]!

[twitter](#)

[tumblr](#) (i really should start using it lmao)

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The room has hot.

The room was hot. His skin was hot. His whole body was burning.

A layer of sweat covered his naked self, chest moving heavily as he breathed, his lungs having some trouble getting enough air. His head felt light, it was hard to focus. The sheets stuck uncomfortably to his skin, especially to his wet thighs.

The room was dark. He shifted on his bed. Then he palmed the spot next to him, looking for someone, looking for *him* .

“Dream,” he called, anxiety instantly hitting him.

He was warm, member half hard, legs covered with slick. Yet the bed was cold, no body close to him, no boy to help him out.

Where was him? Where was his partner?

He wouldn’t have changed his mind and left him at some point of the night, right? No, Dream would never do that to him. Not when he needed him the most, not when he promised he would stay.

The alpha was caring. He was good to him. He had to be there, he had to-

But *what if* ?

“Dream,” he called a little louder, voice sounding like a whimper.

“I’m right here.” The blond’s voice had an immediate effect, his body relaxing and heart rate calming down. The boy crawled into the bed with him again and wrapped his arms around him right away. “I’m sorry, I’m here.”

“You left me,” he accused, despite his rational side trying to convince him that wasn’t the case.

“I needed the bathroom,” his partner explained, pressing his lips on his cheek in a gentle way, hands caressing his sides. “I’m not leaving you, I promise.” He kissed his cheek again, then his forehead, and his jaw. Apologetic gestures that showed the affection that he held.

The brunet wrapped his arms around him tightly, trying to fight his inner fears but still needing reassurance.

“Never?”

“Never.” His lips touched his nose, then finally connected with his own. A short and sweet kiss, that made his heartbeat faster. “Just needed the bathroom, that’s all.”

“Okay.”

George took a deep breath, nodding a few times. Then, he shifted, fully laying on his back and

spreading his legs slightly to try to alleviate the uncomfortable sensation of his wet thighs rubbing together.

He sighed, pushing his hair away from his forehead, closing his eyes for a second to try to focus, but open them again soon after. His head felt like it was spinning with full darkness.

“Water, I need-”

“Here,” Dream interrupted, instantly offering him a bottle, petting his hair as soon as he took it.

George took a few moments to drink it, hoping it would calm at least slightly the fire inside him. But no, he still felt like burning up, the alpha’s presence only making his physical needs worse.

He needed to be taken care of.

The brunet took a couple more sips before placing the bottle aside, then reached for the blond’s hand.

“I need you,” he let out, because he couldn’t be anything but be direct due the situation.

Dream moved closer immediately, as if he was expecting him to say those words to act, getting all over him and connecting their lips again.

“I got you,” he whispered, one hand sliding down his chest, caressing his skin as he did until he got to his lower half. His fingers grazed at his hard member, before wrapping his hand around it.

The omega couldn’t help but whine.

The alpha didn’t try to be extra gentle, nor extra careful. He didn’t try to start slow, watching his reactions to know when to give more. No, he knew exactly how much he needed, and gave it to him, his movements holding an eagerness that matched the urgency of his needs.

Yeah, he had definitely been waiting for his command to start.

The blond was merciless, moving his hand in the way he knew the brunet liked it, keeping a pace that always drove him crazy. He pleased him without giving him a break to get used to it, because he knew he could take it, not giving him time to adapt to the intensity before giving him more, because he knew that he wanted it.

Long and strong fingers stroked him firmly, increasing his speed every time he let out a sound, getting him gripping at the sheets and panting heavily until he came all over himself. And he still didn’t stop his hand, not until he was sure he had fully driven off his orgasm.

The relief was immediate, closing his eyes to enjoy the feeling of his body calming down.

God, if the sensation was normally good whenever his friend helped him out, this was ten times better, his body more responsive and reacting due to his hormones.

He only opened his eyes again when he felt something wet on his stomach, looking down to see the blond cleaning him with some wipes.

He couldn’t help but feel content, heart feeling weirdly warm to the image.

“You came a lot,” the boy mumbled. And his mental peace was gone.

George felt his cheeks turning pink, a sense of embarrassment filling him. He huffed, looking to

the side to hide his blush.

“That’s just- I’m sensitive and hormonal, Dream,” he said, tone slightly defensive. “It happens, it’s- Have you not been with an omega in heat before? It’s literally a-”

“Hey, I wasn’t making fun of you,” his friend interrupted, offering him an apologetic smile. “It was an observation, I didn’t mean it in a bad way,” he explained, shrugging softly. “I guess I just, felt like I did something good or something.”

The brunet glanced at him, uncertain, before rolling his eyes and huffing again. Why wasn’t he surprised the boy would take that as something to be proud of himself.

Well, it wasn’t like it was a lie. Dream was good at what he did and if he enjoyed it before, in a normal setting, obviously he would react even more eagerly to his actions now.

However, despite how much he liked it...

“You didn’t fuck me,” the Brit pointed out.

The American threw the wipes away, humming as he got comfortable by his side.

“Yeah, I didn’t think we should go straight to that,” he mumbled, shrugging like before, then wrapped his arms around him to hold him close. “I mean, I didn’t want to tire you up too quickly or overwhelm you or something,” he explained, offering him a smile. “I can tell by your scent your heat hasn’t fully kicked in... Well, I think, unless I’m wrong or-”

“Yeah, it hasn’t.” He chuckled, finding it kind of funny how quickly he panicked. “I wouldn’t be this talkative and coherent if I was fully... You know.” He shrugged. “It’s just the first wave, but it’s gonna get worse soon.”

“Figured,” the boy mumbled, nodding a few times. “That’s why I thought that, I dunno, maybe I should test things first. Like, to know how you react or how sensitive you are and all that. We didn’t get to talk a lot about it last night, I didn’t wanna mess it up.”

The brunet hummed to his words. He could understand that logic, since heats weren’t linear in their intensity and his body didn’t need the same amount or type of stimulation during the whole process. It was probably a smart move on his part, to wait until he needed more to give him more.

He moved closer, pressing his lips against the blond’s in a thankful gesture. The alpha kissed him back, hands caressing his arms softly for a few moments before pulling away.

“Do you need to...?” George looked down to his friend’s body, surprise taking over his features as he realized he was barely half hard. Suddenly, a bitter feeling appeared on his stomach. Why wasn’t Dream turned on? What did he do wrong that he didn’t get the blond aroused?

The boy seemed to notice the shift in his emotions, quickly giving him another kiss.

“I um, came a little before you woke up,” he hurried to explain. The omega blinked a few times, tilting his head in confusion. “You just- Your scent was all around me and I could tell you were wet, it- it kinda just- it got to my head, so I had to do something.” He let out an awkward laugh, clearly embarrassed.

The brunet snorted to his confession, a sense of pride pooling on his chest.

He kissed the boy again, the gesture lasting a few seconds before they pulled apart.

“Hey.” The blond moved his hand to pet his hair. “When you said you wouldn’t be so talkative and coherent if you were fully in heat... How bad is it? I mean, I know some omegas like, get really out of it and act completely different, and I mean, I don’t wanna do something you wouldn’t actually want.”

This was the kind of thing they should have talked about before his heat started, because despite feeling coherent enough, it was still hard to focus on explaining things right now. But he understood the need of knowing, so he took a few moments to think on how to word it as best as possible.

“I’m still me the whole time, I don’t get that bad, just... I get in a very instinctual headspace at times? That’s why I told you not to bite me even if I asked.” The alpha nodded in understanding. “Either that or I behave like, in a more raw, unfiltered version of myself I guess. But I shouldn’t ask for anything worse than to be bitten, or do anything too crazy.”

He knew omegas that had really bad heats, and would behave the ways his friend mentioned; like they were a different person, answering to their instincts like animals and completely losing consciousness or sense of self. But he was pretty sure he never got too crazy, or too out of it. He did to an extent, of course, it’s not like he was unaffected or acted the same as in normal basis, and he still had some mental fog and couldn’t remember everything he did or say during it, but in comparison, his worst moments weren’t as severe nor as long as other people’s.

For what other people had told him, the more notorious change had to be his way of communicating, rather than behaving. He either talked less, to an almost non-verbal point where he used whines and actions to get what he wanted, or spoke more than he should, basically talking without thinking.

It affected his ability to think straight and hold back his tongue, so he was unintentionally more honest than he would most of the time. And obviously his instincts also made him say things he wouldn’t in any other moment. Which, for some people, could be confusing, unsure when it was each.

He had a feeling, though, that Dream knew him enough to be able to tell the difference, between him talking instincts-driven-nonsense and simply talking without a filter.

“So there’s nothing you could do I wouldn’t actually want, except for the stuff we already talked about,” he concluded. The boy nodded again.

“Alright, thank you.”

Once again, he felt a familiar pressure over his lips.

He couldn’t help but smile into the kiss, the tenderness in the alpha’s actions making his heartbeat faster. He pulled him closer, kissing him deeply. The blond licked at his lips, asking for access, and as soon as it was granted he explored his mouth with his tongue.

George pulled away after a moment, just enough to be able to talk.

“Dream?” He whispered, the blond hummed in response. “Fuck me next time.”

The American snorted at his words.

“Want it that badly, huh?”

“Yeah,” he let out, before he could realize what he was saying. “I want you.”

The alpha's eyes widened slightly at first, taken back by his honesty. But soon enough, he smirked.

"I want you too," the boy whispered, moving down to attack his lips to his neck.

And George knew then, he was right. Dream did know him well enough, and he was able to tell when his words were simply his real thoughts escaping him because of his lack of filter.

"You do?"

"Obviously." The blond pressed open-mouthed kisses on his skin, hands moving to caress his sides. "You're so hot, so perfect."

He nipped at his skin, the omega took a sharp breath. He could feel his heartbeat raising, heat pooling on his stomach right away. The brunet spread his legs on instinct, giving him space to position himself in between them. The boy did as he wanted, kisses placed on his shoulder next.

"I wanna feel how tight you'll be around me..."

"Dream," he whined, breath already uneven and thighs wetting with his slick.

"You're so eager." The alpha chuckled, one hand wandering down and caressing his lower abdomen. "You really wanna be fucked, huh?"

"Yeah."

The hand moved from his abdomen to his hips, then down to his thighs. He gently spread his legs more, giving some attention to his ass cheeks next and squeezing them softly, before allowing two of his fingers to tease his entrance.

"You got so wet so fast." The brunet's cheeks burned, shifting his hips to try and get the boy to push his fingers inside. The blond complied, getting a moan in response right away. "You like that?"

"More," he demanded, feeling the fingers slowly moving in and out of him.

"More?" The American repeated, picking up his pace and pushing deeper inside. "Like this?"

"No," the omega whined, shaking his head. "Not your fingers."

"Hm? You want something else?" He whispered against his skin, nipping at it as before, picking up the pace again and stroking his walls in the process. George could only pant and nod, his temperature raising even more. "Want my dick baby, is that it?"

An electric wave ran through his body to the nickname, suddenly feeling on fire. A louder moan escaped his lips, nodding eagerly as he rocked his hips, needing more, getting the boy to push deeper inside and grazing at the spot that drove him crazy.

"Use your words," Dream demanded. "Do you want my dick inside you? Wanna squeeze me with your walls until I fill you up?"

Holy fucking shit.

"Yes."

He wanted that. He wanted it so bad. He wanted to feel him fucking into him until that's all he could think about. He's never wanted something so badly. He's never wanted *someone* so badly.

“Fuck, I’d love to,” the blond whispered, speeding up his movements once again. The brunet felt lightheaded, breathing so fast no air was actually getting in. “But I think you’re already too close, aren’t you?” He placed soft kisses down his neck, and the omega wanted to scream.

He wanted to curse, he wanted to complain. Because he didn’t want to care about that, he wanted him to fuck him anyways.

But he was right.

The tension building up inside him was too much, and there’s no way he was going to last.

The boy moved his head up, placing kisses over his face now before connecting their lips. He twisted his fingers, hitting that spot inside him more directly, making his whole body shiver.

He thrust once, twice, and that was all it took.

God fuck, when did cumming become so easy?

When did fingers and filthy words become enough to push him to the edge, leave him shaking and both physically mentally relieved?

George felt light, almost weak, his head spinning as pleasure quickly disappeared; as always, not lasting too long, but at least being there enough for him to feel it. He suddenly felt tired, taking a moment to catch his breath as his friend cleaned him up.

“M sorry.”

“Hm?” The boy looked at him, a confused expression on his face.

“We didn’t get to-”

“Hey,” he interrupted him. “It’s okay.” He offered him a smile, moving closer to give him a quick peck before pulling him into his arms, getting into a more comfortable position so they could rest. “We have plenty of days for me to fuck you as much as you want me to.”

The blond smiled at him again, one hand holding him tight while he petted his hair with the other, letting the smaller boy relax on his embrace and let sleep claim him.

George took a sharp breath, a shy smile creeping on his face.

His chest felt tight and warm, heart beating fast.

But it wasn’t the lustful promise that made him react that way, nor the affectionate gestures. It was the tone, and the words, and the emotions behind it.

Because Dream was caring, and was always ready and willing to reassure him and make him feel okay. And he felt safe around him. He always did.

He fell asleep before he even realized he needed the rest.

The next few hours were a mess of fogginess, darkness and confusion. He couldn’t really tell how many had passed, vaguely remembering waking up at different points because of the elevated temperature, but instead of being needy feeling highly uncomfortable.

He remembered the sweat covering his body, the constant need to shift around, he remembered whining with frustration and feeling pain.

He wasn't sure if he had dreamed or not, but he also remembered water. Vague memories of strong hands carrying him to the bathroom, getting him into the bathtub, cold water both cleaning him and alleviating his burning skin.

Everything felt confusing, everything was a blur. Until sleep fully claimed him again, the discomfort disappearing as his mind disconnected.

When his eyes opened again, though, he was on fire.

Everything was hot, his skin itched with need and he couldn't breathe. His dick was painfully hard, the sheets under him soaked with his slick.

His head was spinning, his favorite scent filling his nose and making his cravings worse.

The omega moved one hand down, wrapping it around his length.

"Dream," he called in a whimper.

His hand was instantly replaced by a bigger one, an arm wrapping around him and pulling him closer as lips pressed on his face, moving down to his neck.

"Right here," the alpha whispered, burying his nose on his neck and inhaling deeply before groaning against his skin. "*Fuck*, how can you smell even better?"

The omega whined to his words, holding onto him tightly and pulling him closer. He felt thrilled. Dream liked his scent, and he liked his scent in that state too.

Happiness. His heart beat with happiness and pride.

"Alpha."

Closer. He wanted him closer. He wanted to show him how much he liked his scent too. He wanted to make him feel good, and make him like him more.

The hand around him began to move, a soft groan escaping Dream's lips as he held him tightly.

"*Fuck*." The way his scent changed, sweeter and slightly burned, the omega could tell just how pleased his voice calling him *that* made him.

"Alpha," he said again, wanting more of that delicious smell. God, he wanted to drown in oak and brown sugar. His hips began to move, his body screaming for more. "Want you."

The man groaned again, running his tongue through his neck. He whined in response, spreading his legs in an invitation. The alpha quickly positioned in between them, reaching for something before letting go of him to do something with his hands.

The omega wanted to protest, but the aroused aroma the alpha was producing was too intoxicating to be upset about anything.

After just a couple seconds, the alpha was over him again, this time fully. He kissed him, a shared hunger in the way their lips moved.

"I need to fuck you, Georgie," Dream whispered as he pulled away, placing his hands on his legs and spreading them further apart. "Can I?"

He lifted his hips slightly to grant him easier access, eagerly nodding.

He wanted the alpha inside him, he wanted his knot so badly.

“Please.”

The covered tip of the man’s dick aligned with his entrance, Dream took a deep breath before looking at him again, directly to his eyes.

“Ready?”

George nodded as before, more slick coming out in anticipation.

Strong hands held him by his hips, the alpha took a deep breath again, then slowly pushed himself in.

The omega’s breath caught on his throat, holding onto the man tightly as the tip of his dick opened his walls, finding his way deeper inside him. Dream moved slowly, carefully, letting him adapt to the unfamiliar feeling of fullness, still slowly pushing his hips trying to get his whole member inside his needy hole.

George closed his eyes, a choked-out sound escaping his lips as he finally bottomed out.

Electric waves ran through his body, skin tingling and burning and breathing unevenly. It was heavenly, the feeling was heavenly. He was full with the alpha’s dick and he absolutely loved it.

“Fuck, you feel *so* good,” the man breathed out. The omega’s whole body was suddenly on fire.

“Alpha,” he whined, rocking his hips slightly, wanting him to move already.

And he did, the moment he felt him, Dream began to thrust into him. Slow at first, always careful, but as soon as he realized his partner could take it, he started moving more intentionally.

George couldn’t help but moan, pleasure flooding his body with every shift of his hips.

Holy fucking shit.

He couldn’t help but moan to the feeling of the big cock thrusting in and out of him. He couldn’t help but moan to the tip stroking his walls every time he moved. He couldn’t help but whine as he changed the angle, looking for the zones that pleased him the most. He couldn’t help but whine as he picked up the pace, more confident movements that increased its speed with every sound he made.

“You feel so fucking good,” the man praised again. Another loud sound escaped him. “Shit, this is bad.” The alpha let out a breathy chuckle, moving faster again and changing his angle once more. “I could- I could get addicted to this.” He took a deep breath, chuckling again. “Fuck, how am I supposed to stop wanting your ass after this?”

He changed the angle again.

George nearly *screamed*.

Waves of pleasure ran down his spine, tension building instantly on his lower half. The tip of the man’s cock grazed at a spot that sent electricity through his whole body.

“There?” The omega instantly nodded, the only response he could give. His mouth was too busy moaning, head clouding with an intense sense of bliss every time the alpha’s dick rubbed against his prostate.

Tears blurred his vision, a feeling of ectasis invaded him.

It felt good, it felt more than good.

It felt fucking amazing.

And the more his sweet spot was stimulated, the more the tension built up. It kept growing, and growing, until his body couldn't handle it anymore.

In a blink of an eye, his body began to shake, his mind suddenly going blank. The most intense sense of satisfaction hit him whole as pleasure filled his senses and made him whimper loudly.

The feeling ran through every part of him, making his skin tingle. And it stayed there for a couple of seconds, before finally starting to fade away.

And the omega could truly say, no alpha had ever pleased him like that before.

No alpha had kissed him right after either, caressing his sides and whispering proud-filled words to praise him for his good work as he did so.

He was happy, he was truly happy.

But all too soon, Dream pulled away. All too soon, the loving bubble popped.

He watched as the man wrapped his hand around himself, stroking his member a couple of times before quickly filling the condom.

He took a few seconds to regulate his breathing, before taking the filled cover off and throwing it to the trash can next to the bed.

The omega blinked, confused by the action. He looked at the alpha with a questioning look.

"Why did you do that?" He asked right away, furrowing his brows. "You were wearing the thing."

The alpha hummed, laying by his side and wrapping his arms around him.

"Didn't wanna knot you, so I needed to pull out."

George blinked again, a sour sensation appearing on his stomach.

And just like that, sorrow invaded him.

Dream didn't want to knot him.

He didn't want to cum inside him, not even with protection on.

He didn't want to be connected to him. He didn't want to tie them. He didn't want to be with him.

The alpha didn't want him.

The alpha didn't want him, he wasn't good enough for him to want-

Soft lips pressed against his, his attention instantly drifting back to the man holding him. He moved a hand to pet his hair, his other one caressing his skin in a soothing motion.

"You haven't eaten today yet, baby, and you had a fever earlier. I didn't want to exhaust your beautiful body by keeping me inside that long," he whispered as soon as he broke the kiss, his lips

placing affectionate ones over his cheeks. "I'll knot you as soon as you're stronger, I swear."

The omega instantly relaxed, his partner's scent as sincere and caring as always helping him calm down. The tenderness and fondness in his actions made him feel warm inside, a bubbly feeling replacing the previous bitter one.

"Alpha takes care of me," he concluded. The man kissed him again.

"Yes, Goergie, of course alpha takes care of *his* omega." The warmth inside him grew to the title, wrapping his arms around the stronger body and burying his nose on his neck to get more of his comforting scent. "You know why's that?"

"Why?" He asked, sniffing at his gland and inhaling deeply.

"Because you're too precious, George. You're so, *so* special." The alpha kissed his head, and he felt himself purr to the gesture. "You deserve to be cared for, and to get everything you want."

"Want you," he mumbled, burying his head on his neck some more and closing his eyes. Dream's arms were so comfortable, and he felt so safe and loved, he couldn't help but begin to feel sleepy.

"I'm right here right now baby, you have me."

And the words were comforting too, but for some reason, they didn't feel like enough.

But he was too tired to understand why. He was too comfy to think of anything but of falling asleep on those warm and strong arms.

And that's exactly what he did, soon after that.

Pleased sounds and panting filled the room. Small hands gripped at the sheets under him, trying to hold himself as his legs shook with pleasure. The wet tongue worked in and out of him, and big hands gripped his thighs, keeping him on all fours on the bed.

The room was dark, his mind was foggy.

His dick twitched, leaking precum.

He knew he had woken up a couple times before that one, but nothing had been done to calm the ever-growing need inside him; not that he could remember, anyways; and he was getting impatient to be fucked again.

"Alpha." He moved his hips away, trying to make him stop exploring his hole with his tongue and pay attention to his words instead. "Need you inside, please."

Dream pulled away, humming. He quickly placed his hands on his waist and turned him around, making him lay on the mattress before reaching for something on the nightstand.

"Please, need your knot," the omega begged again, reaching to hold his hands and pull him closer. "'M strong, 'm ready."

He had vague memories of eating each time that he had been awake, drank some water as well and slept for a long while. He behaved, got some rest as the alpha wanted him to and didn't ask to be pleased sooner despite needing it badly.

He had been good, he let the man take care of him and keep him healthy. He had been good, and he deserved his knot now.

“You promised, alpha-”

“God, you’re so impatient.” Dream chuckled, quickly moving closer and kissing him on the lips. “I was getting ready too.” He positioned himself between his legs, holding his covered member against his entrance and letting the tip touch his hole.

“Want you.”

“I know, baby.” He chuckled again, a mix of fondness, pride and arousal on his delicious scent. “I want you too.”

“Need you inside, alpha, I-”

Before he could finish his sentence, the man thrust in.

The sound that escaped him was almost pornographic.

Things started the same as the last time, with careful movements and cautious actions. Yet just like before, it didn’t last long, his responses being enough to let the alpha know he was ready to take him.

His dick was thrusting into him deeply and fast before he could complain over not getting enough.

George rolled his eyes in pleasure, panting like his life depended on it as the dick inside him looked for the right spot to please him.

And God, how happy that made him. How thrilling it was to have the alpha wanting to give him as much pleasure as he could.

“So good,” he let out, hands wrapping around the strong back and rocking his hips slightly to help his partner with the pace.

“Like my dick?” The man whispered, lips assaulting his neck with hungry kisses as he increased his speed, taking almost his whole member out before thrusting into him hard again.

George moaned loudly, scratching his back lightly in response.

“Love it,” he mumbled, more pleased sounds coming out right after. The alpha groaned, his hips shuttering for a moment, clearly liking his words.

“*George.*”

“Love it so much,” he said again, getting another groan in response. And the more aroused Dream seemed, the more pleasure he felt. “Alpha,” he moaned, spreading his legs some more so his partner could go deeper inside. “Want more.”

The man complied, changing his angle to aim for his prostate, and rocking his hips faster than before. He kissed his lips before he could moan, then moved his mouth close to his ear.

“I’m gonna ruin you,” he whispered. “I’m gonna ruin you for anyone else.” The alpha playfully bit at his earlobe, then moved back to kiss his neck, whispering against his skin. “I’m gonna fuck you so good you won’t want anyone else to touch you ever again.”

His whole body was on fire, electric waves hitting him one after another. The man's words made his head spin, his sounds getting louder as tension formed inside him.

"Don't want anyone," he quickly let out. "Only want you"

"Yeah?" The alpha questioned, hips moving faster. "You're mine, baby? Just mine?"

"Yeah." He nodded, holding onto him tighter. "Yours." Dream almost growled to his words, fucking him harder in response. His thrusts were getting sloppier, his enjoyment being made obvious. "M yours."

"*Fuck*," the man moaned, taking a sharp breath. "Georgie, wait-"

"Only yours."

"I'm- I'm gonna cum," the alpha admitted, body shaking as he tried to hold back. But the omega didn't want him to. The omega felt proud of making him feel that good.

"Knot me," he demanded.

And Dream did.

A broken whimper escaped his lips feeling his partner knotting him, feeling fuller than ever in his life. It was almost painful, but in a way that felt weirdly good. All too good.

And before he could truly get used to the feeling, a hand wrapped around his length, stroking him fast.

George's breath caught on his throat, moan after moan coming out as the alpha pleased him with his hand, rocking his hips ever so lightly to keep rubbing the tip of his dick on the omega's prostate.

And that was enough to push him over the edge as well.

The intensity of his orgasm was something he's never experienced before. The alpha's knot making the experience so much better, the waves of pleasure feeling like so much more.

Just like that, his brain suddenly disconnected. Just like that, there was nothing but blissful relief flooding his body.

And he felt heavy, yet light, happy, yet numb. Everything was too much, but he was barely feeling a thing at the same time.

It was just pleasure, and satisfaction. And the feeling took over him, invading every cell of his being.

The electricity kept running through his body, even when his partner had stopped moving his hand. The joy was still present as he panted, his mind taking its time to start working again.

The sensation stayed, for second after second, not wanting to wear off. But eventually, it did, slowly fading off and getting his senses back to normal again.

And now he knew, truly, what he had been missing of.

"Sex is good," he announced, nothing but happiness and gratefulness on his voice.

The alpha snorted to his words, nodding a couple times before kissing his cheek.

“Yeah, it is.”

“It wasn’t before,” he completed, and this time the man didn’t laugh. He stayed quiet for just a second, then began to pet his hair.

“It wasn’t?”

“Not like this, not with... Others.” Dream hummed, gently continuing with his actions.

“So I’m the best dick you’ve ever had, good to know.” And now, George was the one snorting.

He couldn’t help the laughter that came out of him, unexpectedly even for him. The alpha joined him right away, filling the room with the sound of both of them laughing together.

They continued to do so for a few seconds, the man holding him gently while they did. And as the giggles finally died down, a sense of happiness filled him full.

But then again, it also made him confused.

That was new, that’s never happened before with anyone else.

Joking and laughing, while still connected by the knot. Joking and laughing, right after cumming. Their playful nature came so naturally to them, that appeared even in moments like these, and that was something... He just, didn’t know it could happen. He didn’t know there could be such a casual side to it.

But he liked it.

It made all the nice feelings inside him even nicer.

It made the warm feelings inside him grow warmer.

It made him want to hold his partner tighter, and stay like that for a little longer.

And he knew then, he would never find anyone else that could make him feel this good. No one that could make him feel as fulfilled, satisfied, content... Or as cared for, safe and sound, and loved. But also, no one that could make him feel like all those things were normal, like it was how it should be. Like all of it came naturally, and there was no need for effort or trying for it to work. And like he didn’t have to make an effort either, to deserve it.

Like they were just them, and that was enough.

But even if he was wrong, and he could find someone else... He didn’t want to try and find out.

He didn’t want anyone else. He wanted *him* .

“Dream,” he whispered, closing his eyes.

His heart was beating fast, excitement and nervousness tinting his scent. He took a deep breath, then tilted his head, exposing his neck to the alpha.

The man groaned to the sight, strong hands holding his waist tightly.

Soft lips attached to his throat, pressing gentle kisses all over his skin. The omega let out a soft

sigh, pleased with the feeling but still wanted more.

“Alpha,” he called. “Bite me.”

Dream groaned again, pressing his lips against him a little harder before pulling away.

“I can’t, baby, remember?”

George couldn’t help but pout, feeling slightly disappointed. But at the same time, a part of him felt good, knowing the alpha was still taking care of him, still looking out for him.

He was good to him, he was always good to him.

The man placed kisses over his face next, hands caressing his sides in a tender way.

He liked that, he really liked that.

And he knew then the alpha was right before, and he knew he was right too with his previous thoughts. He would never want to be touched by anyone else again. He didn’t want anyone else to kiss him, to hold him, or be with him in any way.

And maybe Dream couldn’t bite him right now, but he didn’t say he didn’t want to.

“You smell different,” the man suddenly mumbled, taking him off of his thoughts, hands still showing him affection.

“Different?”

“Yeah, like... I don’t know, it’s been different since you laughed? It’s like- It’s gotten kinda sweeter, but not like, I mean... Not like when you get horny? It’s just, it’s different,” he tried to explain. “A good different, but in a new way.” George hummed in response.

“M happym” he simply said, that being the main feeling he was experiencing right now.

The alpha liked the answer, the oak and sugar aroma tinting with content.

“Yeah?” The man moved a hand to pet his hair, offering him a smile. “This makes you happy?” The omega nodded at first, but then doubted, shaking it next. Dream frowned, tilting his head with confusion. But after a few seconds, a new idea crossed his mind. “Do *I* make you happy?” He questioned, and George nodded right away.

“Yeah,” he nodded again, shifting to lay his head on his chest, wanting to nuzzle into him. “Alpha loves me.” And what could possibly make him happier than that?

The alpha’s hand stopped moving.

The man stayed quiet for a moment, still as well. But just as the omega was about to look at him with a question in his eyes, Dream kissed his head.

“Yeah,” he agreed. “You’re so important to me.” He kissed his head again, and George felt himself purr. “You’re my best friend.” Another kiss. “And a partner.” Another one. “And... My favorite person.”

The omega was thrilled, wanting to drown in the affection.

“Your favorite,” he echoed, his chest filled with pride.

“Don’t tell Sapnap.” The alpha mumbled, and he couldn’t help but giggle.

And he was happy with his words, he liked them. But again, it didn’t feel like enough, he wanted more. It somehow felt like there was still one title missing.

But it was hard to focus on that, not when everything inside him kept yelling to ask to be bitten, having to hold himself back to not get in trouble by insisting.

Plus he was getting sleepy again.

“Dream?” He mumbled, nuzzling into the boy. He wanted to have him close, he wanted to have him as close as possible. “Scent me?”

The man hummed, nodding a couple of times before placing his hand on his jaw, making him tilt his head like before. He carefully moved closer, placing his neck against his own and slowly beginning to rub their glands together.

George had never been a fan of scenting. George liked being able to smell his own scent.

But as blueberries and snow began to mix with the familiar oak and brown sugar, he realized this way he smelled even better.

A blueberry plant in the forest, and caramel ice cream.

He realized then, he didn’t mind scenting as much as he thought. Actually, he might even like it.

And he wished they could keep doing it. He wished he could smell like that forever.

George had lost track of how many times they’ve fucked.

How many times he had woken up burning up, came all over himself then fell back asleep, was truly a mystery. How many days had passed as they continued to be all over each other, something he couldn’t really tell.

It could have been one or a few, his mind too foggy to remember clearly with all the details, but he inclined to believe it was the last, too many lustful memories to have only been a few hours.

It didn’t really matter, he didn’t really care. All he cared about was *Dream*.

Dream, with his fingers and tongue inside him, or hand wrapped around him, pleasing him in any way he could whenever he needed a break to recharge and be ready to fuck him again. Dream turning him around, putting him in all fours, or pulling him into his lap to hold him close, dick deep inside in as many positions as he could think of. Dream pleased himself as well, when George needed himself a break too.

Well, at least once. Waking up to the alpha humping his pillow, embarrassment-filled words as he explained how his smell was driving him crazy but didn’t want to wake him up and interrupt his rest.

Dream, always gentle. Taking care of his needs, and the rest of him.

He could remember the boy feeding him between rounds, giving him water as well, and taking him to the bath to wash him a few times too. He could also remember him changing the bed’s sheets a few times, making sure their space was always comfortable, fresh and clean. And he was careful to

not disturb his nest more than what was needed, putting everything back in place whenever he had to move things around and adding his own clothes to the pile in an apologetic gesture so his comforting scent could calm him down.

A part of him felt a little ashamed, now that he was finally feeling a bit more conscious again. He wasn't used to that kind of treatment, of having a partner behaving so attentively and doing more than he expected him to do.

The brunet sighed, shifting on his bed and reaching to grab the bottle of water by his side. His heart hurt slightly, and his body felt tired. Which wasn't too surprising, considering all the sex he's had in a short period of time.

He drank a few sips before leaving the bottle back in its place, glancing at the boy sleeping besides him next. He looked kind of tired as well, seemingly passed out.

Well, that wasn't weird either. Beside all the physical effort he's had to do for days now, he also hadn't had a consistent sleep either, George needing him at random points of the day and night. He couldn't blame him if he was exhausted, not with how much he had demanded his help.

He felt okay now, though, a little sore and in slight discomfort but not needing help of any kind. So the boy could sleep in peace for a while longer.

The Brit sighed again, getting comfortable on his spot and trying to relax.

If feeling okay and his increased awareness were anything to go by, it was fair to assume his heat was close to reaching its end. Which meant the worst part of it had already passed, yet the second worst part was about to come.

Normally, the moments he felt more conscious were the beginning of his heat, and between his peak and his last wave. And normally, the moments he was most out of it and driven by instincts, was exactly during said peak and the named last wave.

If his peak had just worn off, that meant he had a couple hours of clarity before it hit him again full force. And then, it would be over.

George closed his eyes, trying to remember anything about the last couple days. But besides the vague lust-filled images, there wasn't much there. He remembered a few one word responses and non-verbal ones, and he remembered wanting to submit and asking to be bitten a couple times. Everything else was a huge mental gap. He might remember a bit more as time went by... Or he might not.

To be honest, it was probably for the best.

The brunet brought his fingers to his gland, caressing the smooth skin. The blond had stayed truthful to his word, no marks adorning that zone of his neck.

He knew he could trust him, yet confirming it was still a relief. Then again... He couldn't lie and pretend a part of him wasn't slightly disappointed.

Instincts were like that, he told himself, brushing the thought off and shifting on his spot again.

The boy next to him groaned lightly, turning to his side as well. The Brit froze on his spot, staying still to not disturb his friend. But at last, the blond slowly opened his eyes.

Green orbs blinked a few times, his hands rubbing them next as if trying to get rid of the remaining

sleepiness that way.

“Good morning,” the boy mumbled. George offered him a shy smile.

“Good morning.”

“You hungry?” He asked right away, sitting up on the bed and stretching. The brunet thought for a second, humming before nodding.

“Yeah, I’m starving,” he admitted. Although the thought of eating more comfort snacks didn’t sound too appealing. “Can we get like, mac and cheese or something?” He requested. “Or a burger, I dunno, something that actually feels like food.”

The blond glanced at him, blinking a few times in apparent surprise, before smiling.

“You’re talking more today,” he pointed out. And in all honesty, he couldn’t really blame him for doing so. That was probably the first time in a few days he’s heard him say a full sentence.

“Yeah, my brain is working right now.” The brunet shrugged. “I’m almost done with my heat, so…”

“Already?” The boy asked, surprised by his words.

“Well, my heat usually lasts between three to five days so… I probably only have one last wave left.”

“Oh, makes sense.” His friend hummed, nodding a couple times. “I mean, it’s day five.”

This time, George was the slightly surprised one. One last wave meant one last day, and that was one more day that he was used to. But at the same time, it wasn’t too surprising. With all the sex they had before his heat even started, he knew his hormones were higher this time around, so obviously the chances of that affecting his cycle were always there.

“Yeah, should be over by tomorrow night,” he simply concluded, shrugging again. “So, the food?”

“Right.” Dream seemed to think for a few seconds, then rubbed the back of his neck. “I mean, technically I can cook that for you, but…”

“But…?”

“I just, don’t want you to freak out if I leave.”

The brunet’s cheeks turned slightly pink, understanding the concern. However, he was confident enough he could keep himself calm for a few minutes if that meant he could get a proper meal.

“I’m not gonna freak out.”

“I don’t know, George, I don’t think either of us want the bathroom incident happening again.”

The Brit blinked a few times, notoriously confused.

“The what now?”

“You know, when you broke down crying cause you didn’t want me to go take a shit?”

Instead of answers, that only gave him more questions.

What the fuck?

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Do you seriously not remember?” The boy questioned, raising an eyebrow.

“No,” he instantly said, shaking his head. “I don’t remember half of what I do during my heats until like, days later. Or never. It’s a normal omega thing-”

“Okay so, it was like, two days ago,” the American began to explain, taking his words as a need for a story time. “You were like, refusing to sleep because you wanted to be with me, right? Even though you were still with me when you were asleep, but whatever, you were in your clingy arc.”

George cringed to the words, shifting uncomfortably on his spot.

Because yeah, a part of him was confused and curious by what he said, but overall, he wasn’t really expecting nor wanting him to narrate whatever happened when he was out of it. Because a part of him was always thankful that he couldn’t fully recall everything that happened during his heat, not too fond of knowing just how clingy he could get and the ways he had embarrassed himself.

And for the tone his friend was using, the look on his face and his words so far, the omega could already tell he wouldn’t like this one story.

“Anyways, you spent way too long awake, and I really needed to poop, so I told you that in hopes you’ll let go of me for five minutes. But you didn’t want to, you didn’t want me to leave.”

“Okay, I get it, but now I’m not like-”

“So I insisted, obviously, tried to convince you I would be just a few steps away. But you *really* didn’t like that. Like, you started *sobbing*, George, *begging me* not to leave you.”

“Dream, I heard enough, I get it-”

“You asked me to bring you to the bathroom *with me*, which I obviously wasn’t gonna do.” The blond laughed. “But God, you just, you wouldn’t stop crying. So I had to sit you down *by the door*, and *talk* to you the whole time while I-”

“Oh my god, shut up already.” The Brit’s cheeks were burning red with mortification, groaning as he covered his face with his hands. “I didn’t *ask* you to tell me.”

“You said you didn’t remember-”

“That doesn’t mean I wanted to know!” He huffed in frustration; his friend wheezed to his reaction.

“Point is, I don’t want you to cry if I leave again.”

“Yeah, I got your point.” The boy laughed again, and George wanted to punch him. God, he would’ve been happier not knowing any of that. “Can we at least order something? So you won’t be gone for long, just to get it when the food arrives?” He asked, deciding to change the subject back to the original one and leave *whatever that was* behind.

“No, I don’t want anyone near the house.”

The brunet uncovered his face, looking at the blond with a raised eyebrow.

“What? You have your instincts, I have mine.” He shrugged, then wrapped an arm around him.

“Don’t want anyone near you.”

The omega felt his face heating up for a whole different reason now. But he tried to ignore it, ignoring the fast beating of his heart as well.

“Fine, let me starve,” he let out, closing his eyes as he sighed.

“You’re such a drama queen. We have- we have plenty of food here.”

“I don’t want snacks.”

“We have bread, cheese, and a few other things... I can make you a sandwich with that. It’s not as good as a burger, but it’s something?” A compromise, trying to give him what he wanted without having to leave the room. George knew that’s not what his stomach needed, but it was better than nothing.

So he sighed, then nodded.

“Okay.”

Dream nodded as well, then kissed his head. He carefully pulled away before getting out the bed, walking to where they had the food to make him his meal. The brunet watched him the whole time, not having anything else to do and kind of liking the view of his friend’s bare ass and back.

It took him only around a minute to come back, handing him his sandwich and a bottle of lemonade. The brunet thanked him quietly, sitting up to eat more comfortably. The blond watched him as he ate, silent at first, but eventually he spoke again.

“So... How much do you remember, of these past few days?” The Brit glanced at him, eating what he had in his mouth before shrugging.

“I dunno, not a lot,” he mumbled, then took another bite at his sandwich. “Remember a shit ton of sex, I guess.” The boy snorted to his words, letting out a soft giggle.

“Yeah, we’ve sexed a lot.”

“*Sexed*,” he mocked, mouth still full of food.

“So, you don’t remember... Getting upset at the condoms last night?”

The omega snorted, finding that amusing. He had no idea *how* he could’ve gotten upset at condoms of all things, and he didn’t really wanna know either, but it sounded funny enough. He shook his head, then opened his lemonade to take a few sips.

“What about wanting me to carry you around?” He shook his head again, placing the bottle aside. “And asking me to bite you?”

“I remember that,” he mumbled, before eating what he had left of his meal. “And I told you I would, so...” He shrugged, he wouldn’t have found it surprising anyways. The boy hummed to his words.

“Do you remember... Telling me that you love me, then?”

George stopped moving his mouth.

He blinked a few times, cheeks growing a little warmer against his will, before quickly swallowing

the food to be able to talk.

“You’re such an idiot,” he let out, shaking his head. “That never happened.”

“What? But it did,” the blond insisted, amusement on his features.

The brunet huffed, rolling his eyes.

“You’re so dumb.”

“It’s true! You- You told me that you love me, George, a few times actually.”

“No I didn’t.”

“You did!” Dream laughed, and for some reason, that made him blush even more. “You were like, *I love you Dream, oh alpha, love you so much ...*”

His face turned fully red now.

“I- That’s not even-” The omega groaned, punching his friend on the shoulder lightly. “Stop messing around, I didn’t say that.”

“I’m being serious, George.”

“No you’re not.”

“Why don’t you believe me?” The boy questioned, raising an eyebrow as he kept a smug grin on his face. “You said it, you don’t remember but you said it.”

“I didn’t,” he insisted. “You would’ve brought it up sooner if I did.” With how cocky Dream could be sometimes, and with how much he always tried to make him say those words, there’s no way he wouldn’t have bragged about it right away if that was the case.

The blond raised his eyebrow again, somewhat looking even more amused.

“So your reason to not believe me is that I would’ve said something sooner, and not that you *wouldn’t* say something like that?”

George opened his mouth to talk, but instantly closed again.

Okay, that he could technically answer that by saying that his instincts said stupid stuff sometimes, but if he made it seem like there was even a *slight* possibility that the alpha was right, he wouldn’t see the end of it. And he didn’t wanna lose that battle, not when he knew his friend was only messing with him.

“Also you literally just woke up, what do you mean I would’ve said it sooner-”

“Shut up, oh my god, you’re so annoying,” he quickly interrupted him, still feeling weirdly embarrassed and wanting to drop the topic already. “You’re just lying.”

Dream let out a loud wheeze, then moved closer to kiss him on the lips.

And maybe the blond was beyond annoying, and kind of an ass, but God fuck he was a good kisser.

He wrapped his arms around his neck, deepening the kiss. Then he slowly moved to lay down,

pulling the boy with him in the process.

The American got over him right away, his tongue asking for access and exploring his mouth with it.

Tiny hands roamed the wide back, feeling all his muscles.

Fuck, it felt nice. And fuck, he was feeling lightheaded.

His partner broke the kiss, cupping his cheek gently as he looked at him.

“Your scent is changing,” the boy pointed out. George nodded a few times, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath.

“Yeah, I’m starting to feel hot again. Really hot.”

He had hoped he would have more time, that he could stay lucid for a little longer. But his heat had other plans, his last wave already wanting to make an appearance.

Dream let out a soft chuckle, the omega opened his eyes, giving him a questioning look.

“Well, you’re always *really hot*, George.”

The brunet smirked to his words, finding it between amusing and weirdly flattering. Normally his pride wouldn’t be affected by it, but he could feel his instincts wanting to take the compliment.

“Yeah?” He whispered, pulling the boy closer. “You better fuck me like you mean that, then.”

The blond smirked as well, moving down to connect their lips again.

Fucking right now wouldn’t be wise. His arousal wasn’t fully due to his heat, and they needed to keep their strengths for when his last wave actually hit him.

But in all honesty, he didn’t give a shit.

He wanted his friend’s dick, and Dream didn’t seem to be about to complain.

The boy was gentle with him, though, gentler than he thought he could be. He thrust into him in a way that almost felt soft, almost too caring, almost too endearing. And he liked it in a different way that he’s liked sex so far. Almost feeling too personal, almost feeling too loving.

He fell asleep soon after they were done, and he stayed asleep for what it felt like a long time. Or at least, he didn’t remember waking up again any sooner.

Next time he was aware that he opened his eyes, it was the middle of the night.

The sheets stuck to his body uncomfortably with his sweat, chest moving heavily as he breathed. His head was spinning, skin burning up, feeling like he was about to explode.

His lower half ached so badly he could only whine, shifting to lay on his stomach and rubbing against the mattress to get some friction. But the bed was too soaked with his slick, the sensation not offering him any relief.

Alpha. He needed the alpha.

Using all the strength he had he lifted himself, crawling on top of the body next to him.

Strong arms instantly wrapped around him, mumbling something his brain wasn't able to process. He simply buried his nose on the man's gland, inhaling deeply to get a better taste of his scent.

"George," Dream called him again, placing his hands on his shoulder and pushing him away slightly to make him look at him.

"Alpha," he whispered, shifting on his spot so his hard dick would be right over the bigger one. He rocked his hips lightly, making the body under him shiver. "Need you."

"I'm right here, baby, I'll take care of you," the man instantly answered. The omega purred in content, rocking his hips some more. But the strong hands moved to his hips, stopping his movements. "George, be patient, give me a second."

"Alpha," he whimpered, not wanting to stop.

"I know, Georgie, just let me get the condom." He pouted to his words, wanting to feel him fully without that thing in between, but letting him do what he needed anyways to be good.

The alpha pulled the blankets away, uncovering both of them then moved closer to the nightstand. The omega hummed, staring at the man's body as he did so.

Then, he decided to move as well. But he moved down, and down, quickly positioning himself between Dream's legs and curiously taking his member with his hand.

The alpha instantly let out a gasp, a soft sound escaping him.

He couldn't help but purr to the reaction, moving his head closer to the man's dick and sticking his tongue out, licking the length and placing faint kisses over it.

"Holy *shit*," the alpha groaned, a hand finding his way to George's hair. "What are you- *fuck*, what are you doing?"

The omega hummed, looking at him with innocent eyes as he continued with his actions.

"Wanna please you," he mumbled, running his tongue over the tip of his dick. A low moan escaped the man's lips, yet he still tried to use his hand to stop his head from going any further.

"You *do* please me." The alpha tried to push his face away. "Now come here so I can-"

"I like it," the omega interrupted, placing a soft kiss over his tip. "Like your cock." He got a louder moan in response, body shivering as his hand began to stroke the length slowly. "I like you," George whispered, heart beating fast with the reactions he was getting. "My alpha."

In a blink of an eye, he found himself lying on the bed, eyes widening with surprise as the man got over him and spread his legs to get in between them.

"God, do you have any idea of what you do to me?" The alpha almost growled, eyes darkened with lust, licking his own lips. In a quick movement he put the condom in, and without giving a warning he pushed his tip inside him.

George moaned loudly, head falling back and body feeling ten times warmer.

"Alpha," he whined, feeling his dick opening his walls.

The man didn't wait to thrust deep inside, aiming at the spot he liked without wasting any second, sounds coming out of his mouth as his brain filled with pleasure.

“You like that?” The alpha asked, but only a moan came in response. “You obviously do, don’t you? With how much you love my cock.”

“Love it,” he agreed, wrapping his arms around him as Dream increased his pace. “Love it so much.”

He loved everything about it, and the way he used it. He loved how he fucked him like he wanted him to regret teasing him, harder than ever so far, thrusting deep and fast and hitting his sweet spot every single time. He loved the way it made him pant and moan, head feeling light and clouded with delight. He loved everything about it, he loved everything about this. And him, too.

“You’re taking me so well,” the alpha praised him, hands gripping at his thighs as he spread his legs further apart, pushing himself deeper inside. “You’re so perfect, look at you.” George moaned loudly, tension building inside him with every thrust. “My beautiful omega, you’re made for my dick.”

George was cumming before he could even realize what was happening, whole body shaking and mind going blank as he painted his stomach with the white substance.

He felt as whole as ever, skin tingling with electricity, heart filling with warmth and content.

But the man was starting to slow his movements, seemingly coming to a stop.

The omega frowned, then began to move his hips.

“Keep going,” he requested, reaching to place his hands on the man’s arms so he wouldn’t pull away. “Want you to cum too.”

The alpha took a deep breath, looking at him directly.

“Y-You sure? I don’t wanna overstimulate-”

“Want your knot,” he mumbled, rocking his hips harder. Dream groaned, nodding a few times before picking up his pace again, fucking him like before.

“I’m close, I-I won’t last long,” the man quickly said, almost as if to reassure him. He thrust into him fast, now less worried about the angle and simply seeking his own pleasure. “God, you feel so good,” he let out, in a breathy voice. “Such a good ass, all mine.”

“All yours,” the omega echoed, taking deep breaths.

In any other context, his lower half would be starting to hurt. But his hormones were too high, and he was too happy to care about anything but pleasing the alpha, so despite having just finished, his body was waking up again.

It felt good, too good, and his man’s voice awakened the fire on him in a matter of seconds.

The alpha looked down at his dick, letting out a breathy chuckle.

“Fuck, you’re so perfect,” he praised. “What a good omega, getting hard for me again.”

“Alpha,” George moaned, his temperature raised. He felt the strong hand wrapping around his member and closed his eyes, more sounds coming out as his partner stroked him.

“My amazing boy, you’re just mine, aren’t you? Your body’s all mine.”

“Just yours.”

The alpha’s dick aimed for his prostate again, pleasing him without mercy, increasing his pace as before as they both panted heavily.

“Cum with me Georgie.”

And just like that, he did.

Both bodies shook with satisfaction as they reached their orgasm, a particularly loud moan escaping him when he felt the alpha’s knot inside him. And as their movements came to a full stop, the man connected their lips together.

And God, he loved that. He wanted to keep having that forever. He wanted to have him forever.

George broke the kiss slowly, making some distance between them. Then, he tilted his head, presenting his neck to the alpha.

Dream immediately attached his lips to his throat, placing gentle kisses all over his skin. And it felt nice, he liked the affection, but it wasn't enough.

“More,” he demanded.

The alpha hummed against his skin, pausing for a moment before continuing with his actions. But then, he sucked at his skin, pulling and nipping to mark him without having to use his teeth.

The omega felt in heaven, purring with happiness and wrapping his arms around the man to hold him close until he was done painting his neck with red and purple.

“Alpha,” he whispered, nothing but affection in his voice and scent. He placed his head on the boy’s shoulder, rubbing it against his neck, then moving to his arm, and repeating his actions with his chest, wanting his smell all over him.

Dream kissed his head, then pulled him slightly away, but only enough so he could place their necks together, rubbing their glands to mix their scents in a way that made him purr even louder.

He loved that. He loved their mix.

And he wanted to keep having that forever too. He truly wanted to have him forever

“Alpha,” he mumbled again, pulling away to look at him directly. “Wanna bond, please.”

The man smiled at him with fondness, moving a hand to pet his hair.

“You know I can’t bite you, Georgie,” he said softly, placing a gentle kiss on his lips next. The omega pouted, a little bit disappointed, but he had slowly gotten used to that answer.

However, this time, that’s not what he was asking for. He knew he couldn’t bite him, no matter how much they might want it.

“No biting.” He nodded. He wanted to be owned like that, yes, but more than anything, he just wanted to be with him. He just wanted to be his, and have his love until their last days. “But, still mate me?”

The alpha blinked confusedly, then furrowed his brows.

“What do you mean?”

“Wanna be yours.”

“You’re mine right now, Georgie.” The omega pouted, not liking the answer.

“Not just now,” he protested. “Want it forever.”

Dream continued to look at him with a confused expression a while longer, like trying to understand his words despite being obvious, but eventually, his expression changed.

“You want to... Be mates?” He questioned. George nodded eagerly, heart beating fast with excitement.

The man got quiet with his response, staring at him with a face the omega didn’t understand. After a couple of seconds, he moved down to kiss him. A chaste and quick kiss.

“You’re cute when you get like this,” the alpha mumbled. He didn’t like that answer either, nor the tone. There wasn’t the happiness he was expecting on it... Maybe he didn’t believe him.

“I mean it,” he insisted, reaching to take his hand. “My alpha. Your omega.” He wanted to be his, he wanted the alpha to accept him.

The man hummed, intertwining their fingers carefully.

“Yeah?” He asked. The omega nodded as before. “You love me, in that way?” He nodded again, even faster than before. Dream hummed again too, then kissed his head. “The normal you would be so glad to know he’s forgetting about this... You’d be so pissed at your instincts.”

George blinked a few times, not understanding his words. But before he had a chance to ask, or to insist to be mated, he felt a pair of lips against his own.

He kissed the man back right away, smiling into the gesture as he felt him caressing his side, happily accepting the affection.

The mouth attached to his neck yet, slowly moving down to his collarbones, then to his chest, the tip of his tongue reaching his nipple. The omega shivered, a soft whine escaping him to the sudden action.

“I wanna keep fucking you until your heat is over,” the alpha whispered against his skin. “Can I?” George nodded right away, heat pooling on his stomach to the offer. “Gonna give you good memories to think about until your next heat.”

The mouth wrapped around his nipple, taking it whole and twirling his tongue around it.

His body temperature instantly began to raise, his hormones getting ready to go at it again. And as soon as the man’s body allowed it, that’s exactly what they did. And as the alpha fucked him, making him cry out, praising his ass and his body and whispering words of how much he would miss his ass in a way that almost felt like telling secrets.

And it felt weird but also nice, and he didn’t fully understand, but his mind couldn’t focus on that with the alpha’s dick so deep inside him. All he could think of is how much he liked it, and how much he liked him, patiently waiting for Dream to call him *his* again, and patiently waiting for him to make it come true, or at least to say that he wanted it.

Chapter End Notes

not gonna lie, i checked this half-asleep so im pretty sure i missed a bunch of typos
ahah i'll check it again in the morning (also i was super nervous about this chapter and
tbh im not sure i was able to pull it off or do what i wanted with it, so im sorry if it
doesnt live up to the expectations or the hype 😊 hopefully you guys still enjoyed it)

so, about the slightly unexpected thing i mentioned on twitter... whoever guessed it
was george saying stuff, i was giggling so much reading it hehe

anyways, i hope everyone has a good night/day, and i hope we see each other soon <3 i
have midterms the next two weeks but im hoping it wont affect my posting schedule as
much

as always, thank you for the kudos and support, and i'll be excitedly waiting for your
comments!!!!

[twitter](#)

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Big fingers ran through his hair gently. Faint light entered the room through the bedroom's window, the sign of a new morning starting. Comfortable silence, comfortable mattress, perfectly warm sheets that tempted him to stay in bed a while longer. Yet the affectionate actions slowly pulled him out of his sleep.

George hummed, shifting to his side. Then, his eyes reluctantly opened. Green orbs meet him with tenderness.

The hand carefully pulled away, the boy offered him a smile.

“Good morning.”

The brunet couldn't help but smile as well.

“Good morning,” he echoed.

“Did you sleep well?” The omega nodded a few times, yawning softly. The alpha smiled more to his answer, then sat up on the bed, stretching. “Good... Are you feeling okay? Or, how are you feeling?”

“I'm good as new,” he mumbled, sitting up as well and rubbing his eyes to get rid of his remaining sleepiness, as it seemed like it was time to start the day. “Bit hungry, though.” The blond hummed, nodding a few times, then glanced at the snacks they had left by his closet door.

“Do you wanna eat something here or are you ready to go downstairs?”

George rolled his eyes to his words, although he understood why he was asking. This was Dream, after all, he wouldn't be him if he didn't worry about things more than he needed.

“Downstairs is fine.”

“Alright.” The American nodded, then placed a hand on his shoulder. He moved down, getting closer to the Brit, and the brunet felt his heart suddenly beating faster. The boy kissed his forehead softly, before pulling away. “Let me use the bathroom real quick first, then we can go,” his friend mumbled, quickly getting out of the bed and heading to the restroom.

George blinked a few times, confusion and disappointment appearing, having imagined something else would happen. But all too soon, realization hit him.

... Right, his heat was over.

The last wave of his heat wore off the night before, and he was completely fine now. And since he was done with his heat, there wasn't any reason why Dream would kiss him like before. He had no reason to keep sharing those gestures anymore, not for a few more months, at least.

For some reason, that thought made him feel weird.

The bathroom's door opened, his focus drifting to the boy standing by it. The blond quickly returned to his side, sitting on the edge of the bed.

“Okay, should we go now or-” But before he could finish his sentence, another sound caught both their attention. The American blinked a few times, before grabbing his phone and answering the call.

“Hi mom,” the boy said right away, standing up again. “I’m okay, what about...? Oh? Oh, crap, yeah I said that.” He began to walk around the room, seemingly anxious. But then, he sighed in relief. “Thank you so much- yeah, no, I’m fine, everything’s fine. It’s just... Well...”

He glanced at the brunet, the boy blinked confusedly in response.

Dream turned around, walking around the room some more and letting out an awkward chuckle.

“Yeah, it’s- yeah, basically- I mean, it’s not like, um, you know, but... Oh? Oh, yeah, of course I can.” He nodded to himself. “Alright mom, I’ll see you then... *Mom!*” He let out another chuckle. “Fine, yeah, we’ll talk about it then. Love you too, bye.”

The alpha let out a loud sigh, before turning around to face the omega again. He shifted on his spot awkwardly, and George could tell he wanted to say something.

“What?”

“Sapnap called my house.” The brunet blinked a few times.

“He what?”

“Well, apparently, since I haven’t been answering my phone since yesterday, he decided to call there instead.” The Brit was confused for a second, until he remembered they’ve told their roommate that’s where Dream would be. “My mom covered for me. She wasn’t sure what was going on but didn’t wanna throw me under the bus, so he told him I was at a store fixing my phone because it died, and that I would call him back-”

“Why didn’t you answer him?” The omega questioned, furrowing his brows. The idea of their little lie being exposed by something so dumb made him a bit anxious. Dream raised an eyebrow.

“I don’t know, George, I was kind of *busy*.” The brunet’s cheeks instantly turned pink, realizing how stupid his question was. “Didn’t charge my phone till this morning.”

“Right.”

“Anyways, I’m gonna have to call him later,” the blond shrugged. “And I’ll actually go visit my mom, I kinda owe her now and-”

“What?” George’s eyes widened with surprise, anxiety written over his face. “You’re gonna leave me?” The American blinked to his reaction.

“Why are you-”

“Please don’t leave.”

Dream stared at him with a mix of confusion and disbelief. And at first, the omega didn’t understand the expression, until suddenly it clicked, and he realized what he was saying. His cheeks flushed lightly with embarrassment, awkwardly looking away and playing with his own fingers to soothe himself.

“No, I mean...” But he didn’t have a way to correct his words. Lashing out wasn’t something he

exactly meant to do, but it wasn't something he could've helped either. "Sorry, my heat is still wearing off."

Once again, the boy blinked. Then, he furrowed his brows.

"You smell normal?"

The brunet couldn't help but roll his eyes.

"Yeah, my hormones are back to normal," he agreed. "I meant mentally, I'm still recovering from it. So my instincts are still like, high alert I guess." His friend hummed to his words, before letting out a shy giggle.

"No, yeah, I knew that. I know there's a recovery period."

George raised an eyebrow, for some reason it didn't feel like he knew. And to be honest, normally it wasn't something he experienced either, so that's why he didn't warn sooner, but at least he was informed enough to recognize it happening now.

"And I didn't mean I had to go right away, I'm not leaving yet," the boy assured him. "In a couple days, though, she needs my help with something." The brunet nodded, feeling a bit calmer with that. "So... Breakfast?"

The boy nodded again, but then, he hesitated, looking down to himself. He... Probably shouldn't get near the kitchen in his current state. Not only was he still fully naked, but his body felt pretty sticky and gross from the previous night. Although his friend cleaned him with wipes every single time he came, he was pretty sure the last time he took an actual bath was two days ago.

"I need a shower first, and to get dressed," he mumbled, then quickly stood up. But the moment he tried to take a step, his legs suddenly failed him.

Dream's eyes widened, moving fast to get a hold of him before he could fall. And the brunet mentally cursed himself, for not realizing sooner that his body would be too weak to walk normally after six consecutive days of fucking nonstop.

"Are you okay?" His friend instantly said. He nodded in response, despite knowing that wasn't entirely true. He could barely feel his legs and it would probably take him some time and rest to be able to move properly again. "Here, let me help you." The American wrapped an arm around him, holding his arm with the other as he tried to help him walk.

It was a little embarrassing to need his assistance like that. But at the same time, a part of him felt weirdly happy, his inner thrilled with the attention and care. He let him help him walk to the bath, and allowed him to sit him on the toilet to wait there as his partner turned the water on to fill the tub.

"Thanks, I'll yell or something when I'm done," he said. But the blond gave him a weird look, seemingly hesitant, like he wanted to say something again. "What?"

"Can I just... Get in the shower with you, to help you?" The boy asked, doubtfully.

George blinked, then his cheeks heated up.

"What do you-"

"Like I did during your heat, can I do it one last time?"

“Why would you-”

“It doesn’t feel right to let you do it alone,” he interrupted him again. “I’m your heat partner, aftercare should be a part of the deal.” The omega’s cheeks grew even warmer, heart rate increasing as well. “I don’t want you to accidentally hurt yourself, or, I don’t know, I just- I wanna take care of you. Please?”

The brunet almost felt lightheaded, his heart beating out of his chest. His inner wouldn’t stop cheering, body tingling with a weird sense of happiness. He tried not to show it, because he wasn’t sure that was something to get excited and content about, though his scent probably gave away that he didn’t dislike the idea.

“I- Yeah, that’s fine I guess.”

His friend instantly seemed to relax, offering him a thankful smile before picking him up and carrying him to the bathtub. He carefully placed him into the water, before getting inside himself, wrapping an arm around him to pull him closer to his chest. George’s face was burning up.

It was weird, it felt weird. This was the first time he was fully conscious while sharing the bath and he didn’t know how to act. He could tell Dream was calm, probably used to it by now, moving the soap and the shampoo closer as he let the water fill up. But to him this was new, and he felt a little bit awkward. He never imagined before all that happened, that he would be showering with his best friend.

“How is the tub so fucking big?” He suddenly let out, breaking the silence and his train of thought. Focusing on that and not in the embarrassing part of what they were doing made it easier to deal with the situation. “Like, you’re a giant, and it still fits two people, what?”

The blond let out a loud laugh to his words. He grabbed the soap again next, gently pressing it against the brunet’s skin, running it down his arms, then moving it to his chest, to start cleaning him up.

“Well, I mean, I specifically asked for them to be big.”

“You did?” He questioned, with an incredulous tone. The boy hummed, moving the soap to his back.

“Yeah, I thought we might end up sharing at some point, so...” The omega froze on his spot, trying his hardest not to blush again.

“What?”

“Or I hoped so, at least.”

The Brit instantly turned his head to look at the boy, eyes widened with a question written all over his face. *‘You did?’*

But not two seconds later, he changed his expression, realizing that wasn’t the proper reaction to have. His friend was only joking, the same flirty way they’ve done for years now, and he didn’t wanna make it weird by looking too caught back by his sentence. The boy laughed harder looking at his face.

“Okay, fine, I wasn’t thinking about *us* sharing it,” he admitted, shaking his head. “But I thought maybe having more space could be useful. I don’t know, maybe Sappap would want to bring Karl over at some point and share with him, or, you know.”

Or we could share it with our partners, he read between lines.

George looked away, facing the wall again to hide the way his face shifted.

“That’s dumb,” he let out, not really thinking. A default response, to be lightheartedly mean. “You worry about weird stuff.”

His friend chuckled, mumbling a quiet ‘yeah’ before continuing to clean him. The brunet closed his eyes, trying to ignore the tickling sensation of the soap on his thighs, not wanting to think of how close the alpha’s hands were to a certain zone of his body. He spent a few moments washing both of his legs, before handing him the soap, so he could take care himself of the more private areas.

“Can I do your hair too?” His friend asked. The omega nodded silently.

Dream took the shampoo, pouring some onto his hands before carefully moving them to his partner’s hair, then covered the brown strands with it. Despite all the weirdness, and the nervousness that having the boy’s hands over him caused him, it still wasn’t uncomfortable. On the contrary. It was... Nice to be like that. Together, in silence, trusting each other in ways that could seem too private or domestic, but that for them didn’t feel out of place. It was nice to be able to do those things.

The blond was gentle with him, the movements were soothing and relaxing. And now that he knew the feeling, now that he knew what they had been doing and experienced it to full consciousness, he thought a part of him would miss it.

The American rinsed his hair carefully, making sure all the shampoo was gone, then placed a kiss over his head.

“All done.”

“Thanks,” he mumbled in a quiet voice.

The alpha took a few moments washing himself as well, and the omega used the time to relax. Once he was done, he was extra careful as he got out of the tub, wrapping a towel around himself before helping the Brit get out as well, sitting him on the toilet as before. He took another towel and gently dried his body, then his hair. And it was nice, it really was. In any other context, he could’ve gotten used to that.

“Can you try and stand for me ba- George?” The blond asked.

The brunet nodded a few times, completely; and purposely; ignoring the almost slip out for both of their sanity, as he focused on pushing his body up and staying on his feet. The American thanked him quietly, then used the towel to dry his legs and the rest of his body. The Brit looked around the bathroom, trying to keep his mind busy so he wouldn’t focus on the fabric touching his ass, his eyes eventually landing on the sink and the mirror over it. But as soon as he saw his reflection, his eyes widened.

“*Dream*,” he whined in horror, his hands flying to touch his own neck where a trail of purple marks adorned his skin. “You left *hickeys*.”

The blond stopped his movements, freezing on his spot. He let out an awkward laugh, avoiding the accusatory brown eyes and shifting on his spot.

“... Yeah.”

His voice made it clear that this didn't come as a surprise to him, well aware of this fact since he's been conscious the whole time. And somehow, that only made the omega more outraged, because he didn't even try to tell him sooner so he wouldn't find out like this. As if he was hoping he wouldn't notice them.

"*To be fair*, you asked me to," the boy offered as a lame attempt at an excuse. "I mean, technically, you asked me to bite you. But I thought marking you like that was a good middle point..."

"Are you joking? Dream, you weren't supposed to mark me *at all*."

He couldn't believe him. He couldn't believe he was trying to justify himself. No matter how much the brunet could've asked for something, the blond knew better than to give in. He was *supposed* to know better, especially since they were doing all of it in secret.

"Well, but I did," he said, voice a little too defensive. "Sorry, I just needed to do something to keep you calm-"

"No you didn't. You know you didn't."

George wanted to kill him. He had no place to be using that tone and averting his eyes. He should be apologizing, or at the very least accepting what he did without trying to put the blame on him. Not when he wasn't in his right mind and he was trusting him to understand that.

"My instincts wanted to bite you too, okay?" The alpha blurted out, groaning in frustration. "What did you expect, that I wouldn't get affected by your heat at all? I had- I had to do *something*."

The omega went quiet.

He shut his mouth, taken back by the confession.

And suddenly, he didn't want to kill him anymore, his reaction making sense.

The blond was right, it's something he should've expected. That he would have some sort of effect on his friend. But for some reason, he didn't expect it to be that. He didn't expect him to get tempted to claim him. He was still upset about the marks, but... He couldn't really be mad at him for it. Not when a part of him felt weirdly proud knowing that.

The Brit sighed, looking at his reflection again. It's not like he despised how his neck looked, but the bruises were too evident to pretend they were anything but love bites.

"What am I supposed to tell Sapnap?" He questioned. Because truly, that was his biggest concern. His heat was over now, so their roommate would be back soon, and he couldn't pretend he caused those marks himself.

"We could tell him that... The sex was too hot, and we got carried away." George gave his friend a glare, not in the mood for jokes. The blond wheezed to his reaction. "Okay, maybe not *that*. But... We could tell him, you know, that I did it." The brunet blinked a few times, his brain having some trouble processing the sentence. He blinked again, then his expression tinted with disbelief.

"You're not serious," he let out. "We can't tell him that."

"Why not?" His friend questioned. "I mean, would it be too bad if he knew? It's not like he wouldn't get it, and it would make it easier next time."

George looked at Dream like he had just suggested they eat raw meat.

He knew that, to an extent, the blond was right. Sapnap would understand, yes... He would probably tease them, but he would get it. He was Karl's heat partner, after all. It was just friends helping out friends, in both cases. Then again, it somehow felt different. It didn't feel like their situations were the same.

Telling him... It felt like admitting something.

The brunet sighed.

"Maybe I should just say I invited someone over or something." He shrugged. One more lie couldn't hurt at this point.

Strong hands suddenly placed on his waist, making him yelp. His brown eyes widened, staring at the serious expression his friend was giving him.

"No."

The alpha's tone sent shivers down his spine, his heart racing. His voice, his whole demeanor... He almost looked mad. He really, *really* disliked his idea.

The blond tightened his grip, the brunet swallowed hard.

"Those are *my* marks."

Heat pooled on his cheeks, heart stuck on his throat.

Hot. That was hot.

"I know that," he whispered, a sense of disbelief still evident in his voice. Because he knew Dream was possessive and got a little too jealous of other people doing things for him sometimes, but he's never gotten upset over someone that *didn't even exist*. "But, Sapnap-

"What if we don't tell him your heat is over yet?" The boy interrupted him. "We can pretend you're still in heat for like, a day or two longer, until the bruises fade enough to cover them with makeup."

George stared at him, still feeling a little out of it, like his brain was still trying to process whatever just happened. But after a couple of seconds, he nodded.

"Yeah, that's fine."

His partner relaxed to his answer, removing his hands and offering him a smile. He wrapped a towel around the small waist, then picked the Brit up to carry him to the room and placed him on the bed.

"Let's get dressed so we can go eat," Dream mumbled, tone way softer now, as he headed to the closet. The omega simply nodded, despite knowing the blond couldn't see him. Food was the last thing on his mind right now, but he kept quiet. He let the boy help him put his clothes on, then watched him put some as well, before he picked him up again.

He carried him downstairs, heading to the kitchen to get breakfast.

The sound of the tv resonated through the room. An old film, one he wasn't paying much attention to. He was tired, getting sleepier with every gentle caress of his friend's hand on his arm.

George hummed, shifting to lay against Dream's side some more, the blond moving slightly as well so his arm could still be wrapped around the smaller boy's shoulders. It was nice to be like that, comfortably sharing a blanket as they sat on their living room's couch. It was nice that it wasn't weird, finally being able to behave like they did before his heat started without his mind jumping to relate it to that.

Well, maybe it wasn't exactly how it was before. It used to be mostly the alpha who showed him physical affection, the brunet more reserved with his touch and how close he got. But he felt more at ease getting on his space now, the platonic touches and gestures coming more naturally now that they've done way more together.

During the past three days they had progressively gotten more normal, slowly going back to their old routine.

He still got a little embarrassed at times, whenever they got too close. It still felt a little awkward, whenever he looked at his bed and remembered what they did. But things were alright, they were alright, and he was getting ready to move on.

They had spent half of that time cleaning and tidying George's room, doing some laundry as well and getting the house ready to welcome Sapnap back. His bruises were mostly healed by now, enough to be covered at least, so they had decided to tell the boy he could return the next morning. The rest of the time they spent it resting, regaining their strength after those six intense days. They watched a bunch of bad films, took improvised naps on the couch, and finally ate proper food.

Overall, things were okay. And it was nice to be back at being best friends.

"Hey," the soft voice took him out of his thoughts. He lifted his head slightly, sleepy eyes looking at the tall boy. "You're falling asleep."

He yawned, rubbing his eyes tiredly before shaking his head.

"M not." His friend chuckled at his lie.

"We should go to bed."

The omega nodded, rubbing his eyes again before carefully standing up, waiting for the alpha to do the same. They turned the tv off, then quietly and slowly walked upstairs. But once they reached the second floor, the brunet confusedly watched as the blond headed to the end of the hallway.

"Where are you going?" He questioned. The boy turned around, tilting his head to his question.

"To my room?"

The British blinked, then, reality hit him like a truck.

"Right."

He forgot for a moment, they had separate rooms. He forgot for a moment, they had no reason to sleep together anymore.

The first night after his heat was fully over, Dream had spent the night with him anyways. His instincts were still too on the edge, and they hadn't wanted to risk him freaking out or feeling bad in any way. Then the second night, they accidentally stayed up a little too late talking about nothing, and had ended up falling asleep without realizing. But now, there were no reasons nor excuses for the blond to join him. Going back to their old routine also meant going back to sleeping

apart, in their own rooms.

The American offered him a tender smile, walking back in front of him. He moved down, placing a short kiss on his forehead, before pulling away.

“Goodnight, Georgie.”

“Goodnight,” he mumbled, trying not to look too disappointed.

Because he wasn’t, there was no reason to be.

Despite telling himself that it was fine, and that he didn’t mind sleeping alone; despite trying to ignore his inner omega sobbing to the lost; he still had trouble falling asleep. One too many turns, sheets just a little too cold, mattress suddenly feeling uncomfortable.

But it wasn’t a big deal, he wouldn’t let it be. He just needed to get used to it again.

It took him a while, but finally, he was able to get some rest. Not much, barely two non-consecutive hours, and he woke up still feeling tired, but it was something. It was enough to be able to get out of bed the next day, at least, seeing the texts that announced Sapnap was about to arrive.

He didn’t take long to get dressed, but did take his time covering his barely visible marks. Makeup had never been really his thing, but watching tutorials helped enough. By the time he was ready and leaving his room, he could already hear his two roommates laughing downstairs. For some reason, the idea of seeing the shorter boy after a week and a half made him weirdly nervous; the most instinctual part of him not feeling ready to see any other alpha but the blond yet; but he pushed those feelings away as he headed to the first floor.

Both boys turned around as soon as they heard him coming, standing in the living room with smiles on their faces.

“Gogy!” The brown-haired boy instantly let out, moving closer to him to meet him with a hug.

The omega couldn’t help but tense up, the expected physical contact being the reason why he had been nervous in the first place. But he still wrapped his arms around him in response, not wanting to be too obvious and somehow give away that he *suddenly* didn’t feel comfortable with alphas touching him.

“How was the heat?” The boy mumbled, slowly pulling away and offering him a smile.

“Fine,” he answered quietly, a bit of awkwardness in his tone. He wasn’t really used to discussing that topic with friends, or anyone for that matter.

Sapnap hummed, placing his hand on the brunet’s shoulder and patting it affectionately.

But the hand didn’t last there for long, the blond abruptly stepping in and grabbing their friend’s hand to pull it away. Both the alpha and himself looked at Dream with surprised and confused expressions, noticing how tense the boy seemed. But before any of them could ask anything, the tall boy moved the hand closer to his nose, sniffing at it then letting out a soft chuckle.

He let go of the hand, now seemingly relaxed again as he moved to stand by George’s side.

“You still smell like Karl,” the blond declared, and for any outsider, it almost looked like trying to prove that little detail was always the reason why he decided to grab their roommate’s hand. The

Texan let out a chuckle, nodding a few times.

“Yeah,” he said, big smile on his face. “We scented a lot.” His tone held some sense of pride to it, like he was bragging about a big accomplishment.

“Dude, it’s been *days* since you left him, have you not showered at all?” The blond wheezed, making the younger of them all blush lightly.

“I have, obviously I have.”

“Yeah, *obviously*,” the tallest one teased. “So, how did it go?”

“We’re officially spending all of his heats together from now on.” Once again, there was pride in his tone, a big smile accompanying it.

“You say that like you haven’t spent the last three in a row together.”

“Well, yeah, but he still spent like, one alone since we started, and the possibility of that happening again was there,” Sapnap defended. “But now it’s not. And that’s like, awesome, dude. You know, considering... All things.”

“*All things*,” Dream mocked again, getting their friend to blush as before.

George hummed, only half-listening to the conversation, not all too interested in the details of his friends’ sex life together. He heard the conversation moving on, but he still didn’t pay much attention, his brain mostly focused on how he could still slightly smell his roommate’s scent on him, and how he wanted to take a shower as soon as he was free to get rid of it.

But eventually, his attention was driven back to the conversation, once he heard one specific sentence.

“So, did you have fun with your mom?” The youngest one asked, getting a nod in response.

“Yeah, it was nice to see her,” the blond mumbled, then awkwardly shifted on his spot. “I have to go for the weekend *again*, though.”

“So soon?” The omega asked before he could stop himself, eyes widening as a sense of anxiety filled him. He had hoped ‘a couple of days’ meant over a week or something. He didn’t expect him to leave that same week.

The tall boy blinked a few times to his reaction, glancing at Sapnap before looking at him again.

“Well, yeah. I know I just *came back* from there so it’s kinda soon to go again...” His best friend tried to change the meaning of his reaction, just to get rid of any suspicion. “But she bought some new furniture and it’s arriving on Friday, and she needs my help with it.”

“But we just-”

He stopped himself mid-sentence, shutting his mouth close as he noticed the expression Dream was giving him. The warning in his eyes made him realize what he was doing, and reminded him how they weren’t alone anymore.

“... We just, um, got all together again... And I thought we would... Stream?” The doubt in his voice was a little too obvious, his excuse not only bad but feeling kind of out of character.

But thankfully, Sapnap didn’t seem to notice. Quite the opposite.

“Oh yeah, Quackity wanted us for the thing he had planned, right? I think that was this week,” the shorter boy asked, and the brunet instantly nodded as a response, despite not having a single clue of what he was talking about.

“Right, the thing.” Evidently, the blond also had no idea what he was referring to. “Well, maybe if it’s tomorrow I can still be there, and if not...” He shrugged. “Then I can’t.”

“We should ask him,” the brown-haired boy concluded, the tall one nodded in response.

The omega sighed to himself, relieved that his bad excuse somehow worked. But at the same time, he mentally cursed himself. He couldn’t still be behaving so clingy, not after so many days. It’s not like Dream would complain about it, but he was still making a fool of himself and could eventually make things weird between them. He needed to keep his instincts under control. There was nothing wrong with the blond going to visit his mom.

“So, should we go out for dinner? It’s been a while.” Sapnap’s voice took him out of his thoughts. “We could go get pizza, or go to that sushi place that-”

“No,” the blond abruptly cut him off. “Too many people.”

Both him and his roommate looked at the taller one, surprise and confusion on their faces again. Not only was the response unexpected, since he usually agreed to those kinds of things, but also his tone was colder than it had been during the whole conversation. His friend looked a little too serious again, almost defensive on his posture. The brown-haired boy raised an eyebrow.

“So?” He questioned. “It’s not like you haven’t face revealed.”

Ever since he did so, they had been going out like normal people did. Not as often, maybe, but they still did. So if that wasn’t the problem, neither of them could understand where his issue was coming from.

“Still.” Dream crossed his arms, lips slightly pursed. “I don’t want people to...” His eyes drifted to George for a moment, the brunet tilted his head in response. But right after, he looked at their mutual friend again. “I don’t wanna be around people right now.”

Sapnap glanced at George for a second as well, before scoffing and rolling his eyes. Then, he offered the blond an amused smile.

“Yeah, okay,” he ended up saying. “Can we at least order something then? Or is there a problem with having the delivery person coming too?”

The tall boy’s cheeks turned slightly pink.

“No, I- yeah, that’s fine, we can order something,” he mumbled, stumbling over his words, making the youngest one laugh. The brunet blinked in confusion, shifting from looking at one boy to the other.

He felt like there was some kind of inside joke he wasn’t getting. And a part of him didn’t like that feeling, but another part didn’t care enough to ask, feeling like it was better not to get involved.

George went back to his room after the conversation was over, his body a little too tired to stay and hang out downstairs. He took a shower as soon as he got there, letting the water help his muscles relax and get rid of all of his unwanted thoughts, then tried to take a nap and get the rest he couldn’t the night before. But he couldn’t stay asleep for more than a half an hour at a time before waking up again. He was too tired to do anything else, so he kept trying for a while, on and off

drifting back to sleep until he couldn't anymore.

His bed felt uncomfortable, it felt empty. His inner omega was whining.

He decided to check social media and their discord serves, to catch up on anything important he could've missed during his heat, but there wasn't much to see. The only conversation that caught his attention and made him smile with amusement was one Sapnap had with Quackity, right after they all went separate ways a few hours ago. It was funny to see his last-second excuse get that far. He was just, that cracked. Making up something and ending up being true.

Eventually he went downstairs again, to get dinner with his friends. They sat on the couch and ate pizza while watching a bad film. Then, they watched another. None of them were good, and they spent half of the time talking over it, but they had fun regardless. As soon as the second film was over, Sapnap checked his phone. Then he yawned, standing up quickly and stretching.

"Alright, I gotta facetime Karl," he announced. "See you tomorrow, lovebirds."

And just like that, he left.

George yawned, checking his phone as well. In all honesty, he didn't want to go to bed yet. Not when he knew it would bring the same feeling of loneliness and disappointment that had kept him awake every time he tried to get some rest. He didn't want to feel that way, he wanted to stay up and pretend there wasn't an emptiness bothering him.

"You okay?" Dream's voice got him out of his thoughts. He glanced at him, seeing the caring smile he was offering him. And for a moment, he thought about telling him. He thought about admitting he was having trouble sleeping, and it felt like something was missing.

"Yeah, just fine." The blond raised an eyebrow.

"You sure? You don't look okay," he pressed again. The brunet felt his stomach twisting, feeling somewhat guilty. "If it's because I'm leaving..."

"I'm sure, Dream. I'm fine." He didn't like lying to the boy, but sometimes it was for the best.

The alpha looked at him incredulous, but ended up nodding. A part of him was thankful, a part of him wished he had pressed just a little further.

They went to their respective rooms soon after. And once again, he couldn't sleep. His on and off naps messing up his schedule even more, and the loneliness that invaded him filled his mind with weird thoughts.

God fuck, could his inner shut up for a second?

Every time he turned, he perceived the emptiness on the bed. Every time he hugged his sheets, he perceived the coldness of his skin. Every time he buried his nose on his pillow, he perceived the faint remains of the alpha's scent on the fabric; not present enough to calm the neediness inside him, but present enough to make him miss him more.

He missed him. His inner omega missed Dream's presence.

He missed it and he hated it.

Because he was aware that was the problem, his instincts not having been ready to be left alone so soon. He was aware the sudden loss had made his mind troubled enough to cause the sleeping

issues. But there's nothing he could do about it.

He sighed, inhaling deeply next to try and get more of the boy's scent, hoping that would calm him.

...

Wait a minute.

Suddenly, he stood up. All too quickly he headed to his closet, taking clothes out and throwing them to the floor as he frantically tried to find what he was looking for. A big smile took over his features the minute he found it: all of Dream's hoodies that he had stolen.

For some reason, the blond hadn't asked for them back after they cleaned his room, instead putting them in the closet with the rest of the omega's clothes like they belonged there. He figured he was leaving them there in case he needed them in his next heat, so he didn't ask questions about it.

He quickly put one of the hoodies on, then grabbed the others and brought them to the bed with him, covering himself with the clothes. He sighed with relief, oak and brown sugar helping to make his inner omega less on edge. And maybe it wasn't a perfect solution, and obviously wasn't a permanent one. But maybe it would last long enough for his instincts to adapt to being alone again, and then he wouldn't need a solution anymore.

He still didn't sleep great, but it was better than before.

As most people, George didn't like being wrong.

He had no trouble admitting when he was, sort of, but he still didn't enjoy it. And especially now, being wrong felt like being punched in the face.

The omega hesitated for a second, looking at clothes that didn't belong to him, in a room that surely wasn't his and had no permission to be in.

He couldn't help it. He really tried to hold back and stop himself, but he couldn't help it. Dream's scent had faded quicker than he had hoped, the effects of wearing them for too long and stinking them with his own smell, and now he didn't have any source of comfort. And he had hoped by this point he wouldn't be needing a source of comfort, enough days having passed already. But here he was, sad and desperate and feeling like a complete idiot.

To be fair, he had been mostly okay at first, his plan working well enough for him to sleep at night and not feel so clingy when he was awake. He had been mostly okay and things were getting better, slowly feeling like he didn't need to be around the alpha to feel at ease. But then, Friday came. And the blond left first thing in the morning.

His inner had been whimpering and sobbing ever since, somewhat feeling abandoned. And no matter how much he tried to ignore it, there was no use. The feeling was too annoying, too strong. And maybe he would've been better at ignoring it if that was the only thing he needed to worry about, but it just happened that he also felt physically like crap. Because obviously from all the times he could get sick, his body had to choose the one time he couldn't deal with it.

His stomach felt weird, his skin kind of itched, he couldn't really focus and, overall, he felt off. So three hours later there he was, breaking into his friend's room and stealing his clothes.

George sighed, pushing away his guilt and quickly grabbing a hoodie to put it on. He would wash it and put it back before the American came back, and he could pretend nothing ever happened.

God, he really was an idiot.

He left the room as quickly as he got in, and then, he stood in the hallway contemplating life. In all honesty, he wanted to scream. He had been walking around the house not knowing what to do with himself all fucking day, and he still had no idea of what to do. Nothing sounded good, but doing nothing wasn't an option either. He was simultaneously apathetic and anxious. He didn't know why, but he was, and it was making him lose his freaking mind; his apathy making him not in the mood to do anything, yet his anxiety not letting him be still for more than a few minutes.

He was lonely, apathetic, anxious, and sick. Truly the best day ever. And to top it all, now he was hungry too. And that was making him irrationally upset.

Getting some food and eating could keep him busy, which was good, but at the same time, the thought of having to cook or even having to choose something to eat was annoying as fuck.

Whatever. It was better than standing there doing nothing.

The brunet sighed, heading downstairs to get to the kitchen. And as soon as he got there, he found his roommate by the fridge. The boy turned around the moment he heard him, offering him a smile right away. The omega returned the gesture to the best of his ability, before glancing to the refrigerator.

"Do we still have the Chinese leftovers?" He asked. He didn't particularly love the idea of eating the same food for lunch two days in a row, not right now at least, but at least he wouldn't have to cook.

"Nope, Clay and I ate it last night." Welp, there went his brilliant idea.

He groaned, sitting down and resting his head on the table. He really didn't feel like making anything. He didn't even want to look around, scared that anything premade wouldn't look good and he would end up spiraling in the same ways he usually did during his pre-heat. And apparently, that reaction didn't go unnoticed. Sappnap put down whatever he was holding and moved closer to him.

"You okay?"

Normally, he would simply say yes and let the boy move on. But right now, he felt a little too whiny and upset. And his stomach still felt weird, and he was starting to feel dizzy, and he was still anxious and uncomfortable and he felt stupidly down and miserable. So instead of lying, he shrugged, letting out an unsure tone.

"I guess. No. I don't know."

His friend took the seat next to him, looking at him with caring eyes.

"What's wrong?"

George glanced at him, doubting for a moment. What could he answer to that? *Everything? Nothing? He's unsure? Too many things to explain?*

"I think I'm sick," he ended up saying.

“Sick?” The alpha questioned, seemingly more worried now. “Like, are you in pain, or, does something hurt or...?” The brunet nodded at first, but then stopped, thinking for a moment before shaking his head. Then, he simply shrugged. He honestly had no idea at this point.

“I just feel off, I don’t know. My body feels weird, I feel weird.” He shrugged again. The boy hummed, thinking for a moment.

“Since when? I mean, did it start after your heat or...?”

“No, just today.”

The brown-haired boy looked at him for a moment, and he seemed to be about to say something when suddenly he stopped. He narrowed his eyes, sniffing the air before staring at the omega again, his eyes drifting down for a few seconds.

“Is that Clay’s hoodie?”

George blinked a few times. Then, his cheeks turned a bright shade of red.

He sank on his seat, crossing his arms to cover himself.

“No, it’s mine.” A blatant and obvious lie. Not only the smell gave it away, but the clothes were notoriously too big to be his, even if his were normally oversized.

Sapnap raised an eyebrow, then simply smiled. His demeanor relaxed, not seeming worried anymore, placing a hand on the omega’s hair and messing with it before standing up.

“I’ll tell you what, I was gonna make myself a sandwich but what if I make some pasta for the two of us instead?” The boy offered. And now it was the brunet’s turn to raise an eyebrow.

“*You* are gonna cook?” He asked with disbelief. His friend nodded, searching for something in one of the drawers before showing him a box of instant noodles. The Brit hummed, then nodded a few times. Not even the alpha could ruin that. “Yeah, sounds good.”

His roommate nodded, filling the boiler with water and searching for a pot for the noodles. He grabbed a couple eggs and the butter from the fridge next, settling them on the counter while he waited for the water to be ready.

“So... You know how I’ve been spending Karl’s heat with him for like, a year and a half now?” The boy suddenly asked. George blinked a few times, before letting out a quiet ‘yeah’. “Well, we weren’t sure of how it would go, so at first it was supposed to be an on and off thing to test the waters. We spent one heat together, then the next one we didn’t, then we did again...” He chuckled. The brunet blinked again, more than a little confused to where the topic came from.

“Okay...?”

“Thing is, after that second heat, we didn’t stop as we planned, I spent the next two with him too. Because, well, when I left after that second one, Karl totally *freaked out*. His instincts took me leaving in a completely wrong way, and he called me in a panic, sobbing and all. I had to drive back the whole way to his house and stay with him for a couple extra days.”

The alpha poured the water on the pot, then put the contents of four instant noodle boxes on it, setting a timer for three minutes before putting the lid on the pot.

“We did some research after that, and, well, turns out it was a normal omega thing that happens

when they feel very close to their partner.” He let out an embarrassed chuckle. “Especially in advanced courtships, when the pair has been intimate for long or their bond is very strong. Basically whenever their inners are sure they want that specific mate, but they haven’t bonded with them yet, it makes them more nervous about the alpha changing their mind and leaving them.”

The boy turned to look at him, and the omega tried his best to not look like he was confused as fuck with the conversation. He appreciated the trust, but he really couldn’t figure out why he was telling him all that. It wasn’t a topic they usually discussed, so he felt a bit out of place.

In all honesty, he didn’t want to know. He didn’t really care about the issues they had a year ago that obviously weren’t one anymore. But then again, he didn’t want to be rude and stop whatever rant his friend decided to have. Not when he was making him food.

“Anyways, now we’re more careful with the ways I leave, and we take extra measures to make sure it doesn’t happen again. I stay longer if I need to, we call every day a few times a day, and text constantly for like, a week or so.”

The timer went off.

Sapnap turned to look at the food again, adding butter and the eggs to the noodles and mixing it all before getting two bowls to serve it.

“Because, you know, without that, Karl feels really weird. He can’t sleep well, or eat well, or just, he feels down and physically ill. He’s like, tired all the time, but too anxious to rest.” The boy took both bowls and some forks, then came back to the table, placing one in front of the brunet before taking the seat next to him again. “Well, he still feels off even with that, but at least it helps.”

George stared at his friend, then blinked a few times.

That’s... Pretty much how he felt. That was pretty much what he was experiencing.

And just like that, it suddenly made sense. Sapnap’s random and unrelated story unintentionally helped his brain connect the dots.

He knew his inner missed Dream, but he didn’t know to what extent. And now, he understood.

His inner omega got a little too happy and hopeful with having a partner for his heat, and now that the boy was gone, it was reacting like pairings in an advanced courtship would in that situation. Probably the result of years of spending his heat alone, plus the close bond he already had with his best friend since before their arrangement. His inner was mourning the loss, and it was affecting him both mentally and physically.

Which was frustrating, and incredibly stupid. But it somewhat gave him peace of mind, because knowing what it was, knowing all his weird *symptoms* were related and part of the same issue, meant he could find a way to train his instincts not to react that way next time... Somehow.

Plus, now he knew Karl felt like that too, and that also gave him peace of mind. Because him and Sapnap were only heat partners too, so that proved it could happen to anyone, and he wasn’t being dumb and overreacting by experiencing that. It had to be normal between close friends that helped each other with their heats.

With that new knowledge and feeling more relaxed, he felt okay enough to focus on the food and eat calmly. And shockingly enough, the noodles weren’t half bad. Sadly, though, his calm state didn’t last long.

Apparently, knowing what was wrong wasn't enough to make the *symptoms* go away.

Despite being with his roommate for the rest of the day, and despite all the boy's attempts to keep him busy with films and games, all his conflicting feelings didn't go away. He still felt half present, he still couldn't focus on whatever they were doing. He continued to sink on himself to drown on the hoodie, discretely sniffing at it to let the scent comfort him. He still missed him, he still felt alone.

He tried his best to hide it, not wanting to worry his friend again with his *sickness*, nor wanting him to connect the dots too and realize what he was feeling. But Sapnap kept glancing at him in a way that made him feel transparent. He could tell the alpha could still tell something was wrong, even if he didn't know what it was.

The omega shifted on his spot, eyes fixed on the screen but not really watching. His inner was whimpering again, the fabric he was wearing didn't feel like enough anymore. He was uncomfortable, his skin itching, and was lightheaded.

God, he wanted to go to sleep. But he knew being alone in his room would only make things worse.

"You should probably call Dream." Sapnap's voice suddenly took him out of his thoughts, making him look at him.

"What?" He mumbled, taking his brain a second to process what he had said. He blinked once he finally understood, furrowing his brows in confusion. "Why would I do that?"

"You know, if you're feeling... Sick, I'm sure he'd want to know," the boy said, shrugging next. And well, he had a point. If he got sick and didn't tell his best friend, he was sure the blond would get pissed. But he wasn't *actually* sick, and he didn't want to worry him for nothing. "And I mean, I think it would help you," he continued. The brunet blinked again, then frowned as before.

"Why would it help me?"

The brown-haired boy smiled at him, giving him a look that felt a little too knowing, before placing his hand on his hair and messing it.

"I gotta go facetime Karl," he said, not bothering to answer his question. Then, he stood up. "Goodnight Gogy." And just like that, he was gone.

George sighed, there was no point in staying downstairs now.

His bed was as cold and empty as he remembered it, and sleeping was just as hard as it had been all week... No, it was worse. It was worse and it was only the first day of Dream being gone.

God, he would have to put up with this bullshit for the whole weekend, wouldn't he?

He turned to lay on his stomach, burying his face onto his pillow and groaning in frustration. He just wanted that voice inside him to fucking shut up for once. He just wanted to be able to sleep. He just wanted to stop feeling so freaking dependent on a person that was nothing but his friend. He just wanted to stop feeling like an *omega*.

He hated feeling clingy. He was never clingy before. He's never experienced half of the feelings he was having now and he didn't know how to deal with it.

And worst part, he didn't have any way to make it better.

... Well, he still feels off even with that, but at least it helps...

George stilled on his spot, blinking a few times to the memory. Then, he abruptly sat up.

Maybe he *did* have a way to make it better.

It worked for Karl, maybe it would work for him.

Before he could think twice, he already had his phone by his ear. But two seconds later, hearing it ring, he was already regretting it.

He couldn't be calling him. He couldn't be bothering Dream. What would he even say? It's not like he could explain that he was experiencing what usually pairings-

"George?" The low voice cut off his thoughts. Too late to change his mind now.

"Hi." Stupid. He felt stupid.

"Hey," the blond said back. And then, silence. He had no idea of what to say, trying to resist the urge to hang up without saying a word. Fuck. He was actually an idiot. "Um, is everything okay?"

"Yep."

Silence again.

He mentally cursed himself.

He needed to come up with something, or make a conversation somehow. He needed to fill the void so his friend wouldn't worry... Or worse, notice what was up with him.

"Did something happen? Why are you calling-"

"Did you help your mom with her furniture?" He let out, first thing that came to his mind. And he felt even dumber, because he wouldn't normally call to ask that. Thankfully, the alpha didn't call him out on how out of character that was.

"I did." He could almost hear him nodding. "Took a while but we made it work. And my mom made dinner as a reward, so..."

"That's good."

"Yeah, it was good." The boy chuckled. "I'm tired as fuck now, though." George hummed to his words.

"Are you going to bed then?"

"Not yet." Now, he could almost hear him shaking his head. "I'm not really sleepy, and I kinda got too hyped with our game night so I still feel like doing stuff... But everyone else went to their room already, so I came to mine too."

The brunet hummed again, slowly moving to lay down again, getting more comfortable on his bed.

"Game night?" Dream let out a quiet 'mhm'. "What were you playing?"

"Scrabble."

“Did you win?”

“Yeah,” the blond’s tone was almost prideful. “Twice.” The Brit smirked, the need of teasing him taking over him.

“*Just* twice? Not all of them?”

“Just-? Okay, to be fair, we only played five times. So it was like, almost half. And I won more times than anyone else-”

“So you still lost three times,” he interrupted him, biting the inside of his cheek to prevent himself from laughing. “Wow, Dream, you actually suck.”

“I don’t- I have a big family and-”

“Trying to excuse your loss now?” He cut him off again. “You’re like, always defending yourself, Dream. You never take responsibility and apologize for your mistakes.”

“You’re an idiot.” The blond laughed at his words, and George couldn’t help but giggle too.

“You’re attacking me now? Wow, someone with such a large following shouldn’t be responding to people like that.”

“Sto- Stop, you’re- that’s not funny.” He wheezed, making the omega giggle more as well. “It’s actually not funny.” Yet despite their words, they continued to laugh for a while longer, getting louder before it eventually died down.

The brunet’s chest was warm, his heart feeling content. A stupid smile adorned his face, feeling at peace even with the silence that filled the call. It was nice to be able to joke. It was nice to hear him. It was nice to feel him close in any way while being apart.

“George?” Dream mumbled after a couple of seconds. He simply mumbled a quiet ‘hm?’ in response. “I miss you.”

The omega’s chest felt warmer. His heart raced to the words, happiness and relief filling him full. And he didn’t know how much he needed to hear that, but he could tell now that he did. He really needed it.

“You’re an idiot,” he whispered, but his tone was endearing. And normally, he wouldn’t reply to that. But he was feeling a little too thrilled to stop himself this time. “Miss you too.”

Silence invaded them once again, but as the last time, it wasn’t uncomfortable. He could tell they both enjoyed having the other in the line, on that call, keeping them connected. But with how quiet it was, and with how calm his body now felt, he suddenly felt sleepy, letting out a soft yawn.

“Are you gonna sleep soon?” His friend instantly asked.

“Dunno,” he replied. A part of him still felt reluctant, not wanting to experience the same discomfort if he tried again. “Haven’t been sleeping well.”

“Why?”

The brunet opened his mouth to answer, but quickly closed it again. He was feeling good now, and he didn’t want to ruin that by talking about whatever was happening to him. The blond seemed to take the hint, not pressing any further.

“Do you wanna play something together then?” He asked instead. “We could mess around in Minecraft, or maybe-”

“Sounds good.”

“I’ll call you in discord then?”

“Yeah.”

And hours of playing a game he knew like the palm of his hand was like therapy, his favorite voice taking all the conflicting feelings away. Laughing at four in the morning because they lost track of time was all too familiar, and they lied in bed after they were done, still talking on the phone, like they used to before he moved to Florida.

They talked about their days, future plans, and past stories. They talked until they both fell asleep, never hanging up. And the call went on as hours passed, light snoring offering him company.

The call went on until morning, allowing him to finally get the sleep that he couldn’t get alone.

Chapter End Notes

boom boom unexpected update!! :D we reached 1k kudos on saturday night, so i wanted to show you guys my appreciate you and thank you by updating faster <3 im sick and i had a test today, thats the only reason why i didnt post it sooner ahahah

in all seriousness, i cant thank you enough, i know i always say i appreciate the support but i'll continue to say it, because i mean every word, honestly your reactions and interactions with the story mean the world to me and are my reason to keep going :]

but anyways... a chapter without smut? who wouldve thought 🙄 well, theres plot in the story too, its not all porn! so it had to happen at some point :] hopefully you guys still enjoy it ahah

well, i have another exam on wednesday and on friday, so next chapter wont be here until at least saturday, maybe sunday or monday if i end up needing to rest after frying my brain with knowledge (another reason why im glad i was able to post this one sooner), but i'll work hard to make it good :D

i hope youre all having an amazing day/night, see you soon-ish! :]

[twitter](#)

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The sound of the clock ticking filled the room. Too slow to match his heartbeat, too slow to bring him any peace.

The clock ticked, minutes passed, and impatience grew inside him.

It was finally Sunday night.

The brunet sat down, legs bouncing slightly. He stood up again just a few seconds later, sighing as he walked to the door then back to the couch. It was finally Sunday night, and the omega couldn't stop pacing around the room.

George wasn't waiting.

He wasn't in the living room because he knew the blond would return that night. No. He wasn't waiting for him because it's not like he missed him. They had been calling every morning and every night, and texting throughout the day the same way they did when he was back in England. He's been okay with that, he wasn't craving his presence like before. That's not why he was there, on the first floor, close to the main door.

He just happened to be in the living room since earlier, because Sapnap was busy streaming, and he had nothing better to do. So he decided to watch tv. To watch whatever was on. He was there before he saw the clock, and he realized it was late, and that the alpha would be back any minute now. George wasn't pacing because of the blond. He wasn't anxiously waiting to see him again.

Well, maybe his inner was a little anxious because of that. Maybe his inner was a little eager to be physically around his best friend again. But he still wasn't waiting, that's now why he was there. He wasn't wasting time doing nothing in the living room just to see the boy arrive.

God, why was he taking so long?

Maybe he wasn't waiting, maybe he wasn't there in the living room because of him. But he still wanted him to get home already, he still wanted him to be back.

The sound of the door opening caught his attention. George instantly turned around, eyes widening and breath catching on his throat.

Blond hair appeared in his field of vision. Wide shoulders, big hands, tall body. Bag on his bag, tired demeanor, closing the door behind him.

"Dream." A whisper, holding back emotions.

The boy turned around right away as well, eyes just as big, the same eager expression.

"George."

Bag dropped to the floor, body moving closer. Heartbeat racing, taking a few steps forward. Distance quickly reducing, smile meeting smile, words nonexistent. Hands on his waist, pulling him into a hug. And suddenly, his feet didn't touch the ground.

The brunet's eyes widened, wrapping his arms around the blond's neck in reflex as the boy spun him around, nervous laughter escaping his lips.

"Dre- *Dream*," he let out, holding tightly. "What are you *doing*?" His friend laughed in response, both spinning on their spot. "Put me- Put me down!"

"No."

"Dream!"

Both their giggles mixed as one, the alpha slowing down his movements before stopping completely, placing him on the floor again. The omega kept his hands on the other's shoulder, trying to regain his balance. The American moved closer next, forehead touching forehead with a smile glued to his face.

"George."

"Dream."

The Brit's skin tickled and burned, a sense of happiness filling him. The distance was too short to be comfortable, but he felt at ease. The blond cupped his cheeks, thumbs caressing his skin.

"How have you been?" He asked quietly, taking a step back to make some space between them and look at him better, green eyes examining his face. "You look pale."

The brunet scoffed in response, rolling his eyes.

"I *am* pale." The boy hummed, his fingertips reaching the bags under his eyes, drawing them carefully.

"Have you been sleeping okay?" He asked next. "I mean, I know you said you had some trouble doing so before, but-"

"It's gotten better," the smaller boy assured, getting another hum in response.

"And eating? Have you eaten enough too?" The omega rolled his eyes, finding his interrogation kind of funny. But he still nodded.

"We got McDonalds the other day. And pizza today, for lunch."

His friend blinked a few times, pursing his lips. He seemed to be debating if to say something or not, hesitating before pulling away.

"Let me make you some dinner."

Now, it was the omega who blinked, cheeks blushing lightly and biting back a smile.

"You're gonna cook?" He asked, despite knowing the answer. The alpha nodded, and his inner cheered with happiness.

"You can't just live on junk food forever" the boy mumbled, offering him a shy smile before taking his hand to lead him into the kitchen. And it was nice to be cared for. It was nice to be spoiled. But it was also nice to mock his friend for it.

"Aw, *Dweam*," he let out, and that was enough to make the boy scoff.

“Shut- Shut up. Don’t say- I just, I don’t want you to get sick, okay?”

George simply laughed in response, sitting by the table as soon as they reached the kitchen and watching the alpha look around for the ingredients that he needed to make whatever meal he had in mind.

“So, what did you guys do while I was gone?” The blond asked, placing a few veggies on the counter as he looked for the rest of the food. As if he didn’t know already. As if they haven’t told each other everything over phone calls and silly text messages.

But he still told him. He still went over every single detail again. He was too happy to care, too pleased with a homemade meal and his best friend’s laughter filling his ears to think of anything else. They talked about everything and anything until midnight passed. They talked about everything and anything until they were too tired and their mouths felt dry.

Soon enough, they were back at their routine. Soon enough, it was like the boy never left. And all the time they couldn’t be together, they manage to take it back.

It was weird the first night, to sleep without talking on the phone and alone on his bed again. But knowing the alpha was just a few meters away, at the end of the hallway, still brought him enough peace to eventually fall asleep. And although George wasn’t a morning person, waking up before noon to eat breakfast with the blond was somewhat easy, his inner too eager to make up for the lost time.

They ate together, laughed together, spent time in the living room together after as well. And when he placed his head on his shoulder, ready to take a nap, the boy didn’t complain. He moved him to rest his head on his lap instead, and pet his hair softly until he woke up.

They ate together again, laughed some more, went together upstairs and the omega bugged the alpha as he tried to work on YouTube ideas. Until the day was over, and the brunet went to his room, just to repeat the same actions as soon as he was awake again.

It was nice to be close, to do everything together. It was nice to have the blond’s fingers on his hair, playing with it as they rested on the couch. It was nice to sit next to each other, knees bumping on the other’s here and there. And even when Sapnap joined them, the nice vibe didn’t die. It was nice to be back at their routine, all together again.

“Are you watching football?” The youngest boy questioned, eyebrow raised as he sat down in one of the individual couches. The Brit hummed, glancing at the tv. Oh yeah, apparently that’s what was on.

“Yep, was wondering when you were gonna join,” the tallest one answered, offering the other a smile.

They relaxed against their seats, focusing on the screen. Or well, George tried to, not too interested in whatever that was going on. That, until he felt an arm close to him, very subtly placed over his shoulders. The boy blinked, a light blush taking over his cheeks.

“What are you doing?” He instantly questioned, glancing at his friend sitting beside him.

“Hm?” The blond played dumb. “Oh, my arm was tired.” The brunet raised an eyebrow.

“Your arm was tired?”

“Yep.” Dream nodded. “Do you mind?” The omega opened his mouth to talk, but then closed it.

He didn't exactly *mind*, he might actually kind of like it. However...

He glanced at their roommate, checking for his reaction. But the brown-haired boy was still focused on the game.

"Whatever," he mumbled, trying to pretend disinterest yet moving a bit closer and snuggling against the alpha's side. His friend let out a soft chuckle, caressing his shoulder softly.

The Brit let himself get comfortable, and not two minutes later, he was already dozing off. And since they were only watching dumb American football, he didn't try to keep himself awake. He slept until careful hands pulled him away, the new position making him wake up. The blond was standing up, making him blink a few times as he quietly yawned.

"Where're you going?" He mumbled, voice still half-asleep.

"Bathroom."

George frowned at his words, pouting ever-so-lightly. He wanted to protest, but he bit down his words, knowing better than to complain about his friend leaving for two minutes to take a piss. He wasn't in the mood to be mocked, even if his reasoning was simply that he was comfortable before and didn't want that to change and nothing more than that.

He watched the boy leave, then fully laid down on the couch, grabbing the pillow that rested by the side the blond had been in and buried his face on it.

A soft cough took him out of his thoughts. He instantly lifted his head, eyes slightly widened.

Shit, he forgot Sapnap was there.

He shifted to his side, moving the pillow a little to rest his head on it, as if that was always his intention. And then, he spoke, as nonchalant as possible.

"What?"

The boy snorted.

"Nothing." His friend stared at him for a few extra seconds, before looking at the tv again. "So. You and Clay have been joined by the hip since he came back..."

"No we haven't," he instantly let out, tone a little too defensive. "You've literally been in your room the whole time, how could you?"

"Chill, dude, it's fine." The alpha laughed at his reaction, as relaxed as before. "Just thought I should say, if you rather I leave you two alone and go back to my room for a while longer, that's fine, you know?"

The omega blinked a few times, then frowned.

"Why would I want that?" The boy shrugged in response.

"Well, Clay just came back, so..."

"So?" Sapnap raised an eyebrow, but before he could say anything, another voice filled the room.

"Hey, that's my spot," the blond said, suddenly appearing by the couch. The brunet groaned, slowly sitting up so his friend could sit as well. "I'm kinda hungry, what are we getting for

dinner?”

George quickly pushed the conversation to the back of his head, food being way more important. And thankfully for him, their roommate didn't insist either, simply dropping the topic. They got their food, and continued to watch tv, until the game was over and they finished their meal.

The youngest of them stood up, yawning and stretching.

“Alright, imma head back to my room,” he announced. “See you tomorrow.” They quietly said their goodbyes, then the boy left. Dream yawned as well, turning to look at him.

“I'm gonna go to my room too, I have a video to edit,” he mumbled. “Are you coming with me or...?” George nodded right away in response.

They quickly stood up, then quietly headed upstairs to the boy's room. The blond went straight to his desk, getting his extra chair; the one he always casually kept there for no reason whatsoever; ready as well. But the brunet had other plans, walking to the boy's bed and laying on it with his face to the mattress.

The alpha scoffed at his actions.

“Seriously?”

“What?” He mumbled, closing his eyes and getting comfortable to take a nap. “You take so long editing, and I'm tired.” He heard the boy huffing, and could almost see him rolling his green orbs.

“You're so lazy,” he complained, in a whiny tone. “And here I was thinking you would keep me company.” And now it was the Brit's turn to huff, barely lifting his head and opening his eyes to look at his friend.

“I am keeping you company, I'm right here.” The alpha pouted, making the omega roll his eyes. “Fine, just because I'm feeling generous, I'm gonna sleep for *only* an hour or two, then I'll join you.”

“Wow, George, how kind of you,” Dream mumbled sarcastically. But right after, he talked again, tone way softer. “Promise?” The brunet grabbed his phone, setting an alarm before nodding a couple times.

“Now edit my video while you're at it.”

“I'm *not* editing your video.”

The Brit smiled to himself, then shifted to get comfortable again, getting ready for his nap. However, there was still one thing bothering him and preventing him from doing so.

“Why is your room so *cold*,” he whined, pulling the edge of the blanket to try and cover himself a little with it without actually getting under. But right after, something soft and warm hit his side. He blinked a few times, grabbing the hoodie and staring at it. His eyes instantly traveled to the boy next, noticing he was only wearing a t-shirt now. “You're-”

“I'm not really cold, and I can grab another if that changes,” the boy mumbled, offering him a smile before turning around to look at his screen.

The omega couldn't help but smile as well, putting the hoodie on and whispering a quiet thanks. And now, warm and comfortable and surrounded by the alpha's scent, he could finally fall asleep.

His eyes closed rather quickly, and before he knew it, he was dead asleep. He slept deeply and nicely, better than he had done all week. And he continued to do so until a sudden movement next to him brought him back to reality.

His eyes opened slowly, taking a few seconds to adapt to the lack of lights before finally distinguishing a silhouette carefully moving to lay next to him, an arm wrapping around his waist.

“Dream?” He whispered, voice tinted with sleepiness. The boy froze on his spot, his eyes instantly flying to his face.

“Shit, did I wake you?” The blond asked, apologetic tone. The brunet didn’t answer, rubbing his eyes instead to try to wake himself some more.

“What time is it?” He asked, still feeling somewhat disoriented.

“Uh, past three in the morning, I think.” George’s eyes instantly widened, looking around to try to see his phone, hands palming the bed around them.

“My alarm-”

“I turned it off,” the alpha cut him off, his free hand stopping his own. The omega blinked in confusion, frowning lightly next. “I just- You looked so peaceful, and I know you haven’t been sleeping well, so... I didn’t wanna wake you.”

The Brit blinked again, a bubbly feeling appearing on his stomach. He could feel his inner rejoicing, feeling cared for. But he tried to hide his happy reactions, rolling his eyes instead.

“You made me break a promise.”

“You needed the sleep.”

“It wasn’t your decision to make, Dream. You think you can decide things for people like that?” His friend huffed to his words, playfully squeezing his waist as if to warn him to stop.

“You’re so annoying.”

“Oh, am I?”

“Yes,” he affirmed. “You’re acting like you’re not the one that always gets his way with everything no matter what others want.” The brunet let out an offended sound.

“That’s not true.” He playfully hit his shoulder, letting his hand rest there after

“It is! You insist and insist until you get what you want,” the boy mumbled, shaking his head.

“You’re spoiled, George. You’re all whiny and when people try to tell you no or do something you don’t want you behave like... Like, I don’t even know.” The American let out an awkward laugh.

“Like what?” He raised an eyebrow. “Come on, Dream, speak your mind. I behave like a what?”

“Like a brat.” The alpha wheezed at his own wording, clearly cringing to it. “Okay, that- It sounds weirder saying it out loud.”

“You’re so weird,” he mumbled, rolling his eyes, completely dismissing the light blush forming on his cheeks. “And you’re wrong, by the way, about everything you said,” he assured. “It’s not my fault that *you* don’t know how to tell me no and *you* give me everything I want.”

“Oh, so now it’s a *me* problem?”

“Yes.” He nodded. “You’re the one that spoils me.”

“Okay, then if I’m the one that spoils you, I get to decide to spoil you by turning off your alarm.” The omega rolled his eyes again, getting the blond to chuckle. “No comebacks?”

“You’re an idiot, and I’m tired.” A shitty excuse, but one that happened to be true. The alpha’s expression softened, moving his free hand to pet the dark brown hair.

“Wanna go back to sleep?”

“Obviously.” The boy chuckled at his answer, nodding after.

“Alright,” he mumbled, petting his hair some more. “Are you going to your room then? Or…”

“Or…?” He raised an eyebrow.

“Or, are you staying here?”

George’s eyes widened slightly, taken back by those words.

“What?”

“I mean, you’re already comfortable and warm here. And I don’t mind sharing.”

The brunet opened his mouth to talk, but closed it right after. In all honesty, he really wanted to accept the offer and stay the night. But then again… Wouldn’t that make things worse for him? Sleeping alone was hard enough as it was now.

Even if a week had passed already since his heat was over, he still hadn’t gotten used to the emptiness on his bed. And if he allowed himself to get the company he craved, all the little progress he’s made would be gone, back at the starting point.

He wanted to stay, but he needed to go.

“Maybe another time,” he said. Because he didn’t want Dream to think he didn’t want to. He didn’t want him to stop inviting him. Because he didn’t want him to think he found the idea weird, not when they were close friends and napping together wasn’t all too unusual.

The blond offered him a smile, nodding slowly before pulling his hands away so he could stand up.

“Goodnight, Georgie.”

He smiled back at him, mumbling a quiet bye. He left the bed then, and the room, quietly walking to his own ignoring the sour feeling in the mouth of his stomach. His bed wasn’t half as comfortable as the boy’s, but he still managed to sleep again. Probably because of the hoodie he was still wearing.

And as soon as his mind disconnected, comforting images of soft yet strong hands and lazy smiles filled his brain.

Two bodies laying in bed, the same hand over his hip, the other on his hair. The same shared laughter, and meaningless banter. But his hand squeezed the big shoulder, and dared to pull him closer. And blond hair filled his vision, a forehead against his own, breathing the same air, moving slowly.

Spoken words became silent gestures, and soft lips meet his own. Hands on his hips became wandering ones, feeling his sides up and down. And there weren't two bodies next to each other anymore, but a big one over his smaller frame instead.

Tiny hands explored wide back, the kiss growing greedier. Legs spread apart to make some room, hips making contact instantly. And soon enough, they moved. They shifted and rocked in synchronized movements.

Teeth biting lips, then neck. Warmth filling them full, letting out shaky breaths. And they moved faster, feeling each other more.

Sounds escaped their lips, sounds that sounded like names. He held tightly, matching the tight tension inside him. And the tension built and built, with every touch and movement they shared. And the sounds kept coming out, closer and closer to what he wanted the most. And he kept moaning, loud and clear.

Dream. *Dream!*

A loud gasp escaped his lips, lungs desperate for air. His eyes opened abruptly, body suddenly sitting up on his bed as he panted heavily.

The room spun around him, head feeling light and body covered in sweat.

He blinked once, and twice. Then, reality caught him.

...

What the actual fuck.

Blood quickly filled his cheeks, panic, shame and utter disbelief taking over him. That wasn't happening. That didn't just happen. He didn't just have a *dream* about his best friend and that made him-

No. No, no. That couldn't-

He lifted his blankets, staring at his pants.

Oh my *god*.

He covered his face with his hands, letting himself fall on his bed again.

What the fuck was that. He wasn't a fucking teenager anyone. Why did he- And why about *him*.

The omega let out a frustrated groan.

Nope. He was *not* gonna think about it. He refused to acknowledge what just happened.

George quickly got off bed, heading straight to his shower to erase the evidence of his sins.

Everything was fine, he could play pretend and act like nothing ever happened.

Or so he thought.

But as usual, life proved him wrong.

The brunet shifted uncomfortably on his spot, glancing to the blond sitting next to him. He tried to

look at the screen again right after, despite not having an idea what the movie they were watching was about or how long they had left of it. He tried to pretend like he was paying attention, anyways. He tried to pretend like being next to him wasn't affecting him. He tried to pretend like he wanted to be there, instead of simply agreeing to join him because he went to look for him in his room and he didn't have the heart to say no.

God, he hated himself. He hated his stupid brain.

It was bad enough already that every time they had crossed paths so far that day, the memories of the past night came flying back to him. Memories he *really* didn't want to have. But to make things worse, his body had been reacting weirdly to Dream's presence *all freaking day*.

He thought he could pretend it didn't happen and move on, but the moment he came downstairs and found the blond eating cereal, he realized how wrong he was. So he tried to spend as little as possible downstairs and live in his room until he got hungry again, but that didn't help either.

He didn't get it, he didn't understand why he was reacting like that. But having his friend close was making every part of his body *tingle*, a sense of eagerness that he couldn't fully comprehend filling him. And he couldn't understand either, why every time he was alone and managed to get his mind blank enough to forget about the unfortunate events, his body would react in yet *another* unexpected way.

He's been so fucking horny all day long.

As if he didn't take care of his needs in his sleep. As if he didn't spend six whole days taking care of those needs just a week ago.

He didn't get it. He usually wouldn't get those feelings so soon after his heat, his libido normally being on the low side outside those weeks of high hormone levels.

It wasn't what he was used to, and he couldn't figure out what triggered it. He could blame the dream on getting his hormones to wake up again, but he didn't know why he had a wet dream to begin with. But whatever the reason was, it was really, truly, starting to stress him out.

He was horny, frustrated, and ashamed. And it seriously didn't help with whatever reactions he was having when he tried to spend more than five minutes next to his best friend.

He *wanted* to be with him, he spent a whole fucking weekend apart wanting to be with him. So he didn't want something as stupid as his body deciding to stop functioning all together to stop him from enjoying the boy's presence. But there he was, tense and uncomfortable because he couldn't get the dream out of his mind. And because his skin didn't want to stop tingling to the proximity of the bigger body sitting next to him.

He took a deep breath, trying to push those thoughts away.

"You okay?" The alpha's voice almost made him jump, instantly looking at him.

"Hm? Yeah."

"You sure? You look... Constipated." The brunet huffed in response.

"I'm sure."

The boy hummed, giving him an unconvinced stare before looking at the screen again. But just when he thought he could start to relax, he felt the blond's hand on his knee. All thoughts came

back flying right away.

His cheeks got warmer, keeping his eyes glued to the tv as he tried to ignore the feeling of the strong hand caressing his leg in what in any other context would have been a comforting motion. His heartbeat raced to the touch, and he could already tell that was bad. Because he shouldn't have any kind of reaction to such a gentle gesture, yet here he was, breath stuck on his throat and hands trembling with unnecessary nervousness.

But he couldn't let himself react more than that, he couldn't let his weirdly high hormones and the memories of a dream fuck him up. He couldn't give himself away, he couldn't let his scent change in any way, *or even worse*, get another part of him to-

The hand moved ever so slightly up.

George suddenly stood up.

He barely caught a glimpse of the blond blinking in surprise, about to talk and probably ask whatever was on his mind.

"I'm tired," he announced, before the boy could beat him to talk. "Goodnight." And without waiting for a reply, he immediately left the room, heading upstairs.

His face was burning up. His face was burning up and his scent was getting sweeter and for fuck's sake, he needed to *calm down*.

He locked his door as soon as he reached his room, going straight to his bed and laying on it. The omega sighed, half in relief that he hadn't been caught and had escaped before his reactions were too obvious to ignore, half in frustration because he was already *half hard for no good reason*.

He groaned, his head feeling light and his inner begging for something he couldn't fully understand. He cursed himself, body asking for relief and mind feeling all over the place. Before he could really think twice, his hand slipped inside his pants, wrapping around his length.

He needed to calm down, he needed to organize his thoughts. But he couldn't do any of it with the overwhelming need still bothering him after being present the whole day. He needed to take care of it first. He needed to.

He kept telling himself that as his fingers ran up and down his dick. He kept telling himself that as he bit his lips to keep down his sounds. He kept telling himself that as thoughts of familiar hands replacing his own and making him scream of pleasure filled his brain.

He was taking care of a need, to be able to think. And if he narrated the actions that he wanted to be done to him, so his mind could imagine without seeing, that was just a part of it.

And if the thought of lips wrapped around his member, licking and sucking, was what finally pushed him to the edge and painted his hand white, that was just a part of it.

The boy panted, reaching for the tissues on his nightstand to clean himself up. But on the contrary of what he told himself, now that he was done, his head wasn't any more ready to have organized thoughts.

As reality hit him again, guilt appeared all too quickly, shame filling him as well.

He just touched himself thinking of his best friend. Not about the help he's gotten, not about the things they did in the past, not the memories. He touched himself *fantasizing* about stupid shit that

made him feel good, and he wasn't even in heat to blame it on that.

... God fucking dammit.

A part of him wanted to justify it. A part of him wanted to tell himself that the blond had been the only person he's been intimate with in a *really* long time, therefore it made sense his mind went there when trying to find pleasure.

He knew that if he had been intimate with other people too, he would have more people to think of when creating scenarios in his mind. Or maybe if he found someone else to sleep with now, then what just happened probably wouldn't again. His brain wouldn't be fixed on *him*, because he wouldn't be the only person his body associated with feeling pleased.

But even if he could see the reasons, even if he understood the logic behind it, it didn't make it any more acceptable. Because this was still his best friend, and he still wasn't *allowed* to do that. Not now that he was back to normal, not that they weren't partners anymore.

God, he was an ass. He was an awful friend.

And worst thing was, it wasn't even a *great* orgasm, to at least say it was worth it to cross the line of what was right. It was better than his usual jerking off sessions, yeah, but still not nearly as good as when he was with the boy. Still not *satisfying*.

He sighed, feeling dumb and guilty and ashamed and done with himself. But he shook his head, and tried to push those feelings away. He didn't want to overthink it, he didn't want to give himself a hard time for it.

Maybe his recovery period was longer this time, just like his heat had lasted a day longer as well.

Whatever, it was just this once. Now he could actually calm down and put this whole incident behind.

He would just, never do that again. Ever. And that was that. An easy fix, a good solution. He would never do it again.

... He did it again.

He fucking did it again.

Not even twenty four hours later, and he had pushed his fingers inside his ass while thinking of digits he had gotten used to feeling there.

What the actual fuck was wrong with him.

Had he completely lost his ability to masturbate without thinking of people? Like he used to literally every single time before those past two times?

He was starting to think that the whole 'giving him good memories to think of until his next heat' hadn't been a good idea, because apparently it had worked better than expected.

God, maybe he really needed to be fucked by someone else. Maybe he really needed to find someone to push the memories the blond gave him far, far away. Or maybe he needed to get his shit together and go back to be his usual self. Jesus Christ.

George wanted to scream, he wanted to punch himself. But despite how awfully guilty he felt, he still tried to mentally justify it to himself. He kept telling himself that since his orgasm wasn't as satisfactory as the ones he had been having the previous weeks, his body didn't feel like it was enough. And not being fully satisfied was the only reason he ended up giving in a second time.

A shit ass excuse, there wasn't any justification that could make what he did okay. But it gave him enough mental peace. Believing there was a reason behind it that he could actually understand gave him peace, because since he knew what it was now, since he had rationalized it and knew where the urges came from, he was prepared to not let it happen again.

It was just, a *two-times thing*.

And using that thought, he overall managed to push the guilty feelings away. Enough to be able to hang out with his roommates without freaking out, at least. Enough to look at his best friend in the eye and not hate himself or want to confess his crimes. And if he still felt embarrassed, whenever he stared at Dream for a little too long, or if the memories of his fingers deep inside his ass came back here and there, he wasn't going to address it.

He would do what he did best, what he's learned to master over the years. He would ignore it, and suppress it, until he could fully repress it. He would pretend the thoughts weren't there, until they didn't bother him anymore.

One more feeling to the mental box of '*things to never address, ever, I'm serious don't open this shit*'.

George shook his head, suddenly realizing what he was thinking about, as if the movement would make the unpleasant thoughts disappear. Thinking about it kind of went against his whole suppressing plan, and this was not the right time nor the right place to be thinking about it anyway. He couldn't be remembering any of that, not when the blond was literally by his side, when they were literally in the boy's room together.

He told himself he needed to move on, pretend it didn't happen, and that's what he would do. He said he would put it behind it, so behind him it was. And he had been spending *extra time* with him just to prove himself he could do so.

He focused on the screen in front of him again, trying to pay attention to the different options of bookcases he was supposed to choose from for his office.

"So?" His friend asked, making clear that he was thinking a little too long, allegedly contemplating which one he liked the most.

"I don't know, they all look the same to me." Not a lie, despite not being the reason he was quiet for such an extensive period of time. Leaving aside the different colors, and despite some of them trying to get very creative with their designs, the differences weren't big enough for one to outstand the others.

"What? They don't look the same, come on. Like, this one has drawers! And this tiny space for..." The boy glanced at him, noticing his unconvinced expression, before letting out a soft laugh. "Okay, fine, let's try another website."

Dream opened another tab, quickly typing out the website's name. The site loaded and he instantly went to the bookcases section. But George's eyes were caught by something other than furniture.

He didn't normally pay attention to the publicity shown on websites, but this time, the

advertisement happened to be about a movie he had already been thinking of. One, both him and the blond had been talking about non-stop and had talked about possibly watching together. The image had a date on it, and taking a few seconds to look at his phone to confirm his thoughts, he realized how soon the release was. Sooner than he expected, actually.

“Wait, Dream, look,” he pointed out to the poster, before his friend could click out of that page to check more items on the list. “That’s tomorrow.”

“Oh yeah.” The boy nodded a few times, humming in acknowledgment.

The brunet pushed the blond to the side slightly and took the mouse from him, successfully taking over the computer and opening a new tab to check the website of their nearest cinema. And just as the advertisement promised, there it was the film and its showtimes to buy tickets for it already.

“Look, there’s one at three, that’s not *too* early. We could go to that one, and get dinner after.”

It was a great plan. A perfect one, even. They haven’t gone out in a while now and this is something they both wanted to do. And they could even invite Sapnap and have the boy decline the film offer, because it wasn’t exactly the kind he liked, but agreeing to join them for dinner.

He excitedly looked at his friend, ready to click on the ‘buy’ button to get them the tickets. But his expression quickly changed as he saw the American’s face. Dream didn’t seem nearly as excited as him. Quite the opposite. He almost looked uncomfortable, making an awkward face and rubbing the back of his neck.

“I... Can’t. I can’t at three.”

The Brit immediately frowned.

“What do you mean you can’t?” He let out, not trying to sound accusatory but his tone still tinted with suspicion. “You don’t have any business meeting tomorrow, I know you don’t.”

The alpha glanced at him, shifting on his spot before sighing to himself.

“No, but... I’m going out. I almost forgot about it, actually, if it wasn’t for the time of the movie I think I-”

“You’re going out?” The omega interrupted him, furrowing his eyebrows further. “Why? Where?”

Okay, maybe that was none of his business. But at the same time, yes it was. The blond never went anywhere unless it was for work or with them, so obviously he would find it weird. And the fact that this was the first time he was bringing it up was even weirder.

And his reaction to remembering he had plans also made the whole thing suspicious, because he was sure he seemed uncomfortable, or at the very least felt awkward. So maybe it was something embarrassing, like... Like he had to go back to his mom’s again already, and didn’t want to be mocked for it since it was so soon, or-

“I’m going out with a friend.”

The brunet blinked a few times.

“A *friend*?” That, however, was an answer he never expected. “What friend? Punz?” To be honest, it was the only one of their group that he understood lived close enough for that to be an option.

“No, it’s no one from- you don’t know them.”

George opened his mouth to talk, but quickly closed it again. He wanted to ask since when he had other friends outside streaming, friends he didn’t know of already, but he could tell the question would come off as rude and that’s not what he intended.

“So remember when I visited my mom? Well, she told me she ran into our old neighbors a few days ago, and that their older daughter was with them too,” his friend began to explain, because he obviously was able to tell the confusion on the brunet’s face. “We used to be really good friends growing up, when we were like twelve, so she asked for her number and told her I would text her so we could meet up.”

A weird bitter feeling ran down his stomach, something twisting painfully inside him. And just like that, he didn’t think he wanted to know anymore.

She?

“And well, I did, and we’re meeting tomorrow.”

The brunet didn’t respond. He didn’t react at all. He felt frozen on his spot, his head suddenly filling with a million thoughts and a sense of uneasiness taking over his body.

He was meeting a friend, an old friend his mom liked and wanted him to see again. He was meeting a friend he didn’t tell him about before. And remembering that made him react in a weird way...

Or maybe it wasn’t *remembering* about it that caused the reaction, maybe it was the fact that he did while George was there with him. Maybe he didn’t want him to know, maybe the awkward expression was because he had been caught.

No, that’s not the right wording. There was nothing to catch. There’s no reason why his friend would keep it a secret and would be uncomfortable with him knowing.

Right?

“My mom really wanted me to, so...”

The omega pursed his lips, trying to stay calm and not show the storm of emotions suddenly wanting to tear him apart. But something inside him felt like crumbling down. And his inner. Oh, his inner was *upset*.

He pushed away those thoughts, he tried to ignore his instincts. There wasn’t any reason to be upset because Dream wasn’t lying to him, he was telling him now. But there was something about it, something he didn’t like. Something that felt awfully like the alpha’s mom finding him a possible mate and organizing a meeting because of that.

He tried to push away those thoughts too, he tried to bite his tongue. But he couldn’t fully resist the urge to ask.

“Oh. Is she cute?”

His friend blinked, letting out an awkward laugh as he shrugged.

“We haven’t seen each other in years, I don’t know.”

He didn't like that he didn't say no. He didn't like any of it. He didn't like that he knew his friend had a preference for females and had been very outspoken about it in the past. And he wanted to ask if she happened to be an omega, but felt like not only that would be too invasive but would make his whole train of thoughts a little too obvious for his liking.

"So, what are you two doing?" He asked instead.

"Just a coffee date... Well, not coffee, you know I don't like it." The boy chuckled. "But like, grabbing some tea and catching up."

He didn't like that either. He *really* didn't like that.

He was so incredibly upset.

He could feel his inner whimpering with sadness, but he was straight up angry.

And somehow, this time his *best friend* didn't notice. Either his scent not being strong enough to give it away, or him not taking more than five seconds to look at his face and read his features. Because the next thing he did was simply to point out at the screen, with a contemplative expression.

"Look, there's also one at nine. We could go to that one after I'm back? And we could still eat something once we're done, a midnight meal..."

"Nah," he cut him off. "It's too late." And maybe the blond wouldn't notice either, but there was some double meaning hidden in those words.

George stood up, not wanting to be in the same space as Dream anymore, suddenly feeling kind of sick.

"Imma go."

The blond stood up as well, a mix of confusion, concern and surprise on his face.

"Where are you going?"

"To my room, I'm tired."

And without saying another word, he left, heading straight to his own bedroom. He laid on his mattress right away, hugging his own pillow and burying his face on it. He wanted to sleep. He wanted to sleep so he could forget about all that.

God, why did he feel so *bad* ?

His stomach was hurting now too, and he felt kind of dizzy. A very visceral reaction to a sickness that wasn't really physical to begin with. He sighed, shutting his eyes close. He shifted to his side, then to the other. He tried to cover himself, then pushed the blankets away.

He wanted to sleep, he needed to. But he was too upset to do so, and there wasn't anything in his room to bring him the comfort that he needed to calm down enough so he could disconnect his brain. Without thinking it twice, he stood up, leaving his bedroom to head to the one next to his own. He opened the door without knocking, barging in without a warning.

Sapnap almost jumped on his seat, turning around instantly to look at him and eyes widening to the abrupt intrusion.

“Dude, you scared the crap out of me.”

“Sorry,” he mumbled, but didn’t stop his steps until he reached his roommate’s bed, laying on it without asking for permission first and burying his head on his pillow.

He saw his friend blinking from the corner of his eye, surprise quickly changing to concern.

“You okay?” The boy asked in a softer tone.

“Yep.” He simply said. But just as he was about to close his eyes and end the conversation, another voice caught his attention.

“Hi George,” Karl suddenly said. The brunet lifted his head, blinking a few times. But obviously the boy wasn’t actually there, and it only took him a couple of seconds to understand where the sound was coming from.

Right, they were in a video call together.

“Hi Karl.”

“What’s up buddy? How is it going?” His cheerful tone made his body relax against his will, which all things considered, it was a good thing. Yet the question still didn’t set right with his brain, keeping him high alert.

“Awesome,” he mumbled, not even adding a sarcastic tone, yet still pretty obvious there wasn’t honesty in his words either. “Everything’s fantastic.”

He buried his face on the pillow again, inhaling deeply to get some of his friend's scent. He didn’t like Sapnap’s smell nearly as much as he liked Dream’s, it didn’t make him half as at ease as the other did. But he didn’t want the blond’s scent right now, it would only upset him more, and his inner omega still recognized the youngest of them all as *family*, as a comfort figure, so his aroma was still comforting enough.

It kind of felt like... Indirectly being hugged by a sibling, or something. Kind of awkward, and not as great as other kinds of hugs, but still nice and calming when done properly.

“What’s wrong with him?” Despite the omega at the other side of the phone trying his best to be quiet and whisper, George still was able to catch his words.

“I don’t know,” the brown-haired boy whispered back.

“Well, what are you waiting for then? Go check on him!”

He heard his friend mumbling something, but couldn’t understand what, before ending his call. And just a few seconds later, he was sitting on the bed right next to him. They were silent for a moment, and George could almost feel the shorter one’s hesitation. But eventually, he spoke.

“So... Are you gonna tell me what happened?” He asked, placing a hand on his shoulder in a comforting gesture. The brunet relaxed to the touch, but still wasn’t enough to make him feel okay.

“No.”

“No?”

“No,” he repeated. “Just wanna sleep.”

He couldn't see it, but he was sure Sarnap was raising an eyebrow.

"In my bed?" The boy questioned.

"Yeah. You can use mine."

The alpha snorted to his words, the omega lifted his head just enough to see him shaking his head with an amused expression.

"We're not doing that," his friend decided. The Brit frowned, shifting a little to look at him more directly.

"Why not?" He questioned. He was offering him a perfectly fair deal, a bed for a bed, just for one night.

"First, because I don't want Clay to get pissed at me in the morning." Those words only made him frown more, about to ask why the blond would be pissed at him for that but not having enough time to before the brown-haired spoke again. "Second, do you really want me to stay in your room for a whole night? You know imma look through your stuff."

George blinked once, and twice, then his whole face twisted as he cringed.

Okay, no. That was *not* something he wanted to happen.

He had always been reserved with his space and reluctant to let other people stay around, because he liked to keep his privacy, and he didn't like when other people messed up his stuff and didn't keep them the way he liked it. The only reason he was offering now was because it felt almost like an emergency; a one in a kind situation that justified extreme measures; but that threat was enough to make him reconsider his whole deal.

He didn't want Sarnap near his stuff. He didn't want Sarnap looking through his stuff and exposing all his secrets, that he would for sure use against him whenever he had the chance. And he especially would rather to keep his friend as far away possible to keep him from finding his *sex toys* and the stolen clothes he still kept on his closet.

"We're not doing that."

The alpha instantly laughed at his reaction. The omega groaned in frustration, burying his face again. He just wanted to be comfortable and feel well enough to sleep, why did that have to be so hard?

His friend hummed to himself, and the hand on his shoulder gently squeezed the area, an affectionate gesture before the boy talked again.

"Talk to me, what's wrong?" The brunet hesitated for a moment, thinking of how to answer, but at the end, he simply sighed.

"Nothing," he mumbled; all he could offer as a response. And he wasn't lying, not really. Because realistically, there was nothing wrong. Nothing bad had happened, he had no reason to be upset. He didn't even fully understand why he felt that way in the first place.

But he knew it wasn't a good answer. He knew it didn't explain anything. And he knew technically there was more he could say, context he could give to explain the situation, but he didn't want to. He didn't want to address it.

Sapnap kept quiet for a moment, then sighed.

“You can sleep here, it’s fine. I won’t go to your room.”

George instantly lifted his head, looking at him with surprised eyes.

“Really?”

“But I’m getting you to your room in an hour,” his friend said, showing him one finger to emphasize his words. “I’m not sleeping on the couch.”

It wasn’t much, but hopefully it would be enough. He offered the boy a faint smile.

“Thanks.”

Sapnap patted his back, then stood up, turning the lights off for him. And he still had some trouble falling asleep, but eventually he managed to do so.

George pulled the blanket over himself some more, curling up on the couch as the sound of words he’s memorized by now filled the room. Dialogues he’s all too familiar with, spells he knew as if he actually attended the imaginary classes on the screen. Watching Harry Potter was like a ritual to him at this point, something he normally did whenever he needed the comfort to cheer himself up.

He had felt like absolute crap all day, but at least watching the films had kept his mind busy enough to relax for a few hours. Before deciding to put them on, it had been an awful day.

Things were bad from the start. Not in a way that he instantly realized they were, but that only made it worse when it finally hit him.

He woke up in the middle of the night feeling cold and shivering, soon discovering that he was somehow in own room; Sapnap stayed true to his words and managed to get him back there while he slept. He was half asleep, so he didn’t find any better solution than grabbing Dream’s hoodie, the most recent one that he’s acquired, and used his warmth and comforting smell to fall back asleep. And that was okay at first, except he got a little too comfortable and ended up oversleeping.

He woke up again at two in the afternoon with a headache, and, to make things worse, *half hard*.

At least now he understood what the problem was: The hoodie, sleeping with the scent was making his body remember *things* and causing him to have weird and inappropriate dreams.

He took a shower next, ready to push that behind him and once again pretend it didn’t happen, still unaware that his bad night was a prediction of how the rest of his day would go. And as soon as he was ready, he went downstairs, to get some meds for his headache and maybe some food too. But the moment he entered the kitchen, he saw him.

Dream.

The blond turned around right away, a warm smile meeting him and the smell of a homemade meal making his stomach grumble. And since his best friend was his best friend, it didn’t take more than a few seconds for him to notice something was off, quickly looking for the medicine he needed.

And at first that was okay too. Maybe he was still a little bit asleep, or maybe his brain didn’t want to remember the events of the previous day, but whatever it was, he let himself indulge. It was nice

to feel cared for, and he liked the attention the blond was giving him, even sharing his food with him.

That, until the alpha announced he needed to get ready to go out.

Just like that, his mood turned sour again.

Everything came crumbling down, the realization of just how awful the day would be, being too much. He went straight to his room after, wanting to sleep again and stay asleep for the rest of the day. But of course, that wasn't possible. Or well, it was, but a quick nap was enough for yet another unwanted dream to take over his brain.

He left the fucking hoodie on his bed. He forgot he had the fabric there. And apparently that was enough of a trigger for his needy self.

George wanted to scream.

His inner was sobbing, whining and sad. His hormones were all over the place, asking him to give attention to places he didn't want to touch. And he was upset, angry at the world and his friend but even more at himself.

He took another shower, a cold one, then went to Sapnap's room to bother him. But it turned out, the boy was getting ready to leave as well, having plans with Punz that he completely forgot about. And it was then when he decided to go to the living room to watch his comfort films.

And that's what he's been doing for the past four and a half hours.

He shifted on his spot again, getting comfortable with his blanket as he focused on the screen, peacefully enjoying the last forty minutes of the second movie. Time went on quickly when you're doing something you like, and before he knew it, the last few scenes turned into the credits rolling, and he clicked on the third film to watch that one now.

But just as the opening scene was about to start, a sound caught his attention, eyes drifting to the entrance of their house, to the main door opening.

An all too familiar figure entered the room, with a couple bags on his arms and looking somewhat tired. The boy closed the door behind him, then turned around.

And green eyes met brown ones.

The blond instantly smiled, his demeanor changing to a more relaxed one as he approached him.

"Hi." He seemed happy to see him. The brunet wished he could return the energy.

"Hey."

"What are you watching?"

The alpha sat by his side, lifting his blanket to cover himself with it as well. Then, before he could even answer, he showed him the two bags he was holding.

"I got you a muffin." He moved the first bag, placing it by the center table. "And on my way back I passed by that store we went to before your heat, the one with the yummy snacks? And well, I was *right there*, so like, I *had* to buy some... I mean, *technically*, I didn't have to, but, you know, how could I not?" He chuckled. "I got you a few things... It's mostly just snacks, to be honest, but there

was some other stuff that I thought you might like so...”

For a moment, George almost felt happy. His friend got him things, he thought of him and bought him stuff. He wanted so desperately to focus on that, to ignore the reason he went out in the first place and focus only on that nice gesture.

But then again...

“How did it go?” He let out before he could stop himself, the bitterness inside him too strong to ignore it. “Did you have *fun*?”

The boy blinked, seemingly taken back by the change of topic. But he still put the bag on the table, shifting to look at him more directly before responding to his question.

“Well, it was a little bit awkward, since it had been a long time... But it was okay.”

“I see.” God, he was a horrible friend. But he would be lying if he said a part of him didn’t wish his answer wasn’t so positive. “Are you meeting her again sometime?”

The blond shrugged, a disinterest he didn’t fully buy.

“Maybe. I mean, if we can work something out with our schedules, I don’t know.”

Dream seemed so calm as he let out those words. So unaware of how every single one of them burned inside the brunet like if they were poison. He pursed his lips, looking to the screen.

He tried to focus on the film, tried to ignore his own thoughts. But they were too loud. Too goddamn loud.

Because the blond didn’t say no. He didn’t say no and knowing that was making him irrationally angry.

For fuck’s sake, he was so upset he almost wanted to cry. And he felt stupid for reacting that way because there wasn’t anything fucking wrong with what his friend decided to do. Yet he was still mad, he was still resentful.

“George?” He heard the alpha question, hesitation and caution on his voice. “Are you okay?”

No, he wanted to say. *No and it’s your fault*.

But could he really blame him?

He knew the right thing to do was to admit he wasn’t feeling like himself, to say he was feeling moody but that it wasn’t really something the blond should feel bad for. He knew he had to take time to figure his thoughts out and calm down.

But again...

“I might start meeting people too,” he let out, eyes still glued to the screen. And the silence that fell over them was colder than he’s ever experienced.

He didn’t know why he said that. He didn’t know what took over him. First of all, it was a blatant lie. He had no desire to meet anyone. And second, he knew saying that wouldn’t end well.

But a part of him wanted that. He *wanted* Dream to get upset, to justify his own reaction. Because if the American disliked the idea of him seeing people, or had any negative thoughts on the matter,

then there was nothing wrong with him disliking the same.

“What?” His friend finally asked, after a few moments.

“I got an app,” he simply said, and despite not looking at him, he could feel the blond’s expression changing.

“An *app*?” The alpha questioned, disbelief in his tone and something more. A part of him hoped that ‘something’ was anger. Or anything remotely similar to what he himself was feeling. “George, you’re a public figure, you can’t just go meeting strangers-”

“Why not?” He quickly interrupted, finally daring to look at him. He crossed his arms, defensive in his posture and accusation on his features as he spoke again. “You went on a date, why can’t I do that too?”

The boy seemed taken back by his question, blinking a few times before frowning.

“What?” There was genuine confusion in his tone, like they weren’t speaking the same language. But soon enough, something seemed to click. “George... That wasn’t a date,” he mumbled, tone softer than before, body relaxing as well. But not two seconds later, that changed again, tensing up and furrowing his brows as before. “Wait, you wanna *date* people now?”

However, the omega was still stuck on the first part of his sentence.

That didn’t make sense.

“You said- You said it was a coffee date,” he accused. The boy looked at him with a face he couldn’t read.

“It’s an expression, George, like, study date. It just meant hanging out,” his friend clarified. “It wasn’t a *romantic* date, I have no interest in dating her.”

And just like that, all the pressure inside him was suddenly lifted. His shoulders relaxed, the bitterness on the mouth of his stomach slowly fading.

It wasn’t a date.

He wasn’t going to date her.

The brunet suppressed a smile, trying to stay neutral. Yet he felt strangely relieved.

“So your mom wasn’t setting you up with...?”

“No,” Dream cut him off. “My mom would never do that, she knows that’s not what I want.”

And now, he felt a little bit guilty, and pretty dumb too. He totally jumped into conclusions and went ahead of himself, without even asking to confirm if he was right or not. And maybe he didn’t exactly have the right to ask, but he sure as hell didn’t have the right to act like an ass about him going out with someone either and he still did that.

Maybe he should apologize. Maybe he should...

A strong hand grabbing his shoulder took him out of his thoughts.

“Now answer me,” the alpha demanded, tone back to being sharp and cold. “You wanna start dating strangers now?”

His stomach twisted to how deep the boy's voice sounded, gulping as anxiety suddenly filled him.

"No," he admitted. But now that didn't feel like a good answer. Not after everything he said.

He couldn't just admit it was all for show, that he spoke without thinking and he didn't mean anything of what he said. Plus, it wasn't fully true anyways, it wasn't like the thought of finding someone hadn't crossed his mind at all these past couple of days. It was just that he didn't exactly think about *dating* someone, but getting fucked by them instead.

"But I'm horny," he quickly yet quietly added, to try to make his sentence make sense. And it was something that he would have never admitted a month ago, but now felt like a normal thing to say. Then again, fully blaming it on that was a lie too, and the blond deserved some honesty after the scene he just caused. "And... I was upset."

Dream raised an eyebrow.

"Why were you upset?"

Okay, he deserved *some* honesty, not all. And according to his book, saying how he felt was more than enough. He didn't feel like explaining why.

"Because," he simply said. But by the glare he received in response, he could tell it wasn't enough. "I'm frustrated," he decided to add, since it was truthful enough.

"So you're just gonna, what? Start having hookups?" George's eyes widened slightly to the change of tone on his friend's voice. If he wasn't mad before, he surely was now. "Why *the fuck* would you do that, George?"

"Just told you I'm horny," he quickly let out, in a defensive voice. He didn't mean to make it sound like that, but the alpha's scent was getting too heavy and it was making him on edge. "But I wasn't actually gonna meet-"

"I get that, I get you can get horny or whatever," the blond interrupted him, and more than just upset he almost sounded hurt. "But *why* would you do *that* with other people?"

The omega blinked a few times.

There was something about that sentence, something about that wording, that made all his thoughts stop. All the excuses and reasons he was ready to give him were now gone, and his focus was put only on those words.

He hesitated for a second, before shifting to look at him more directly. And then, he asked, in a quiet and almost unsure tone.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm *right here*, George. If you need someone to fuck you, ask *me*."

Heat pooled on his stomach faster than he could even blink. His cheeks turned dark red, heartbeat racing under the intense stare.

"I-"

"We went over this already, so why the hell...? Did I- Did I not do a good enough job with your heat? Is that it?"

His stomach twisted to those words, and suddenly it was hard to breathe. He opened his mouth to talk, but he had lost his ability to speak.

Dream was looking at him in a way that he's never before. He was moving closer in a way that made his whole self high alert, yet unable to fight or flight, frozen on his spot.

He took a deep breath, and tried again.

"No, that's not-"

"What is it then?" The boy questioned. And the brunet shivered as coldness hit him, realizing the blanket was no longer covering him. "Do you think a random would know how to touch you? Would know what you like?" A hand was placed on his thigh, he took a sharp breath. "Would they leave you *satisfied*?"

"No," he choked out.

His head was spinning, he could barely think. But the answer to that was more than obvious, it was all too clear. There's no way a random person would know how to please him. No one ever knew how, not even himself.

The hand squeezed his thigh, big body moved closer.

"You think they could fuck you better than I can?" The alpha whispered, raspy and low voice sending shivers down his spine.

Another sharp breath, he pressed his legs together. And he tried to pretend he was fine, but the uncomfortable wetness he felt every time he moved was hard to ignore.

"No."

"Then why are you even *considering* going to someone else?"

A hand on his hip, pulling him closer.

Taking a deep breath, trying to organize his thoughts.

There was a reason why he didn't ask... There was a reason, right?

"M-My heat is over." He finally remembered. His heat was over and so his friend had no reason to help him out.

Apparently, that answer wasn't good enough. In a fast movement, Dream pulled him onto his lap. Both hands on his ass, squeezing his cheeks.

George lowered his head, biting a sound back.

"So?" The blond questioned, not stopping his actions. "You weren't in heat yet when I helped you over the phone, were you? We weren't even practicing yet either."

He placed both of his hands on his hips now, and slowly began to move him. The brunet tried his hardest not to moan, yet he couldn't help but rock his hips as the boy clearly wanted him to, rubbing his hard member against his leg, *humming it*.

"We also weren't practicing the second time we called, were we?" The alpha whispered. The omega could only shake his head. He barely even cared at this point if he was right or wrong, he

just wanted to give in.

“I told you I would do anything for you,” the boy mumbled, moving one hand up to his hair and petting it softly. And then, he had the audacity of kissing his head.

As if he was nothing but gentle and sweet to him. As if he wasn’t still moving him to keep him rocking his hips, making him a whole mess.

“Being your heat partner? Yeah, I can do that.” The hand moved back down to his ass as before. But this time, it slid inside his pants, ignoring his wet underwear and going straight to his entrance. “But if you need help outside that, if you need to be pleased...” He began to rub circles over his hole, making a whine finally escape his lips. “*I should be the one doing that too.*”

“*Dream*,” he whimpered, but it almost felt like a plea.

He shifted his hips with desperation, trying to feel him more, *needing* to feel him more. But the alpha didn’t move, he kept his finger right there. And George couldn’t handle that, not right now, not after everything he’s been feeling for the past two days. He couldn’t keep waiting anymore, he couldn’t wait any longer.

“*Please* just fuck me already,” he begged. And as always, Dream complied.

He pushed two fingers inside without a warning.

Not like he needed one. He was wet enough and ready to take them. He could’ve handled three. He could’ve handled something a lot bigger.

But fingers on his ass were still fucking amazing. Digits thrusting in and out of him, stroking his walls, getting deeper each time... It was freaking heavenly. It felt so good to be filled. It was so nice to feel full.

The boy moved his hand in the way he knew he would like it the most. And good lord, his eyes *rolled* with pleasure. The omega immediately lowered his head, burying it on the blond’s shoulder as almost pornographic sounds began to come out. But he couldn’t bring himself to care.

He had been craving that. He had been dreaming about it, cumming in his sleep, craving that.

His body was burning up, he was breathing so heavily barely any air was getting in, and his clothes were getting soaked wet. But none of it mattered. None of it mattered because he was getting what he so desperately wanted. Yet it still wasn’t enough. Yet he still was a greedy monster.

“More.”

A third finger was added, his whole body shook with pleasure. The movements of the alpha’s hand were less fluid now, and he could tell his clothes still on were getting in the way, restricting his hand and how much it could move. But he could also tell Dream wouldn’t make any attempt to take them off.

He wanted to do it like that. He wanted to fuck him like that, despite being restricted. Almost as if to prove a point, almost as if to show off. Almost as if to say, *no matter the conditions, and even like this, I can still please you more.*

He was gonna be the end of him.

But he couldn’t complain, because he knew he would succeed. He still had him panting and

moaning like there was no tomorrow, he still had him leaking precum on his underwear. He still had him humping his leg like he was still in heat and desperate for his dick.

The alpha pushed his fingers deeper, finally grazing his prostate. A loud moan escaped his lips, holding tightly onto the boy. He twisted his wrist, changing his angle, purposely hitting his sweet spot with every thrust. George felt like he could die then and there. And just as he thought it couldn't get any better, Dream placed his free hand over his clothed dick, giving some deserved friction to his erection.

He was cumming in his pants before he could even blink.

The omega gripped at the boy's clothes, waves of satisfaction running through his body and making him tremble as his orgasm hit him. He buried his face on the blond's shoulder some more, biting at his skin to keep his moans under control.

His friend slowly ceased his movements, until they came to a full stop, giving him time to fully ride off his high before removing his fingers and fixing his clothes. The brunet took a few extra seconds to calm down his breathing, feeling lightheaded but finally at ease. And then, once he finally felt calm enough, he sighed, letting go of the boy's clothes and relaxing.

"All good?" Dream asked, moving the hand previously on his dick to his back, rubbing it softly.

He nodded in response, understanding the question wasn't just about how he felt, but also about everything the blond did. He needed confirmation he didn't cross a line.

"You bit me," his friend pointed out next. And just like that, blood pooled on his cheeks again, embarrassment filling him. "Were you trying to mark me, George?"

"You're an idiot," he mumbled, faking annoyance.

"I can't even leave hickeys without you freaking out, but you can *bite me* just like that, huh?"

"Shut up, you're being annoying." The alpha laughed at his reaction. Moving closer to kiss his head.

And he could tell he was about to pull away, he could tell he was about to offer to clean him up, act like they were done and move on to talk about whatever he might want to talk after that. But George wasn't done. He didn't want to be done.

Because it still wasn't enough. He still was a greedy monster.

"Dream," he mumbled, placing his hands on the boy's arms to keep him there as he pulled away enough to look at him. "My room. Now."

The blond blinked a few times, clearly confused. He glanced down to the wet spot on the brunet's pants, then back at his face.

"But you just--"

"Don't care," he cut him off. "I want you inside."

That proved to be enough to wake his friend's greedy side as well.

"*Fuck.*"

His hands instantly fell to his hips, and just like that they were up. The American carried him to the

room without saying a word, and before he could realize, they were on his bed, hands eagerly working on getting rid of both of their clothes. And as soon as they were both naked, their bodies showing just how excited the two of them were, the alpha moved down, his face growing closer to his own.

“George,” he breathed out, a tint of nervousness on his tone as his big hands caressed his sides and his chest, exploring his skin slowly. “Can I- is kissing allowed?”

The brunet rolled his eyes, wrapping his arms around his neck.

“Don’t ask stupid questions,” he let out. And then he pulled him closer, crashing their lips together.

The way his friend melted into the gesture was almost adorable, the way he moved his mouth was sweet and kind. But it didn’t stay that way for long.

Desperation and need soon took over, kiss growing hungry and demanding. Tongues were added to the equation, pleased sighs coming out as they danced together and teeth played with each other’s lips. The boy reached for his nightstand, to grab one of the condoms he left there, but without ever breaking their connection.

Until their lungs screamed for air.

The blond pulled away first, using the break to put the condom on. He positioned between his legs better, and the brunet spread them apart more for him, giving him the space he needed. And god, now that they were there, ready and willing, and this was actually about to happen... He felt a little bit nervous.

This was the first time they would do it with him in his right mind, not flooded by hormones. It was the first time he would have sex with him outside his heat. But he wanted it, he was sure of it.

Dream gave him a questioning look, asking for permission. George nodded right away, taking a deep breath. And the alpha pushed himself inside.

The omega threw his head back, closing his eyes and biting his lips.

Okay. *Okay*. That definitely felt different. But not in a bad way. Not in a bad way at all.

Feeling his friend’s dick opening his walls and pushing deeper inside him, while having full consciousness and in all his senses, with nothing changing the way his body felt, was pretty amazing.

It wasn’t as easy to move inside him as the last time they were together, and the sensation was almost a little bit uncomfortable, since he wasn’t in heat and his body wasn’t in the best condition as it could be. But he kind of liked that, he liked being able to tell just how *big* his friend was.

His thoughts were interrupted by a pair of lips against his own.

The boy kissed him and wrapped a hand around his member, stroking him lightly, wanting to keep his body both pleased and distracted enough so he could work on getting himself fully inside. And it worked, the brunet focused on the pleasant feelings and soon enough, he finally was filled full.

He couldn’t help the moan that escaped him, his partner making a similar noise. The American gave him a few minutes to get used to the sensation, before he began to rock his hips.

The Brit held onto his friend tighter, more sounds coming out with every movement. And the more

he moved, the more he got used to it, and the better it felt.

It felt fucking amazing.

Dream kept proving over and over just how skilled he was. He kept proving over and over how easy it came to him to please him in the ways he liked it. And he knew there and then he was right with the jokes he made, and that the playful comments held some truth to it.

He *was* the best dick he's ever had. He might be the best one he would ever be able to get.

"Fuck, you feel *so* good," his friend suddenly let out, mimicking his train of thoughts, showing that it wasn't just him enjoying himself. He lowered his head, placing soft kisses all over the omega's neck, making him whine in response. "It's not the same alone anymore," he whispered against his skin, a lustful confession.

Somehow, the admission made things feel better. His heartbeat raced, more slick being produced, body heating up even more. His walls squeezed the alpha's dick with need, every thrust sending electric waves through his whole body.

Knowing that he liked it, knowing that he missed it too. Knowing that for him too, it was better together than on his own.

The brunet wrapped his arms around his waist, hands wandering through his back, feeling him up.

"I know," he whispered back, tilting his head to give him better access to his neck, wanting him to keep placing kisses on it. "I tried," he admitted, giving him the same kind of honesty the boy was offering him.

His words seemed to have a similar effect on the blond, moving his hips faster and thrusting harder and deeper than before. George could only moan, panting heavily and holding onto the boy like his life depended on it.

Dream aimed for his prostate next, and he could already feel himself trembling. He hit it once, he hit it twice, and he was seeing white. The way his walls squeezed the alpha was enough to have him cumming too only a couple movements after.

The blond groaned against his neck, hands gripping at his hips so hard it could actually leave bruises. And then, out of the blue and without warning first, he knotted him.

George almost screamed.

His eyes shuttered close, biting his own lips to stop any sound from coming out.

Holy *fuck*.

That felt *way* different.

In all honesty, it was a bit painful. Dream was big and he wasn't in heat, and his body was way too sensitive after having two consecutive orgasms. But nevertheless, it was still good. *Really* good. And he wouldn't mind if he did that after every time they fucked. He wouldn't mind feeling connected like that, feeling like one.

The alpha lifted his head all too quickly, panicked expression showing him apologetic eyes.

"Sorry, I didn't mean... I didn't mean to do that. I don't know why- I usually control it better," he

let out, anxious tone as he realized just how far he went. The brunet offered him a sympathetic smile in response, raising a hand and placing it on the boy's cheek for a few seconds before lowering it again.

"S fine," he assured. His friend's expression seemed to relax, but he still looked worried.

"Does it hurt...?"

"A little," he admitted, because he didn't feel like lying was the right move this time.

"M sorry," the American mumbled, but he shook his head.

"I don't mind... I kinda like it."

Dream's eyes widened to his words, a soft shade of pink invading his cheeks. He let out an awkward chuckle, lowering his head to hide it on the omega's shoulder. And he couldn't be sure, but his reaction kind of made it seem like he was flustered.

They stayed in silence after that, both taking time to fully calm down.

The brunet knew as soon as his friend was able to pull out they would have to face what they did, and the consequences of that, and the boy would probably want to talk. But he didn't want to think of any of that right now, he didn't want to deal with reality just yet. He wanted to enjoy the moment for just a while longer, for as long as he could.

However, the alpha had other plans.

"George." The American lifted his head again, looking directly at him. His expression was more serious now, but at the same time, he seemed hesitant to speak. After just a couple of seconds, though, he did just that. "Delete the app," he let out, a simultaneous plea and a demand.

Guilt made an appearance again, a lie driven by irrational anger catching up to him.

Okay, maybe he needed to come clean now.

He took a deep breath, then looked away.

"I... Never downloaded it."

Green eyes blinked a few times.

"What?" The boy asked, clearly confused. "But you said-"

"I misspoke," he interrupted him, cheeks filling with blood. "I wasn't actually gonna meet people, I just thought about it."

The blond blinked again, staring straight at his face. The brunet felt exposed, like he could see right through him and how his words were nothing but a tantrum. Just him being a *brat* and behaving like one, because he didn't like things going in a way he didn't want them to; just like the boy had accused him of a couple nights ago.

But to his surprise, his friend simply smiled, seemingly relieved. He moved down, pressing their lips together softly before resting his head on his shoulder again.

And maybe he could leave it at that, he could go back to enjoy the moment for as much as he could. But his focus was broken, and now it was him the one thinking about the conversation they

had. Everything the alpha said, all his reactions. Every single one of his words, and what they implied. Until he was the one wanting to do the talking, until he had doubts he needed to say out loud.

“So... We’re doing this now? You’re helping me out?” He asked, because that’s what his partner had basically made it sound like. “Whenever I get *needy*, I’m supposed to... I mean, you’re like... Officially my sex helper now?”

Dream snorted to his choice of words, lifting his head yet once again to look at him. With a raised eyebrow, and an amused grin.

“I think it’s called *fuck buddies*, George.”

The omega’s whole face scrunched with disgust.

“Don’t be vulgar.”

The blond snorted again.

“*Vulgar*,” he mocked. And yeah, okay, maybe he could see why he would make fun of him for that. The boy hummed, thinking for a moment before talking again. “We’re... Buddies, that fuck.”

The brunet instantly huffed.

“How is that any better?” He complained. But then he shook his head. He was missing the point. “I don’t care about what you call it. Are you helping me outside my heat from now on or what?”

“Yeah.” The answer came almost a little too quickly, making him smile in amusement.

The expression of certainty didn’t last long, though, a sense of nervousness invading his friend’s features after, seeming hesitant for a moment before he mumbled again.

“But just me, okay?” He asked, although it sounded more like a demand. George blinked a few times, watching slight panic take over the boy’s face and his cheeks tinting red. And that both guilty and embarrassed face made his amusement come back. “I mean, I just- I don’t think you should ask other-”

“Dream, are you *jealous*?” He interrupted him, voice teasing and mocking him with his words, with a little-too-full-of-himself smile to emphasize. The redness on the alpha’s face grew, eyes widening in a comical way.

However, the deer-like expression didn’t last either. All too soon, ashamed eyes turned into knowing ones, a brow being raised and a smug smirk taking over his lips. The omega blinked in confusion, and he was about to ask, when the boy suddenly spoke first.

“Why were you upset earlier again?”

It was brown orbs that widened now, his own cheeks heating up. And looking at the questioning face Dream was offering him, he knew it. He knew he had been caught after all.

His bad excuses to justify his lies could only cover so much.

He couldn’t completely hide the reasons behind his actions, his friend knew him too well.

The brunet huffed in defeat, looking to the side to avert his eyes. Okay, that maybe they both behaved in ways they probably shouldn’t have. Maybe they both let their gatekeeping go a little too

far. But wasn't that just... Them being them?

Treating each other like they were exclusive to one another, leading to possessive behaviors their friends would make fun of. Mostly the blond being the protective one, trying to keep him all for himself, but he had his moments too.

Maybe they both took it too far, maybe they both sinned of jealousy. But he wasn't going to admit it out loud, and he wasn't going to apologize for it. Just like he knew Dream wouldn't either.

"I'm not gonna ask other people," he mumbled, ready to go back to the previous topic and leave whatever just happened aside. "I don't really want to, so..."

The boy hummed, happy with his answer. And again, maybe he could have left it at that. But if the blond had his demands, his terms and conditions, he wanted to have his own as well. Because he didn't want it to be like with his pre-heat, when he wanted things but was scared of crossing a line to say them out loud.

If they were doing this, they were doing it right.

"Dream," he said, looking directly into his eyes. "If you're helping me, I'm helping you too."

The alpha blinked, tilting his head.

"What?"

"You said it yourself, it doesn't feel the same alone. So, you can ask for help too," he explained. "It can't be just when I want it, I want you to tell me when you want it too."

The American seemed surprised by his words at first, but a smile appeared soon enough, nodding to his words.

"Okay," he agreed. Yet right after, he seemed doubtful again, hesitating as he spoke. "Does it... Is it just sex that counts?"

The Brit furrowed his brows, tilting his head as well.

"What do you mean?"

"Like, if I'm in the mood to like, *kiss* , but not for anything else. If I feel like kissing someone..."

"You can kiss me," he instantly said, nodding a couple of times. And his friend's smile was back.

"Okay."

"Okay."

The omega pulled the alpha closer, connecting their lips again to further prove his point. Just for a couple of seconds, though, not wanting things to escalate for a third time.

"We're still not telling Sappnap, though," he mumbled, as soon as they pulled apart. Dream snorted to his words, raising an eyebrow next. He gave him a look that almost seemed to say 'are you serious?'

George offered him a questioning one in response.

"What?" His reaction only increased whatever his friend's expression was trying to communicate,

as if he couldn't believe he was actually asking that. But he was, and the lack of answer was starting to annoy him. "What?"

"George, I don't think that's... I mean, he pretty much..." The boy stumbled over his words. The brunet raised an eyebrow again. "... Nothing, nevermind," the blond concluded, shaking his head. "I won't tell him, about *this*."

The wording was a little weird, but he let it pass.

"We need to clean downstairs, use some air freshener or perfume or something," he mumbled, now that he was thinking of not letting the other find out. He groaned after, not fully realizing what they just did. "We had sex *on the couch*. We can't do that again."

"You liked it though."

"You're an idiot."

Dream wheezed to his words, moving down to kiss his forehead. Then he shifted their positions, being careful not to hurt him, but getting in a more comfortable one so they could hug. He moved a hand to his hair next, petting it softly.

"Do you wanna take a shower later?" He asked with a soft tone. The omega instantly shook his head.

"No. I've taken two showers today, I refuse to take a third."

The alpha gave him a questioning look that soon turned into an amused one, quietly mumbling an 'okay' before focusing on playing with his hair again. And they stayed like that for a while longer, in comfortable silence while keeping each other close, until the boy's knot finally went down, and he was able to pull out. The brunet allowed the blond to use his bathroom to shower, putting on his sleeping clothes in the meanwhile and getting into the bed.

The blond returned a few minutes later, with a towel wrapped around his waist. He picked his underwear up from the floor and put it on, before going to sit on the bed. George moved to the side, lifting the blankets and patting the spot next to him.

"You want me to lay with you?" His partner asked about his actions, to confirm that's what they meant; as if it wasn't obvious enough.

"It should be a part of the deal, to lay together after," he mumbled, shrugging next. "I mean, you know my inner doesn't like it if you leave too soon, and you like aftercare, so..."

The boy looked at him with amusement, before carefully getting on the bed and wrapping his arms around him, pulling him close.

"You can just say you're a cuddler, George," he mumbled. And the omega felt his cheeks heating up with embarrassment. "I wasn't gonna leave, idiot, give me some credit." The blond kissed his head affectionately, caressing his back next. "I might fall asleep, though, since we're under the blankets and it's getting late..."

"That's okay," he hurried to say. His friend smiled softly at him in response.

In all honesty, it was more than okay. In all honesty, a part of him hoped the sex always ended up in naps or spending the night together, because that was the only way he truly got the rest he needed, and he wouldn't mind getting good nights of sleep here and there.

Dream kissed his head again, then closed his eyes. George allowed himself to do the same. And he felt happy, relaxed, and ready to fall asleep too.

He was thankful for that, and thankful for him. And maybe, just maybe, with their new arrangement he could be at peace again.

Chapter End Notes

FINALLYYYYY, THE UPDATE IS HERE WOOO! im sorry this took so longggggg, college fried my brain and my stomach decided to die, but im back now yay!! and with a particularly long chapter too (which hopefully justifies taking longer too ahah), because the heat arc might be over but a new one had started and things gotta start moving hehe

to be completely honest, i dont like the first section of this chapter nearly as much as i like the other two, but im still very hyped about you guys finally reading it and i hope you like it anyways :D im very excited to see your comments as i said on twitter ahah

also, isnt it nice to see things being so happy and fluffy? :] i wonder if thats gonna last

anyways, i dont think i have anything else to say this time ahah :D just the usual thank you for the support, and i'll be seeing you again as soon as i can!! i gotta go back to studying eventually but i'll be reading your comments and reactions on twitter too woo

have a great night/day, youre the best<3

[twitter](#)

[tumblr](#) (i made it look all pretty woo, so i'll post my fics description there maybe tomorrow or so, and then i'll try to start being a little more active there hehe)

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The intention of a short nap turned into a whole night of sleep.

It was fair to say he hadn't slept so well since the days right after his heat.

Strong arms holding him brought him comfort, body warmth pressed against him made him feel safe. Less space and sharing his sheets were actually comfortable, emptiness gone and a smile on his face as he woke up with a body next to him. George never minded sleeping alone. But maybe having company was better.

Well, if said company was Dream.

Brown eyes caught sun-kissed skin, examining every mark, every detail, and the peaceful expression of his friend still asleep. He looked at his hair, dirty blond locks gently falling on his forehead. He looked at his lips, slightly dry yet looking as soft as he knew they were. He looked at the way his chest moved when he breathed, so slowly and calm without a worry in the world. He looked at him, all of him.

His hand moved slowly, doubting if to tangle his fingers on that messy hair.

"I can feel you staring."

George practically jumped.

His eyes widened with surprise, retracting his hand right away and taking some distance.

"Jesus christ, what the hell is wrong with you?" He let out right away, a soft laugh escaping his partner's lips as he finally showed him his green orbs. "Why would you keep your eyes closed if you're awake? That's so- You're so weird." The brunet tried his best to ignore the growing blush on his cheeks, watching the boy laugh some more to his reaction.

"It's not funny," he complained, still trying to hide his embarrassment.

"It kinda is though."

"You scared the crap out of me."

"That's why it's funny."

The omega huffed to his answer, getting some giggles in response. And then, the alpha moved closer. The lips he stared at soon found his own, a gentle pressure over his mouth making his chest warm up.

His stomach filled with bubbles, heart beating faster. So taken back by the unexpected yet pleasant action that before he could respond to it, the American had already pulled away.

The Brit blinked once, then twice, the light blush of his cheeks intensifying slightly.

"What was that for?" He asked, confusion and intrigue in his voice. The boy shrugged in response.

“Well, that’s allowed now, so…”

George couldn’t help but smile at the answer. He couldn’t help but smile to the casual tone of Dream’s voice. His inner cheered with excitement, and he tried to ignore how warm everything felt inside.

He was right, that was, indeed, allowed.

If they wanted, they could do that every morning, and every night. He could kiss him good morning first thing after waking up, and kiss him goodnight right before going to bed.

They wouldn’t do it, there was no need to. It wasn’t exactly something he’s been dreaming of or wanting to do, never been a big fan of kisses or needing them too often. But technically, if he wanted, they could press their lips together every day, as soon as they saw each other and before going separate ways.

With that thought in mind, he moved closer again.

Their mouths meet for just a couple of seconds, but it was enough to reaffirm that it was real, their arrangement truly happened, and they could kiss if they wanted.

He pulled apart slowly, yet the other’s lips chased him again. He kissed him with more intention this time, he kissed him like he meant to. Their mouths moved slowly and in sync, hands finding his waist and caressing his sides. He wrapped his arms around the boy’s neck, keeping him close and inviting him to keep going.

The gesture got hungrier, more demanding, yet it was still somewhat gentle. As if to stop it from going too far, as if to keep it controlled.

And the brunet realized, then, that he wouldn’t mind if it escalated further. He realized, then, that just like they could start their days with a kiss if they wanted, they could also fuck, first thing in the morning. They could have sex whenever they wanted, they could help each other out right there and then if they felt like it.

And he felt like it.

He pulled the blond closer, carefully laying down and pulling to lay over him. He ran his tongue over the alpha’s bottom lip, asking for access, and explored his mouth as soon as it was granted.

He deepened the kiss, his hands running up and down his back, applying more and more pressure so their bodies were pressed together until they touched. And once a soft sound found its way into the kiss, the brunet finally broke apart.

“Dream,” he whispered, hands continuing its movements. “Do you wanna…?”

Dream’s face was slightly blushed, lips reddish and wet. He seemed somewhat surprised by his words, yet he still nodded slowly.

“I… I wouldn’t mind,” the blond mumbled in response, and the omega couldn’t help but roll his eyes to his choice of words. But right after saying that, the alpha lowered his head, burying his face on the pale neck and taking a deep breath. He pulled apart, frowning slightly. “You don’t smell like… I mean, you don’t seem…”

“Horny?” He completed, getting a nod in response. “I’m not,” he admitted then. And the confused glance he got was enough to know he was expected to explain. “But this is allowed now, so…”

The British wrapped his arms around his waist, pulling him closer again. "I want it."

George wasn't one to usually initiate sex in the morning. George wasn't one to initiate sex in general, if he was honest. He was more of agreeing to it than asking directly, both because his partners usually had a higher libido than him and because he liked the feeling of having the last word in the matter, being in control of accepting or denying the proposal.

But he also liked testing new things when he just got them, and this wasn't any different.

Sex with Dream felt good. Sex with Dream was allowed now. And they were alone, and the kisses were nice. It was easy to want more.

The blond hummed to his words, nodding after, as if to let him know he understood his logic.

He placed his hands on the smaller waist, caressing his sides before sliding them down to his hips, then his legs. He slowly spread them apart, positioning himself better between them.

"I have to make you wet first, then."

The omega's face turned bright red.

He huffed with embarrassment, giving him an annoyed look.

"Don't say it like that," he complained, getting a soft laugh in response.

The boy lowered himself, lifting his shirt slightly before placing soft kisses over his skin. His hands caressed his legs softly, then reached his pants, slowly pulling them down. The brunet blinked a few times, his brain filling with a few different ideas of what was going on.

"What are you going to-"

"M gonna eat you out," his friend confirmed, placing kisses over his v-line before spreading his legs some more, lowering himself further as well. He glanced up at him, at his reddish face, offering him a playful grin before speaking again. "M gonna *lick* the slick out of you."

George's face was on fire, embarrassment running through his body as he groaned and looked away.

"Stop that," he instantly said, knowing the blond had chosen those words on purpose to cause that reaction. "You're making it weird, stop talking like that." Dream tried to hold back, but not even two seconds later he was wheezing, making the brunet groan in annoyance again.

But the playful vibe didn't last, the alpha placing his lips over his inner thighs, nipping at his skin and kissing up his legs, getting closer and closer to the place he wanted to taste.

And his actions, and the way he was looking at him... God, he could already feel his body warming up.

The American bit softly at his skin, pulling at it and sucking next with the clear intention of leaving a mark. The Brit took a sharp breath, closing his eyes for a second to the unexpected action.

"Dream-"

"No one's going to see it here," the boy instantly said, kissing the forming bruise before moving so his face would be in front of the omega's ass. But then, he doubted, looking up to see his face.

“This is okay, right? I can-”

“Yes,” he cut him off, nodding a few times.

Fuck yes, it was okay. More than okay.

In all honesty, it wasn't even that necessary at this point. The anticipation had been enough to make his hormones wake up. But although a part of him wanted Dream to fuck him already, another part was all too eager to be pleased by his tongue.

His partner's hands were placed on his ass, spreading his cheeks apart as he moved his face even closer. His tongue barely grazed at his rim, but it was enough to make him take a deep breath.

God, that already felt good. He needed to remember how skilled the boy was.

“Don't use your fingers, just your mouth,” he warned, knowing that the alpha liked to use both. “And don't do it for too long, or I'll end up cumming.”

The blond lifted his head slightly, offering him a questioning look.

“So?”

“So I don't want to, not like that.” He looked at his friend, directly to his eyes. And suddenly, it felt like the perfect time for payback. “I wanna cum from your dick.”

Dream's cheeks turned dark red instantly, groaning as he lowered his head.

“George- How is that fair?” He whined, making the brunet smile with satisfaction. “I can't say things like that but you can?”

“Yes.”

He let out a soft laugh seeing the boy's face, how flustered he seemed with something so simple. Probably because he took him off guard, but still, it was a win. However, as before, the playful vibe didn't last long.

The omega let out a choked-out sigh as the alpha suddenly decided to go straight to work.

In a matter of seconds his hands were gripping the sheets, eyes closed and breath getting irregular. In a matter of seconds, he was regretting his own words, panting filling the room and the wet muscle exploring his insides in a way that only made him want more.

He wanted to cum, just like that. He wanted to cum, then be fucked again.

He wanted to shake from overwhelming pleasure, losing his mind and ability to think as Dream pounded into him hard without a care for the fact that he had just orgasmed.

The thought alone almost sent him to the edge, leaking precum all over his stomach and his walls clenching as he approached his release. And he decided then, he didn't give two fucks about his original plan, wanting to get as much as he could have.

The blond caught up on his change of mind quite easily, and next thing he knew he was putting all his focus on stimulating his prostate.

Electric waves running through his body reminded him once again of what he had been missing. Satisfaction was a feeling he would never get tired of.

And despite having the alpha's dick inside him just the night before, and despite the fact that his body was still trembling lightly, he still spread his legs further and lifted his hips slightly to invite his partner to screw him as he pleased.

Dream was addictive, and George was greedy.

The blond didn't complain, sinning of lustful hunger just like he did.

He was careful at first, like he always was. All too gentle and trying to not overstimulate him. The brunet could enjoy that, he liked the way he treated him. Like he was a prize he needed to cherish, one wrong movement and he wouldn't be allowed to keep having him.

But he also liked it when the alpha focused on his own needs, when he took whatever he wanted to get from him, unapologetic.

He liked it when he put his compliant and attentive traits aside, and showed he could be demanding too.

The boy didn't do that enough. George wanted him to be more selfish.

He wanted things to stop feeling like it was just him wanting it, he wanted Dream to show him he was getting something from it too.

So he shifted his hips, to add to the stimulation and pick up the pace. So he bit his lips, scratched his back and moaned loudly. So he put out a show, letting the boy's name slip out and not afraid of whispering pleas.

It was fun to watch the blond try to maintain control. It was better to feel him lose it.

And maybe it was slightly painful, how hard and fast he thrust into him. But he couldn't bring himself to care, he couldn't say he wasn't enjoying it.

He just wanted more, and more, because he could.

Dream fucked him like he's been wanting to for long; as if they hadn't been doing it for six days straight just two weeks ago, as if they didn't do it the night before. One strong hand keeping his body firmly pressed against the bed, the other hand holding his hips to keep him in place as he thrust deeper into him. Soft groans and heavy breathing matched his pleased moans and chest moving.

And when the blond's hip shuddered, body trembling and hands gripping his skin a little too harshly, enough to leave purple marks... When his partner filled the condom, a loud moan escaping his lips and closing his eyes shut... He almost wished he could feel it.

He could understand why his heat-driven self got upset at the condoms, after all.

The blond pulled out slowly, careful as he knew the brunet would be sensitive, taking a deep breath as he threw away the thing covering him then laid down by his side. The omega took a few moments to calm his breathing as well, feeling as the boy wrapped his arms around him.

He allowed himself to close his eyes and relax, giving his body time to rest and recover. Because he surely needed it, his legs feeling like noodles and his whole self weak and tired. He allowed himself to enjoy the almost-domestic affection, laying next to his partner and letting him caress his arms like it was normal to act calm and comfortable after fucking your best friend.

But not for too long, he couldn't relax for too long. He knew he couldn't risk falling asleep. They wouldn't be alone forever and although his door had now the scent neutralizers, it didn't mean they were safe laying in bed naked next to each other. Besides...

"We didn't clean downstairs last night," he let out, sighing next. He felt too tired to care, but he didn't wanna get caught.

"It's not like it's going to smell like you after a whole night," the boy replied, stroking his arm in a reassuring gesture. And he decided that was good enough. His friend was probably right.

The blond moved a little closer again, pressing a soft kiss on his lips then using one hand to pet his hair.

"You hungry? I could use some breakfast," the alpha asked. The omega thought for a few seconds before nodding.

"Yeah, you can make me something." Dream snorted to his words, raising an eyebrow.

"I *can* make you something?" The American questioned. "Are you giving me *permission*?"

"Yes." He nodded. "I'm feeling generous, so you can make me something." Dream scoffed, shaking his head before lifting himself up to get out of bed.

"Let's take a shower, then we can both go downstairs and eat," the blond mumbled as he offered him a hand. The brunet rolled his eyes, but still took the hand and stood up as well.

He still felt like it was too soon to take a shower after taking two the day before, but he didn't wanna stink of sex since they did it twice in the last twelve hours.

"Fine, but you have to wash my hair."

"I *have*-? You're so lazy George." The boy laughed, shaking his head again. He smirked next, giving him a knowing look. "So you wanna shower together, then?"

George nodded, not a hint of interest on his face.

"It's efficient." His friend laughed again. And then, out of nowhere, strong arms picked him up, making his eyes widen. "*Dream*, what are you- put me down!" But the alpha didn't comply, simply walking to the bathroom with him in his arms.

"Why? It's *efficient*."

God, he hated when the blond got like that. He hated that it made him smile each time.

The boy didn't stop until they reached the shower, just then putting him down. But despite the annoyance he tried to show, it didn't actually bother him.

In all honesty, it was kind of nice.

Getting in the bath together wasn't as awkward as the first time they did it with him fully conscious. It almost felt normal, like he was used to it. And Dream washed his hair as he asked, after all.

As soon as they were clean and dressed, they went downstairs to get some food.

Dream went to grab the bags with the muffins, snacks, and everything else he bought the day

before first, before heading to the kitchen. George sat down to check his gifts as the alpha focused on making some tea and toasts with eggs.

He sat down next to him as soon as food was ready, and the brunet shared his muffins with him.

Eating in silence wasn't uncomfortable, it wasn't awkward. He was happy nothing felt out of place, not even with what they did.

That was enough to shut the small part of him that was still doubtful about his decision. He knew now that things could work out just fine.

They fell into small talk eventually, talking about everything and anything at the same time, eating here and there as they did and simply enjoying each other's company. That, until they heard the door, the noise announcing they weren't alone anymore.

Not a minute later the youngest of them had walked into the kitchen, greeting them before sitting down with them to steal their food. He joined the conversation quite easily, soon the three of them laughing and making fun of each other.

After a few moments, Sapnap leaned into his chair, rubbing his own hands together as his expression changed to a slightly more serious one.

"Alright, time to discuss plans."

The brunet raised an eyebrow.

"Plans?"

"Yep." The boy nodded. "Clay's birthday is in two weeks, so..."

His eyes instantly went flying to the blond, watching him blink a few times before chuckling.

"Oh yeah, it is." It was fair to say neither of them had realized how fast time had passed.

"I don't know what you wanna do that day, but we're going out the one after, on Saturday," the shortest boy declared.

"Going out?" Dream questioned.

"Punz and I decided it's time for the four of us to go somewhere." Sapnap nodded to himself. "And I also decided we can't keep postponing our meetup with Alex and Karl. I think they should come the week after your birthday, get here on Friday and stay for the weekend or longer. And maybe we could invite Punz, Tina, and Foolish to come on Saturday and stay over too."

Ah, the so expected meetup.

The brown-haired was right, that's something he could agree on.

Although he had been living in the States for two months now, they still hadn't had a proper meetup. He had seen some of his friends already, yes, but their schedules didn't match at first to be all together at once for more than a day, so they hadn't streamed or made any content for the fans. And then his pre-heat started, so meeting up wasn't an option anymore.

The boy's plan was good, they could have one day to be just the five of them, probably stream or something, and then have the rest of their friends over.

“Sounds good to me,” he mumbled, the blond nodding in agreement.

“Three weeks gives them enough time to get plane tickets, it should work.” Dream nodded again. “Alright, I’m texting them then.”

“And about your birthday...?”

“Yeah, we can go out.”

“Let’s go!”

“I’m gonna visit my family on Friday, though.”

“That’s fine, you can do whatever you want as long as you’re with us on Saturday.”

The brunet smiled to himself watching the youngest of them all celebrate and the blond chuckle softly. It was nice, being with them was always nice. But what made him the happiest about it was that he could finally spend Dream’s birthday with him. It was nice to be reminded of that, it was nice to realize this was indeed his new life and they were together.

They continued to talk about the new plans for a while, the Brit trying his best to listen as his friends went over every possible detail they needed to think of. They went over video plans and streams next, still having quite a few they needed to work on. They talked until chatting turned into simply hanging out, enjoying their time together until Karl texted them to join his live.

It was fun, playing games and laughing together. George had to admit that usually, in the last few months at least, the idea of streaming wasn’t too appealing whenever he thought of doing it. But he always enjoyed it while he was doing it.

What he didn’t enjoy, though, was editing. Not thinking about it, not doing it, nothing about it.

Yet here he was, stream over and with his editing program open on his computer.

He groaned, turning on his chair to look at the boy sitting on his bed.

“Dream,” he whined. But the blond kept his eyes glued to his laptop. “Can’t you at least help me a little?” His friend shook his head, typing something on his computer.

“Nope.”

“Why not?” He complained, annoyance in his voice.

“Because, George, it wouldn’t be just helping a little.” The blond finally lifted his head to look at him. “You would make me do all the work.”

The brunet groaned again.

“But you like editing, and doing things for me.”

“Yeah, but you never want to edit anymore because I’ve done it. You need to get used to doing it yourself again.”

“But I don’t want to.” The alpha rolled his eyes, focusing on his laptop again. “Why are you being so annoying?”

No response.

He huffed, turning to look at his own computer.

He was starting to regret asking Dream to join him. It seemed like a good idea at first, having him there to make sure he would edit as he said he would. Except he didn't expect him to take it so to heart, he expected them to edit together for a few minutes, maybe get the boy to guide him a little, and then do anything else, hang out or whatever.

He sighed, focusing on his video again. He watched the clips with little to no interest, making some cuts here and there before stopping again.

God, he was tired.

He was tired of watching the same footage over and over and nothing significant getting done.

He had been trying for at least an hour, and he was getting frustrated.

He needed a pause.

Without thinking it twice, he stood up, heading straight to his bed and laying on it right next to where his friend was sitting.

The blond instantly looked at him.

"What are you doing?"

"Taking a break."

"A break? George, you've been pausing to talk to me every few minutes, you haven't even--"

"I'm tired, okay? I need a nap."

The alpha huffed to his words, turning to look at him more directly and raising an eyebrow next.

"How much of the video have you edited so far?" He questioned. The omega felt like he had been caught doing something bad.

"... Like ten minutes or something."

"Ten minutes?"

"Okay, maybe like five." He saw the American opening his mouth to talk, so he hurried to speak again. "But it's five more than I had, it's still progress."

His partner, however, seemed to disagree.

"George, you can't keep postponing it. I'm here to help you focus so--" The brunet groaned, abruptly sitting up and grabbing his friend's laptop, closing it and placing it on the floor before laying down again. The blond blinked, taken back by the sudden action. And then, he frowned. "George, you can't just--"

"We're gonna nap, Dream. You need a break too," he interrupted him, grabbing the boy's shirt with one hand and pulling at it. The alpha didn't move, staying still with the same serious expression as before.

"We can't just nap whenever you don't feel like working."

“Yes we can, and we will.” The Brit grabbed his shirt with both hands this time, pulling harder to try to make him lay too.

The American let out a soft chuckle against his will, trying to keep a straight face but obviously amused by the smaller boy’s behavior.

“Stop doing that...”

“No,” he mumbled, before the taller one could finish his sentence.

“... We’re not gonna-”

“Yes we are,” he interrupted him again, pulling with all his strength and finally making him lose his balance. Not enough to make him lay, but enough so he wasn’t sitting straight. The omega quickly wrapped one leg around the alpha’s waist, using it to pull him down.

“George!”

The blond placed his hands on each side of the brunet, barely catching himself so he wouldn’t accidentally fall over him.

“It’s napping time, Dream.”

“Oh my god, you’re such a brat.”

The boy let out a soft laugh, and the Brit couldn’t help but giggle as well.

His friend shook his head, closing his eyes as he laughed before opening them again and looking straight at him. But when their eyes locked, something changed. Both of their expressions shifted, amused smiles slowly fading as pupils grew bigger.

It didn’t take long for them to take in the position they were in. It didn’t take long for George to realize he had the alpha towering over him, his own leg still wrapped around him, and faces quite close.

The air in the room suddenly got heavier.

The blond slowly moved one of his hands to the brunet locks, then slid down to his cheek, cupping it gently. The omega quickly wrapped his arms around his partner’s neck. Neither of them had to ask. They both moved at the same time.

Lips met each other silently, a soft gesture but without a trace of doubt in it.

They kissed slowly, taking their time to favor the other’s mouth. Dream shifted to get more comfortable over him, and George spread his legs so he could position himself in between. And their lips kept chasing each other, still gentle and without a hurry, until the need for air made them break apart.

The boy pulled away slowly, just enough to look at him but keeping their faces close.

“So, napping time...?”

“Forget about the nap,” he instantly said, getting a soft laugh in response. “We can use our break for something else.”

“Oh yeah?” The alpha offered him a cocky grin. “Like what?”

“Like this.” He pressed their lips together again, pulling him closer as he did.

The blond reciprocated the gesture right away, and soon enough, the softness was replaced by hunger.

A tongue asked for access, and he quickly granted it, letting his partner explore his mouth as he ran his hands through his back. He pulled him closer again, pressing their bodies together, and shifted on his spot so their hips could touch each other.

He shouldn't want it. He shouldn't want it when he had cum twice that very morning and his body was still a little sore. But Dream smelled too good, his lips tasted too good, and they were so close, skin touching skin reminding him of what he could have.

The omega moved a hand to the alpha's crotch, no hesitation as he placed it right over his clothed member, palming him eagerly to get his body to react to him. The blond groaned into the kiss, biting at his lips and shifting his hips slightly to get some friction. But all their actions came to a stop in a matter of seconds, a loud knock on his door taking them out their lustful bubble.

He's never moved so fast in his life, pushing Dream to make him lay by his side and grabbing a blanket to cover himself.

“Yes?” He instantly asked, not even bothering to check if his partner was okay, but thanking him laughing as a good sign that he was.

The door opened right away, and Sapnap was about to come in but stopped as soon as he saw them. He blinked a few times, then scratched the back of his neck.

“Oh, sorry. I thought you were editing.”

“We are,” the brunet let out all too quickly. The brown-haired raised an eyebrow in response.

“Well, *I* was editing. George here wanted to take a break to nap,” the blond added, noticing how nervous the omega was getting.

The youngest of them snorted to those words.

“You're always sleeping, dude.” The boy grinned at him, the Brit huffed in response. “Anyways, I came to tell you I ordered food a while ago, it should be here in like fifteen minutes.”

“Alright, thanks.”

Sapnap nodded in response, then quietly left the room and closed the door behind him. The omega instantly groaned in frustration, covering his eyes with his hands. He could only hope their scents didn't give them away since their roommate didn't actually step in the room.

God. Getting interrupted by their best friend was one way to kill the mood, that was for sure. Yet again, physically, he still wanted to keep going.

A pair of soft lips interrupted his thoughts. The brunet uncovered his eyes right away, breaking the gesture to look at his partner.

“What are you doing?”

The blond seemed confused by his words, furrowing his brows.

“I thought you wanted to...”

“We have to go to eat dinner, Dream,” he interrupted him, not wanting the boy to say words that could possibly make his body more eager.

“We still have fifteen minutes, though.”

A blush quickly crept on his cheeks, a tickling sensation appearing in his stomach.

“I...” He visibly swallowed, everything inside him telling him to accept the offer. “But we would smell like we fucked.”

The alpha hummed to himself, then shrugged.

“Ten minutes, then, and five to shower,” he mumbled, like it was simple. “More than enough time, I can make you cum twice in less than that.”

George’s face instantly turned red, pushing the boy away in embarrassment because why did he have to be so fucking cocky about it? He hated it, he hated him even if they both knew he was right. And he hated that it only made him want him more, even if he knew he would regret it later.

Dream laughed at his reaction, moving closer again right after.

“So...?”

“Just get to it already.”

And as he thought, the blond was right, and was truthful to his words and did what he said he could do in that amount of time. And as he thought, he was right too, and he ended up regretting soon after. Because no matter how much he tried, he couldn’t walk without making it obvious that he had been fucked one too many times that day. And there was no way he could go downstairs like that.

It was a good thing that they had said George wanted to nap before, giving them an excuse for him to stay in the room and get food to be brought up to him instead.

Maybe they were overdoing it a little. Maybe they needed to have better control. He didn’t need to have sex multiple times in one day, or even every day. He wasn’t in heat after all.

He could live without doing it for a while.

George wanted to take his own words back.

Okay, that maybe he wasn’t wrong when he thought what he thought. He didn’t *need* to have sex daily, he *could* live without doing it for a while. And they *did* need to learn to have some limits in their new arrangement if they didn’t want to be found out. But that didn’t mean he wanted to stop doing it all together. That didn’t mean he wanted to rest for five fucking days straight.

Five days. Five days of doing nothing but occasionally kissing. Kisses that barely counted as such, that happened more as a result of accidentally getting too close and not resisting the urge rather than an intentional attempt to make out.

George could live five days without sex. Hell, he had spent weeks without even masturbating. And it’s not like he was horny, or his libido was suddenly high and demanding for things. No, in all honesty, he truly didn’t feel the need at all. But he was frustrated nevertheless.

Because they had an arrangement, because they had agreed to help each other out. Yet here they were, not doing anything outside their usual friendly interactions.

Okay, that maybe it was normal that they haven't. They were supposed to help each other, yes, but if neither of them was needy for it, it wasn't weird that nothing had happened. And after everything they did in just one day, maybe not feeling needy was kind of expected. But even knowing that, he wouldn't have minded if Dream had wanted more than kissing. He wouldn't have minded if he showed he wanted to use their arrangement for his convenience as well.

And maybe a part of their lack of *intimacy* was the fact that they had been quite busy doing work stuff. Dream had had a few meetings in those past few days and he himself had a couple as well; mostly about merch, but also projects people wanted them to be a part of. They also had to record the videos they had planned, and join a couple of streams here and there.

So, in a way, work was cockblocking them. But at the same time, it wasn't like they hadn't had time alone at all. It wasn't like the boy had been too tired to spend time with him. Because they had been together, to eat, and to rest in the living room at times. Even if it was just for a few minutes every day.

He groaned with frustration, turning on his bed and hugging his own pillow.

Okay, maybe a few minutes every day wasn't enough. And maybe not getting pleasure wasn't the only thing he wanted to complain about. Maybe it was just the lack of him, the lack of interactions that lasted longer than whatever they've had so far.

They were too busy for his liking. They were too busy focusing on anything else. And for some reason, that made him frustrated. For some reason, a part of him felt upset.

Upset at the lack of intention behind the actions, upset at the lack of asking for more. Upset at the little time they've spent doing things that weren't work related. Disappointed with the lack of physical contact, but also at the lack of general attention.

Because hell, he was right here. But it was like he wasn't.

... Or maybe he was just in a bad mood.

He had to admit, he woke up feeling weirdly down. Maybe for all the same reasons, or maybe he was just having an off day. He had been laying in bed all day, not even bothering to change his clothes, and not leaving his room not once yet to get food.

Maybe he should, soon. Maybe he should check if his partner was free, too, and spend time together. But he was tired, he didn't feel like moving.

However, not even a minute later, he did end up moving. Sitting up, to be exact, when he heard a soft knocking at his door.

"George?"

It was almost amusing how quickly his inner would get happy just by hearing the familiar voice, a smile appearing on his face without even noticing.

"Come in."

It was almost amusing how in sync the alpha and himself could be sometimes, like they could read each other's brains. The boy stepped inside his room with a plate of food, not only proving that he

hadn't been the one thinking of seeing the other, but he also hadn't been the only one thinking he should eat something already too.

Dream walked to his side, sitting up right next to him and offering him the food.

He let out a quiet thanks, taking the plate and starting to eat immediately. He was hungrier than he thought, now that he saw an actual meal in front of him.

For a moment, they were quiet. The blond simply sat with him as he watched him eat, making sure he was fed, seemingly being his priority. But after a couple of minutes, he finally spoke again.

"How are you feeling?" He asked quietly. The brunet glanced at him, humming before shrugging.

"M fine." The blond looked at him with incredulous eyes, then shook his head.

"No you're not."

The omega instantly rolled his eyes, taking the last bite of his food.

"Then why are you asking?" He questioned, mouth still full. He didn't mean to sound mean, he just didn't see the point of his question.

"What's wrong?" His friend mumbled instead of an answer, with that soft tone he reversed exclusively for him. The Brit placed his empty plate away, then shrugged as before.

"I'm just... Bored, I guess." Maybe that wasn't exactly it, but he didn't have better words to describe it. "I don't know, we've done nothing but work all week."

The alpha looked at him for a moment, examining his face, before offering him a playful grin.

"So you've missed me, is what I'm hearing."

George couldn't help but scoff, ignoring the soft blush that was forming on his cheeks.

"That is *not* what I said."

"But it's what you meant."

"No it's not, you're an idiot." The blond wheezed at his words, moving closer to him next and pressing a kiss on his forehead. And when he looked at him again, his eyes showed nothing but fondness. He couldn't help but smile at the view.

"You know what? I'm almost done with the project I'm working on, like, it shouldn't take me longer than an hour," his friend said. "So what if we go to the movies tonight? And we can get dinner after, like we couldn't last week."

The brunet's eyes widened, excitement filling him right away. Going out and doing something fun sounded exactly like what he needed. And the idea made him so hyped he could even ignore the reason why they couldn't go the week before.

"Yeah, I'd like that." He nodded to emphasize, getting a smile in response. "Would it be like, only... I mean, are we inviting Sapnap? He doesn't like that movie."

The boy hummed to his question, seemingly thinking about it for approximately two seconds.

"I think he can skip this one, it's not like he doesn't go out without us all the time."

George smiled at his answer, nodding in agreement.

The alpha moved closer, kissing his forehead again.

“Alright, I’m gonna go finish with my work then, and I’ll buy the tickets... See you downstairs in like, an hour and a half?”

“Sounds good.”

Dream smiled at him, giving him one last kiss before standing up and heading out. The brunet let himself fall on his bed, sighing softly before a giggle escaped his mouth.

He wasn’t in such a bad mood anymore.

And now, changing from his pajamas seemed like a pretty good idea.

He allowed himself to be lazy and stay in bed for just thirty more minutes, then headed to his closet to look for some clothes to wear. Sweatpants and a hoodie didn’t seem like the best option, even if he had gone out dressed like that before. They would probably go to a restaurant for dinner, after all, and he was in Florida, and this was his first time going to the cinema with Dream.

It took him longer than usual to pick something, since the main things he used to wear weren’t an option. But finally decided on dark gray jeans, a white t-shirt and a black puffy jacket. Things he wasn’t sure he had ever worn any of that in front of the boy before.

He didn’t put them on right away, though, contemplating first if he should or should not take a shower. He figured despite not smelling bad yet, it’s still been two days since his last one, and it wouldn’t hurt to take a short one.

The brunet made sure to wash his hair properly, not taking too long but still being careful as he cleaned himself. Once he was out of the bath, he quickly dried himself, then stood in front of his mirror. And the moment he saw his wet hair, he suddenly got an idea.

He hurried to check on his drawer, looking around for one specific item. A grin appeared on his face the moment he found the hair gel, something that he never planned on using and simply got because the package was aesthetically pleasant. He looked at the gel, then back to himself in the mirror, and couldn’t help but laugh.

That would be such an epic prank.

Dream would be like, so surprised and confused. It would be so funny.

He got dressed rather quickly, looking at himself to make sure he didn’t look weird or something, before taking his phone and googling the instructions on how to apply the gel. It wasn’t an easy job, and it took him longer than he expected to get it to look good, but after a few minutes he finally managed to make his hair look like when it was wet and messy.

Finally done getting ready, he put his scent patch on and grabbed his shoes, checking the time to make sure he wasn’t either late or too early, before heading out of his room to go downstairs. The first thing he saw when he got to the first floor was the blond. And the moment the green orbs noticed his presence as well, they instantly widened.

“George- *what?*” He immediately let out, and the brunet could already feel himself grinning. The alpha blinked once, then twice. He quickly walked to in front of him, his eyes still wide open as he moved a hand to touch his brown strands. “Holy cow, what the- Your *hair!* ”

An amused laugh escaped his lips to the reaction, his heart beating faster as if he suddenly was nervous.

“What about my hair?” He mumbled, playing dumb.

The boy opened his mouth to talk, but nothing came out. He simply let out an awkward chuckle, then took a step back, eyes moving up and down as if examining him fully, completely in awe.

“Oh my god, you look *so* good, holy shit.”

The omega’s cheek instantly grew warmer. He huffed, rolling his eyes then looked away.

“Don’t be weird-”

“I’m not being weird, George, you’re being hot. *Way* too hot.”

“Shut up,” he quickly mumbled, feeling his face turning a bright shade of red. He was expecting to cause a reaction out of him, but not to that extent. That’s not what he had in mind when he decided to prank him. “You’re- You’re being an idiot, and we’re gonna be late.”

Actually, he had no idea if they were. He wasn’t the one that got the tickets. But he didn’t wait for an answer, simply heading to the door so they could go out. However, before he could reach it, a hand grabbed his arm, making him turn around.

The hand quickly moved to his cheek, the other one as well, cupping them before he could react. And then, lips pressed against his own. George gasped at the unexpected gesture, something inside him melting to the action and his chest feeling suddenly warmer.

The kiss didn’t last long, the boy quickly pulling away and offering him a smile.

“*Now* we can go.”

The blond began to walk to the door, but the brunet’s brain had stopped working. He blinked a few times, a bubbly feeling on his stomach making it hard to think, but soon enough he snapped out of it and followed his friend.

Dream didn’t stop stealing glances every chance he got, even once they got to the car. George couldn’t help but smile as he heard him singing to every song they played on the radio, watching him drive like it was an interesting activity all the sudden.

He couldn’t help but smile, he couldn’t help but feel happy.

They joked and laughed until they got to the cinema, buying a few snacks before heading to the room of their movie. And he was excited, he’s been watching to watch for a while. But he was more excited that he was finally watching a film with the boy, side by side, in an actual theater.

The jokes and playful conversation ended as soon as the movie started, his eyes glued to the screen and focused fully on the story that was being narrated.

He watched the characters being introduced, and their first interactions, he watched as the adventure was slowly hinted before starting. The plot was as good as he expected, the characters interesting enough and developing quite nicely.

His eyes followed every interaction, every conversation. Until some gestures caught his attention.

It wasn’t anything weird, or out of the ordinary, but he couldn’t help but notice how touchy the

group was with each other. They kept hugging here and there, or cupping the other's faces, and right now, as they seemed to be about to face danger, their hands were held together.

George hummed, looking at his own hands.

It always amazed him how easily some people could touch and show affection to the ones important to them. It's not like he hated physical contact, not like people normally thought. He just wasn't used to it. So too much of it could feel awkward, sometimes.

But... Sometimes he wondered. He wondered how some things could feel.

To initiate that kind of contact, to seek touch when he felt like he wanted it. To do more than allowing people to hug him, to do more than nuzzling into arms already wrapped around him.

His eyes darted to the hand placed close to their drinks.

Hand-holding wasn't something he did often in his previous relationships, and wasn't something he did with friends too much either; unless some of them grabbed his for some reason. He was never a fan of the feeling, it was never something he craved.

But there were a lot of things he wasn't a fan of, until he tried them with Dream.

Would that feel different too? Would it be nicer?

He continued to stare at the boy's hand, a sudden urge to try and find out how it would feel to hold it in a casual way taking over him. Because the blond was his partner to help him with his needs now, and this technically counted as a need too.

He raised his hand slowly, carefully moving it closer to the alpha's, hesitation in his movements.

"Are you okay?"

The abrupt voice startled him, making him yelp and quickly placing his hand close to the drinks as well.

"Yeah," he let out, all too quickly, looking at the screen again.

He cursed to himself, feeling stupid for his reaction and for what he was about to do.

But a part of him still wanted to try. Or at the very least, wanted to be close. He wanted to see how it would be to show affection first, in a more public setting. And a dark room provided enough privacy to do just that without feeling too self-conscious.

He thought for a moment, before slowly leaning into his friend, resting his head on his shoulder.

And he didn't need to look at him, to know the green eyes were now on him.

"My head was tired," he mumbled before the boy could ask. The American chuckled to his words, recognizing where they came from.

He focused on the film again next, and the brunet tried to do the same. But just a few seconds later, his attention went somewhere else. To a tickling sensation on his fingers.

He discretely glanced to his hand, noticing Dream's was right next to him now, his fingertips barely gracing his own, caressing his skin with them. His eyes went back to the screen, cheeks feeling warmer and heart slightly racing.

Okay, he didn't dislike that. The contact was okay, almost soothing. And actually, it was pretty easy to get used to it, not taking him long to be able to watch the film without being distracted by the feeling. And he enjoyed it, he enjoyed the ending of the story and the gentle touches.

As soon as the movie was over, the blond began commenting about it. They stood up and grabbed the snacks they had left, heading out as they chatted, laughing here and there.

It was nice, hearing his friend's theories for the second movie, and giving his takes on everything he liked and wished was different. He couldn't help but smile, he couldn't help but feel happy.

"Okay, so, I was thinking of taking you to get sushi at first," the boy mumbled, now that they were about to leave to head to the next stop of their night together. "But then I was like, what if we tried something--"

"Um, excuse me?"

Both boys instantly turned as they heard a third voice, finding four people standing close to them. George blinked a few times, a bit confused at first until he spotted the smiley face bracelet one of them was wearing.

Right, they were at a public cinema. Of course finding fans was a possibility.

"I'm sorry to come to you like that, we were wondering if... If we could take some pictures?" The same person spoke, offering them a shy smile.

He instantly looked at the blond, watching him awkwardly shift on his spot before chuckling, nodding next. He knew his friend wasn't as used to that yet, not being too long since he had face revealed and not going out all that much since either.

"Yeah, that's okay! Do you want us to be all together or go one by one?" The boy asked, because of course he would. He was always nice, always attentive.

George smiled at first, finding his partner's behavior endearing, but his expression didn't last long. The moment the group moved closer so they could take the pictures, his nose instantly scrunched.

His eyes flew to one of the girls of the group, with long blond hair and almost as tall as he was. His eyes glued to his neck, noticing the lack of patch that explained the strong smell.

Okay, maybe it wasn't that strong. But she was an omega, an omega without a patch in a public space. An omega that seemed all too happy heading to stand next to Dream.

The brunet moved right away, getting closer to his partner and almost pressing his arm to his. He kept his eyes on the girl, watching her stand awkwardly by the other side of the alpha.

He didn't like that. He didn't like how careless she was being. He didn't like that her scent could get impregnated on the blond's clothes. He didn't like how inconsiderate that was.

He tried his best to smile for every picture, but the more they took, the more he noticed the patches on the other people's necks, realizing two more of them were omegas as well. The brunet pursed his lips, suddenly feeling uncomfortable. He stayed close to the blond as he chatted with the fans, very subtly leaning into him whenever one of the people in the group looked at him, giving them a cold glance.

He didn't want to be rude, he wasn't trying to be. But this was *his* night with Dream, and they were ruining it by trying to get his attention. Of course he would get annoyed. They kept talking to him

as if wishing they would keep in touch and become friends, or something worse.

He wanted them gone. God, why couldn't they have just one night without things getting on their way?

"Dream," he abruptly called him, not caring too much that he was interrupting whatever talk they were having. "We have to go, we're gonna lose the reservation."

"The reservation...?" The boy asked, obviously lost with his words. But right after, probably by looking at the omega's face, it clicked. "Right, I forgot. Sorry guys, we have to get going."

The group seemed slightly sad about it, but still thanked them for their time and left without saying much. George grabbed the alpha's arm as soon as the others were out of sight, pulling him to walk with him so they could leave the cinema once and for all.

The blond silently followed him until they got outside, and then, he grabbed his hand, making him stop and turn to look at him.

"George," he mumbled, a worried expression on his face. "What's going- Are you okay? You look upset."

"M fine."

"No, you're tense. And you lied to get away."

The brunet groaned, frustrated that his friend knew him so well.

"I just- I wasn't expecting to be recognized." His partner's expression softened to his words, moving closer to him and caressing his arm in a soothing motion.

"It's fine, I don't think they thought we were... I mean, they have no reasons to suspect anything is going on, okay?"

The omega blinked a few times, for some reason, their agreement being found out or fans assuming something romantic was going on didn't even cross his mind. He pursed his lips, not liking the idea of going along with that but not feeling like explaining how he actually felt either.

"George...?"

"Yeah, okay. That's good," he mumbled, realizing he had been quiet for a little too long. The alpha offered him a questioning look.

But he didn't wanna see it, he didn't wanna hear it. So he simply turned around and began to walk to where the car was. He didn't stop walking until he stood in front of the passenger door. Then, he turned again, ready to ask the boy to open the car for him.

He didn't expect, however, to see the blond so close to him.

Dream placed his hand on his arm, a concerned look on his face.

"George, what's wrong?" The brunet kept his mouth shut, eyes drifting from his face down to his body, noticing they were just a few centimeters away. "Did I do something? Are you upset?" He looked at his face again, shaking his head no. "Then what happened?" He still didn't answer, holding eye contact but not making any efforts to reply. "George?" Nothing. "George, come on-"

"I want you to kiss me."

The alpha's words died in his mouth.

He blinked, then parted his lips.

"What?"

"I don't wanna be in public anymore. I wanna leave, just- I want you to kiss me."

To say the blond was taken back, was an understatement. His cheeks blushed lightly, still confused out of his mind, yet he still nodded in agreement, looking for his keys to open the car's doors.

The brunet got inside right away, getting his belt on as he waited for his partner to start the car. The boy still seemed between confused and flustered, but didn't question him further, simply beginning to drive so they could leave that parking lot.

"Let's just go home," he mumbled, breaking the silence that had formed.

The American glanced at him quickly, then fixed his eyes on the road again.

"You don't wanna go eat anymore?" He asked. "I thought you were hungry."

"No, I wanna eat," the Brit mumbled. "But I'd rather eat something else." The alpha glanced at him again, with questioning eyes.

"Like what?" George huffed, rolling his eyes like he found the question stupid.

"I wanna blow you, Dream," he stated, like it was nothing. A newfound confidence that came from nothing but pettiness, but it worked. "I want you to cum in my mouth."

The blond hit the brake a little too harshly to stop by the red light, his face equally as red as he took a sharp breath and gripped at the handle.

"Jesus fuck- *George*, you can't- Fuck, you can't say things like that while I'm *driving*."

The omega hummed in response, leaning into his seat some more and spreading his legs slightly. He placed his hands on his own thighs, very slowly moving them up and down his legs.

"Hurry up, then."

In retrospect, telling someone to drive faster wasn't a wise idea. But right now, he was upset, and he didn't want to be upset anymore. He wanted to feel good like he's wanted all week and he wanted to have a moment alone with the boy without any chances of being interrupted.

He continued to caress his own thighs as they drove to the house, getting closer to his crotch here and there and taking exaggerated deeper breaths just to get glances from his partner. Every time he watched him shift uncomfortably in his spot he grinned, a sense of victory filling him.

They got to the house quicker than he expected. And as soon as the car stopped and he had unfastened his belt, he was crashing his lips with the blond's.

The alpha kissed him with just as much eagerness, placing his hands on his hips and pulling him to sit on his lap. In a quick movement he moved his seat back, giving them more space to sit together like that. He placed his legs at each side of his partner, arms instantly wrapped around his neck. Dream's hand found his way to his ass right away, massaging it.

The brunet broke apart, and the blond quickly attached his lips to his neck, placing open-mouthed

kisses over it. He couldn't help but sigh at the feeling, his body feeling warmer.

"We should- We should get inside the house."

The boy shook his head to his words.

"Sap might be there, I don't want you to hold back your sounds."

He squeezed at his ass rather harshly, a choked out moan coming out in response. Okay, he was serious. He was obviously serious. He wanted to stay in the car.

"Let's move to the backseat then, so I can suck-"

"No," the alpha interrupted, one of his hands moving to his own pocket to get his wallet out. "I can use your mouth later," he mumbled, and *holy shit*, the choice of words sent shivers down his spine. "I wanna fuck you first."

He couldn't find it in himself to complain. He didn't want to.

He watched as the blond took something out of the wallet, blinking a few times when he saw the condom. Then, he raised an eyebrow.

"Seriously?" He questioned, beyond amused. "That's the most white American alpha thing I've ever seen."

The American huffed to his words, quickly unzipping his pants and working on taking his member out. The omega shut his mouth right away, heat pooling on his stomach to the view. He didn't lose any time, pulling his own pants down enough so his partner could position his dick right by his wet entrance.

And as the tip teased his hole, ready to push inside, realization of what they were doing and where suddenly hit him.

"Are we really gonna fuck in the car, in the parking lot of our own house?" He let out, disbelief in his tone. Dream hummed in response, nodding slowly.

"Yeah. Unless you wanna stop?"

"No," he said right away. He most definitely didn't want to.

The blond placed his hands on the boy's waist, moving him down as he pushed himself inside. The brunet hid his face on the boy's neck, a moan escaping his lips against his will.

God, he had missed the feeling. God, he loved feeling full. He loved the way the alpha thrustled into him, he loved the way it stimulated his walls, and rubbed his prostate.

"George," his partner let out, shaky voice as he guided the omega's hips so they would move them at the same time. "You're still sucking my dick once we get inside the house."

"Yeah," he replied right away.

He wanted that. He wanted as much as he could have.

At this point, George was starting to think the universe was against him.

He was once again upset, he was once again glaring at a stranger.

He thought things would be okay, everything would be fine and they would behave in the ways they agreed to. He thought having sex, giving the boy head, just to have sex again right after, would've been enough to keep things well and going. But nothing was fucking fine.

Not when Dream was walking their guest to the door, after spending all afternoon with him and behaving a little too friendly, while barely giving the brunet the time of day.

This time, though, he couldn't even blame the guy. It wasn't really his fault, it was the blond's.

It was the blond who had left his room first thing in the morning the next day after the movies. It was the blond who had locked himself in his room for the next two days, saying nothing but that he needed time alone with no distractions to finish a video that he's postponed for too long.

He knew that's something the boy tended to do, to lock himself away to focus because everything could be a distraction and overstimulate him. But still.

He barely saw him at all, all weekend. He barely saw him until that morning, when he came downstairs announcing they would have a business meeting in a couple hours. And he had to sit there and witness him cracking jokes and talking nonstop with a stranger, after completely ditching him for two whole days.

He wasn't upset that they hadn't have sex again. It's not like he had suddenly gotten extremely needy and couldn't live without the alpha's dick up his ass. But barely talking when they were living in the same house sucked, especially right after being intimate.

They haven't even kissed, or hugged. No attention for him at all. And it's not like he couldn't understand being busy, or needing to focus. But it didn't make it any less shitty, to see him interacting with someone in a way he hadn't been experiencing at all lately.

It was frustrating, because it felt like even when he was back at London they interacted more than this.

Honestly, he would've been fine if they at least hung out, if they had their normal best-friends time. But again, he didn't get that. He didn't get the benefits nor the friends part of their relationships. And he was getting tired, he was getting annoyed.

For over a week now, ever since they got their agreement, it had felt like he had to beg for the boy's attention to get it.

The morning after, it was because of him, the night of that same night, it had been because of him too. They went out together, because he told him he wasn't happy with all the work. And if it wasn't because he initiated things when they watched the movie, that wouldn't have happened either.

It was him, always him. If he didn't ask for it, Dream didn't even try to spend time with him now.

He watched as his friend closed the door behind their guest, letting out a sigh after. He watched him walk closer to him, kissing his head before pulling away.

"I have to finish my video, I'll see you at dinner, alright?" He mumbled, and without asking for an answer, the American headed to the stairs.

And that was it. He's had it. He was done patiently waiting, he was done begging.

He was done getting less than when he was kilometers away in another continent, and he was done being the only one initiating. The deal was this was a both ways thing, and it really didn't feel like it. He was done being ignored.

The whole staying away and not interacting, he could play that game too. The whole leaving him wanting for things, wondering when they would happen, he could play that game too. Spending time together, being intimate, whatever he wanted. The boy wasn't the only one that could stop seeking it and wait for the other to look after him.

Maybe he was being too harsh, maybe he was being too petty. And maybe this wasn't the best week to be doing that either, considering the boy's birthday was five days away. But having his inner constantly whimpering was tiring, and he didn't want to be responsible for all their interactions.

He didn't join him for dinner that night. He also didn't go downstairs for breakfast the next morning, deciding to sleep in. And he stayed in there, locked in his room, living out of snacks, until nighttime came. Then, he finally went to the first floor.

As he expected, both his roommates were there, having overheard them the day before that they wanted to watch some football game. But he didn't address them, even noticing how the blond's head had instantly peered up to his presence. He headed to the kitchen, grabbing a bowl of cereal before returning to the living room.

As before, his friend looked at him right away, offering him a smile as he patted the spot next to him.

"George! Come join us. We were just talking about--"

"I can't," he interrupted his friend. "I'm editing."

The alpha blinked a few times, but before he could say anything, the omega turned around, simply going to his room again.

Despite his inner complaining to his own actions, and despite a part of him doubting that if what he was doing was right, he still felt accomplished. And now that phase one was in course, it was time for the second part of his plan. Because he wanted him to want his presence, but he also wanted him to want more than that.

He waited for a few hours, actually using some of them to edit just to kill time, until he figured the blond should be back at his room. And then, he took his pants off. He put on one of Dream's hoodies, then carefully exited his room, heading to his friend's.

He knocked once, twice, and the door opened.

The green orbs just barely looked at his face, before his gaze moved down to his bare legs. The brunet couldn't help but smile, watching as it took the blond a moment to focus on his face again, eyes slightly widened and cheeks somewhat pink.

"Hey," he let out, as casually as possible.

"Hi," his friend mumbled back.

"I'm almost done with my video, can I send it to you once I'm ready so you check it out?" A lie, he wasn't even half through editing yet. The boy blinked a few times, then nodded. "Okay, thanks."

“No problem,” the alpha mumbled, then all too quickly moved to the side, pointing to his room.
“Do you wanna- Do you want to come in?”

The omega looked at him, humming before shaking his head.

“I need to finish this video.”

Without saying another word, he turned around to go back to his room.

He *did* want to, of course he did. But that was the whole point. He didn’t wanna keep feeling like it was always him who wanted it. He didn’t want a question, he wanted an invitation.

He fell asleep rather quickly, and woke up ready to try again. It was three in the afternoon by the time his eyes opened, making things way easier for him.

He tried to focus on working for a while, not managing to get much done but still was better than nothing. He checked social media next, deciding to catch up with what their fans had been talking about for the past few days. But that soon proved to be a mistake.

He couldn’t believe neither Dream nor Sapnap brought it up to him. He couldn’t believe it was his first time hearing about it. But apparently, the fans that approached them at the cinema weren’t the only ones there, and videos and pictures about his ‘weird behavior’ had been circulating non-stop.

Him looking at people like he was unhappy, him moving unnecessarily closer to the blond. Him grabbing his arm to lead him to the exit. People kept theorizing why he seemed so uncomfortable, some going as far as to say they were probably on a *date* and George was *jealous*.

The omega put his phone away, not wanting to look at rumors anymore and heading to the bathroom instead to take a bath.

He let the water take his thoughts away, helping him relax and forget about stupid stuff. He took his time, enjoying the warmth and not letting anything invade his mind. And once he was done, body dried and ready to put some clothes on, a notification got to his phone.

The brunet hummed as he saw the text, the blond letting him know he was making food.

He decided to put on the same hoodie as the night before, getting some underwear on again but not bothering to get pants. He headed downstairs right after, noticing the alpha placing the plates down on their dining table almost right away.

He approached him quietly, yet the boy still sensed his presence, turning his head to look at him.

And as soon as he did, his eyes widened.

“Why are you dressed like that?” He instantly let out.

The omega raised an eyebrow.

“What do you mean?”

“You’re-” He stopped himself, looking around before moving closer to him. “Why aren’t you wearing pants? Sapnap could literally come down-”

“So?”

“So?”

“It’s just my legs, he’s seen them before.” The alpha opened his mouth to talk, but quickly closed it again. Yet it was clear in his face, he didn’t like the idea. “Is there a problem, Dream?” The blond pursed his lips, but he still shook his head. “Cool. What did you make, by the way? I’m starving.”

The boy’s eyes followed as he walked to the table, standing on his spot for a couple seconds before mimicking his actions and going to sit as well. They ate in almost complete silence, the alpha asking a question here and there and the omega giving him a short yet complete answer. The tension was almost palpable in the air, but neither of them addressed it, acting like everything was fine.

It didn’t take them long to finish their meal, and once they were done, the brunet waited. He waited to see if the boy would invite him to hang out, to express his interest to be with him.

“So, are you still working on the video or do you wanna...?”

Not what he was looking for, not what he needed.

“Yeah. ‘M busy” he mumbled. And now, there was no reason for him to stay there. But he wouldn’t go without pressing a few more buttons first.

George stood up slowly, hands subtly gripping at his own hoodie to slightly pull up, showing just a tad bit more of his exposed skin. He bit back a smirk, feeling the green orbits burning on his naked legs. But he didn’t say anything, he remained just as silent, just as distant. He continued with his slow motions as he picked up his plate and walked by the alpha’s side to head to the kitchen.

Want me.

The eyes followed his movements, never averting from his pale skin.

Need me.

He didn’t look back at him, faking disinterest as he exited the room.

He didn’t need to look at him, he didn’t need to see his face to know he was succeeding.

Satisfaction ran down his body, pleased with his own actions. And maybe he was being unfair, and maybe he was being all those things he’s thought about. But he couldn’t find it in himself to care. Because he was patient when it was needed and knew how to be understanding and compliant, but he also knew how to throw a taunt.

He had been plenty understanding and compliant... As much as he could be, at least. It was Dream’s turn to understand and snap out of it.

To be completely fair, he knew maybe he was going too far. He knew the logical thing to do if he wasn’t happy with how things were developing, it was to say something about it. But talking felt like asking for more things, and he didn’t want to ask anymore. He didn’t want to feel like he was begging for the attention he used to get for free.

Okay, that maybe it wasn’t like he didn’t give him any attention at all, and maybe asking if he wanted to do something implied the boy wanted it as well. But it didn’t feel right, it didn’t feel like what he needed. He didn’t fully understand what it was, but he knew it wasn’t that.

And in all honesty, he wasn’t even sure of what it caused him to get like that, to be so upset about it. He wasn’t sure why being ignored a little more than on normal days had messed him up so much, or if it was even that the cause.

He wasn't sure why he cared, never before being a problem if they spent time apart. But it bothered him.

Maybe it was the fact that it was happening in person now, maybe it was the fact that they were being intimate with each other and that was making him more sensitive because of instinctual reactions or something. Whatever it was, he needed to feel the boy's interest, to see that it was indeed mutual.

"George," the alpha's voice took him out of his thoughts. He placed his plate on the sink, then turned to look at his friend. "I'll... I'll clean, you don't need to wash it."

"Oh," he mumbled. "Thanks."

He offered him a faint smile, before starting to walk to head out and to his room.

But a strong hand grabbed his arm, stopping his movements.

"Wait," his partner mumbled, making him look at him. "Let me just..."

And he moved down, connecting their lips together.

A tingling sensation ran through his whole body, heart beating faster to get that pleasant feeling again after so long. But kissing first wasn't unusual, he still wanted him to do more.

He wanted him to deepen the kiss, he wanted to push him against the sink. He wanted his hands feeling his body, maybe even fingering him open right there in the kitchen. However, none of it happened. The alpha pulled away just after a few seconds.

"That... That's still okay, right?"

The omega snorted, rolling his eyes before offering him a teasing smile.

"Yeah, Dream. You're still not a terrible kisser."

"That's not what I meant." The boy laughed. And it was nice, hearing him laugh was nice. But he needed to keep focus. He let out a quick goodnight, then just as quickly went back to his room.

Falling asleep was a little harder, waking up was a little easier.

As the previous day, he spent the whole morning and part of the afternoon alone in his room. But this time, before he could go downstairs, a knock on his door caught his attention. It wasn't surprising to see the blond there. It wasn't surprising seeing his eyes instantly glance at his exposed skin.

"Yes?" He questioned, getting the attention back at his face.

"Um. I was gonna... Sap and I are going out, to get some stuff for my birthday's lunch on Friday," the boy mumbled. "Do you wanna come too or...?"

George felt his stomach twisting, a sense of guilt hitting him.

"I'm... Kinda busy right now."

It felt bad, lying felt bad this time. It felt bad because they were only two days away from his friend's birthday and he didn't wanna keep his act up till then. He didn't deserve that. But he didn't want to give up, not after all the time and effort he's put onto his strategy. If he gave up now,

everything would have been in vain. He would have wasted the blond's and his own time.

One more day, he would give himself just twenty-four more hours to try.

His partner didn't seem disappointed, but he could tell that he was.

"Oh. Well... Do you wanna at least play some games tonight? Or just, hang out?"

"Maybe," he let out. "If I'm not too tired."

"... Right." The brunet shifted on his spot, the blond stood awkwardly on his. "We're gonna go, then. Text me if you need anything."

"Okay."

His inner sobbed to the loss as he watched the boy walk away, a bitter feeling taking over his stomach. But despite wanting to call him and tell him he changed his mind, he couldn't.

He just... Couldn't.

The Brit got back to his bed, and before he knew it, he had fallen asleep. He woke up at some point of the night, not late enough for his friends to be asleep yet. But despite that fact, no one came looking for him. The alpha didn't try to ask him to hang out again, he didn't take his maybe as a possibility.

And George realized, then, that he was done. His strategy wasn't working, it was only making things worse. He either needed to step up his game before the day he set was over, or he needed to give up and stop whatever he was doing all together.

But after he stopped, then what? Back at initiating things when it's not something he liked doing all that much? Back at feeling like Dream didn't wanna pay attention to him anymore? Back at feeling needy in a way that wasn't physical? Back at feeling *lonely* ?

The brunet tried his best to fall asleep again. He didn't feel any better the next morning, but at least, he had made up his mind about what he wanted to do.

One more thing. He would try one more thing. And if that didn't work... Then, it didn't work.

The omega stood up, taking a few minutes to brush his teeth and clean himself up a little before grabbing a loose t-shirt, not bothering to put pants on once again before leaving his room. He walked straight to his friend's room, and didn't hesitate before he knocked. He heard the noise of a chair turning, then footsteps. And just a moment later, the door was opened.

The blond was quick to notice his outfit, or lack of it. But the Brit knew that wasn't good enough, it hadn't worked yet and wouldn't work alone now either.

"Hey," he mumbled, to get his attention. The alpha looked at him, but before he could say anything, George spoke again. "Do you have any lube?"

Dream instantly blinked, his face quickly shifting to confusion.

"What?"

"Do you have any lube? I don't have any left." Not completely a lie. He couldn't remember where he had put his bottle, not even remembering when was the last time that he used it.

The boy blinked again, but then, he frowned.

“Why do you want lube?”

“Why do you think?”

He could feel a light blush wanting to take over his cheeks, but he tried to keep a straight face. He tried to pretend the conversation wasn't embarrassing, and he wanted to pretend he wasn't making it up and had no intention to use the liquid whatsoever.

His friend furrowed his brows more, now suddenly looking displeased.

“George,” his tone was colder too, almost annoyed. “Why do you want lube?”

“I wanna touch myself, Dream, why else?” He let out, with an exasperated voice. “I don't produce enough slick when I'm-”

“Why, George?” The alpha interrupted him, placing his hand on his arm and using it to pull him inside the room. “Why do you wanna touch yourself when *I'm* supposed to take care of you?”

The brunet bit back a smile, a sense of success appearing.

He liked that, that was a good sign. Maybe this would work, maybe this would push the right buttons.

So, he shrugged at his words.

“I felt like it.”

“You *felt like it*?”

“Yeah.”

“George.” The blond closed the door behind him, then suddenly stepped closer. The Brit's eyes widened to the unexpected proximity, stepping back out of instinct and feeling the wooden door against his back. “What are you doing? What are- What are you trying to do?”

The boy placed a hand on his hip, moving closer again.

The omega could feel his heartbeat increasing, but he still tried not to react.

“I'm not trying to do anything.”

“Yes you are. You're... You're acting like *this*, dressing like *that*,” he let out, the hand squeezing his waist. “Do you think I'm stupid? Do you think I wouldn't notice?”

George took a deep breath, skin burning under the boy's touch. And the alpha moved closer again, faces just centimeters away.

“How long are you planning on keeping this up? The whole week? Even on my *birthday*?” His voice was so low it almost sent electric waves through his body. His demeanor was almost intimidating. But he still played dumb, he still kept his game going.

“I don't know what you mean.”

“Yes you do,” he affirmed. “You know exactly what you're doing to me.” The American placed

his other hand on his hips as well, moving both hands up and down, making him shiver. “Shit, George... Do you want me to chase you? Is that it?”

Fuck, the brunet wanted to groan in annoyance. Even now, even with all his cards over the table, the boy still didn’t get it. He still was asking the wrong questions. And he had enough, it was enough.

“What do *you* want to do, Dream?” He finally asked, eyes fixed on the green ones. Because that’s all he needed. That’s all he thought he needed.

“I want to fuck you, George” the alpha instantly answered, not a hint of hesitation on his voice. “Right here, in my room.” And those words alone were enough to make his whole body warm, relief filling him full and his inner cheering to the confession.

Finally, he said it. Finally, it wasn’t something he suggested.

Finally, he was speaking his mind on how he felt about it.

He placed his hands on the boy’s neck, pulling closer until their foreheads touched.

“Then do it,” he whispered. “Fuck me.” Anything he needed. Anything as long as he showed him that he meant it. “Do whatever you want to me.”

Before he could react, his back was pressed harder against the door, hands on his hips lifting him up and the boy’s body against his own. His mouth attached to his own in a hungry kiss, and the hardness in the blond’s pants rubbed against his crotch. He couldn’t help but let out a pleased sound, wrapping his legs around his partner to keep balance as strong hands caressed his sides and thighs.

The alpha didn’t waste a second, in a quick movement unzipping his jeans and pulling them down just enough to take his dick out, then pulling the omega’s underwear as well. George’s face turned bright red on the spot, realizing he was *still* being held against the door yet the boy seemed all too ready to get into action right away.

“Dream, the bed, we should go to-”

“I can’t wait.”

The blond’s voice sounded more like a groan, so raspy and tinted with lust. The brunet’s whole body felt on fire, breathing heavily and inner thighs wet with his slick.

This is what he wanted.

The desperation in his words, the need in his actions. Showing him that he craved him and being fully in charge of the situation. The boy moved his dick to align it with his entrance, but just then, he remembered something. He quickly palmed at his clothes with one hand, seemingly looking for something in his pockets.

“Fuck, my wallet-”

Oh, right. *That*.

... Fuck that.

Partially, he was annoyed because he didn’t want that detail to ruin the moment that he finally got

to have. But also, this seemed like the perfect opportunity to put something on the table that he had been thinking of for a while now. He wasn't sure of how the alpha would react, but he knew what he wanted.

"We don't need the stupid condom," the omega quickly let out, so his partner wouldn't pull away to look for one. Dream looked at him with a surprised expression, and his cheeks grew a faint shade of red to the embarrassment of having to say that. "I'm taking pills, and I'm not fertile at this point of my cycle, and- and we're both clean, right? I-"

The blond kissed him before he could add anything else.

The kiss was different, just as hungry yet more tender in a way he couldn't explain. It almost felt like a thank you, of a gesture of appreciation. And when he broke apart, the face he gave him showed more of that. He could tell he was happy, but he also looked somewhat proud. Or maybe that wasn't the word, but he didn't have a better one.

"You sure?" The boy asked, and the brunet quickly nodded.

He understood why he was asking, he knew deciding something like that required a certain level of trust and commitment. But he trusted Dream with his life. Besides...

"I wanna feel it."

The American's cheeks get redder in an instant, understanding what *it* meant in that sentence. And without waiting another second, he positioned the tip of his member by his hole, and pushed in without a warning.

George shut his eyes close, a sound of pleasure instantly coming out.

His walls burned slightly to the lack of preparation, feeling the boy's dick working his way to spread them open and push himself deeper inside. But the feeling wasn't unpleasant. God, not at all. Fuck, he needed it. He needed to be shown his body was meant to take it. He *liked* it.

And it was weird, because he wasn't actually horny before going to the room, and he hadn't been horny or needy at all since the day of their arrangement. But despite physically not needing it, mentally he wanted it. And it only took his partner showing interest as well for his hormones to react as well.

Normally, it was the opposite.

His body would have the needs but his mind wouldn't be into it, and whenever he tried to make that work his body would stop responding quickly. They weren't in sync, and that caused most of the frustration he had to face when touching himself.

But now... He just wanted it, even if he wasn't physically in the mood yet. It wasn't just to test the new limits or out of curiosity for that new layer of their relationship. He just wanted it. He wanted to be close, he wanted to feel good, he wanted to be intimate. And the alpha responding to his needs with his own was all the fuel he needed.

A particularly hard thrust took him out of his thoughts, a strong hand suddenly holding his jaw and making him look at the blond.

"I can hear you thinking, Georgie," the boy let out, his other hand holding him in place as he shifted his hips deeper. "What did I tell you before? Focus on me when I'm fucking you."

Warmth spread across his body, a soft whine involuntary coming out to the demanding tone.

“M thinking about you,” he hurried to say, upset eyes making his whole body shiver.

“Yeah?” Dream attacked his lips to his neck, pulling his shirt down with his teeth to expose more skin that he could mark without making it too visible. “What about me?”

The brunet took a deep breath, his mind suddenly clouded and thoughts dissipating as the blond changed the angle of his thrusts to hit directly at his prostate.

“I- Just...” Another deep breath, a moan cutting his words. “How good you fuck me.”

The boy groaned against his skin to his words, biting at it next and pulling to paint his white porcelain of a pretty shade of purple. He glanced up to him just barely, just to let him know he expected him to keep going. The omega tried to focus, tried to find the words.

“It’s so... *Different*. I- Fuck, it’s too good.”

His partner let out a soft chuckle, probably amused that he kept repeating the same things, mind too out of it to think of anything better.

“You like my dick that much?”

“Love it.”

Both hands flew to his hips, gripping at them harder than necessary as the boy hid his face on his shoulder, a loud and deep sound coming out of his lips. His movements increased right after, picking up his pace and pushing himself even deeper. George’s eyes rolled, holding onto him tightly as he let the man fuck him harder, hitting his sweet spot over and over and sending electric waves through his body.

It was a conversation they had already had, yet the alpha still reacted like getting those words were an unexpected accomplishment.

He liked hearing it, he could tell he did. Maybe it was the praise, maybe it was the choice of words. But whatever it was, his control was clearly affected by it.

“Say it again,” he whispered, speeding up his movements even more and one hand wrapping around his neglected cock. The omega whimpered softly, the pleasure inside him growing and almost feeling like too much.

“I love it,” he let out, followed by a choked-out moan. The boy had started stroking his dick and tension was building in his lower abdomen. “Love your dick, love how you fuck me.” Dream shifted his hips harder, letting out sounds of his own as well. “I love...” Deep breath, head feeling light. “I love this.”

The blond bite as his shoulder, the movements of his hand matching the rest of his body. The brunet couldn’t take it, it was almost overwhelming.

“Dre- ’M gonna cum,” he quickly warned, his legs already trembling and struggling to keep himself contained.

“Go ahead, baby, cum.”

That was all it took.

All his senses abruptly disconnected, there was nothing but pleasure and the alpha's voice. His orgasm hit him harder than expected, a loud moan coming out as he painted his friend's hand white and waves of satisfaction slowly flooded him full.

Holy fuck. Holy fucking shit.

How could it possibly be getting better and better and better?

He held tightly onto the boy, body shaking and choked out sounds still coming out. The blond slowed down the movements of his hand as he rode off his high, coming to a full stop a few seconds later yet still rocking his hips.

"I'm- I'm not done yet-"

"Keep going," he said right away. He didn't care if he was feeling sensitive already, he didn't care if it would feel like too much soon enough. He didn't want him to stop. "Need you to fill me."

The sound he got in response was worth it.

The alpha placed his hands on his thighs, spreading his legs just slightly further apart, then held him tightly as he increased his speed once again. And seeing him like this, caring only about seeking his own pleasure, shifting his position and changing his movements to focus on how he liked it so he could cum... It would've been enough to turn him on again, if it wasn't because he had just finished.

"George," his partner moaned, but it sounded more like a warning.

"Don't pull out," he hurried to say, wrapping his legs more firmly around him. Not like the boy was planning to, both on the same page about what they wanted to happen.

A couple more thrust, and the blond's hips were shuddering. The omega couldn't prevent a sound of his own from coming out, closing his eyes to the feeling of the warmth substance filling him up.

Dream muffled his moans against his shoulder, trembling lightly and panting heavily. His movement slowly came to a stop, yet he stayed in the same position, holding him by the door for a few more moments as he tried to calm down.

After a minute, he finally pulled apart enough to look at him, wrapping his arms around him in a gentler way as he carefully pulled him into his arms and walked to the bed. And just when they got there, he finally fully pulled out, placing him on the mattress and reaching for some tissues on his nightstand to clean him up.

"All good?" He asked, voice back at the soft tone he usually used with him. George simply nodded, closing his eyes and focusing on regulating his breathing. All his muscles felt sore, and his back hurt a little, but he regretted nothing.

And now that he was calmer, he could fully process everything that happened.

"You called me baby," he instantly pointed out. The blond stopped his movements, letting out an embarrassed giggle before continuing with his task.

"Yeah I- sorry, it slipped out. I wasn't trying- I mean, I didn't mean-"

"Dream, is fine," he mumbled, amused by the sudden nervousness. "I didn't hate it."

“Oh?” The boy threw the tissues to the trash and fixed both of their clothes, then crawled into the bed with him, wrapping his arms around him and gently pulling him into a hug. “So you like pet names, good to know.”

The omega’s cheeks blushed instantly.

“That’s not what I said,” he hurried to correct him, getting a soft laugh in response. “And you like praise, so shut up.”

“I don’t- Okay, *look*, it’s not-” The blond laughed again, shaking his head. “I don’t *hate* it.” The brunet rolled his eyes to the copied words. “Plus, you like my dick, so...”

“You like my ass.”

“We were meant to be, then.”

The Brit scoffed.

“You’re an idiot.” His friend laughed one more time, then moved closer to kiss his forehead.

“So... We’re okay, then?” Dream quietly asked, after a moment. George looked at him, not completely sure of what he meant but still nodding. “And you? Are you okay?”

The omega blinked a few times, then frowned.

“M fine,” he mumbled. “What do you...?”

“You just... You’ve been acting weird since last week.”

The brunet stared at his friend for a few seconds, then looked away, shrugging.

“I’m fine.”

He could feel the blond was staring at him as well, and he could feel his doubt too. But he didn’t insist, simply letting out a quiet ‘okay’ before kissing his head. Even though they both knew it wasn’t a completely honest answer.

It’s not like he didn’t know what his friend was talking about. He had been feeling off for a while now, after all, and no matter how much he tried to explain to himself what was bothering him the explanation always came short, didn’t feel like good enough. But because of that, he knew he wouldn’t be able to explain it to him either. And if he was being honest, he just, didn’t want to talk about it. Good reason to or not.

Sometimes talking felt like dropping a domino.

It was like... There was a path of dominos that he had been creating for a while, maybe his whole life. A path that led to the places where he’s locked away the things he didn’t need, and the things he was done thinking about. And if one single little piece were to be dropped, he couldn’t measure the chaos that it could cause.

But he was fine, overall. He got upset and annoyed for stupid reasons, but he managed to handle it and things were fine now. There was no reason to explain what had been going on, or what he had been feeling. There was no reason to make things complicated, or harder to himself. Because explaining that would lead to more questions, and more questions would lead to pieces falling.

“We should get up,” Dream abruptly mumbled, breaking the silence and his train of thought. “We

have a lot to do before tomorrow, so we should do it now so we can relax at night.”

“Or...” The omega shifted to his side, to look at the alpha better. “You let me nap for twenty minutes, and then you fuck me again.”

The blond’s eyes widened, a blush creeping on his cheeks.

“George- *what?*”

“We can do stuff later, but do me first.” The boy snorted to his choice of words, an awkward and slightly embarrassed laugh coming out of his partner’s mouth.

“You’re insatiable, you’re actually-”

“Don’t act like you don’t like it.” He huffed. His friend let out a soft chuckle, nodding in defeat.

“Yeah, I do.” The brunet smirked, happy with his victory.

“I changed my mind, let’s fuck again now and then nap after.”

The American raised an eyebrow, giving him a look of disbelief. And it’s not like he was horny again, or wasn’t satisfied enough and needed more. But he didn’t want to get apart and focus on work again so soon, he wanted to keep feeling him close.

Despite his initial reaction, Dream still complied. Careful and gentle, caressing his skin and kissing as much of his body as he could.

And with his dick deep inside his mind soon went blank again, all the unwanted thoughts soon forgotten.

Chapter End Notes

oh my god this took so long i am so sorry 😊 life kept getting in the way, and then something happened on twitter that made me a little less motivated to write, but FINALLY its done wooooo

i wanna say right away, since i know that theres some expectations about how fast i update, that i probably will continue updating once a week instead of twice a week like before. this mostly because the chapters went from around 10k words each to 15k+, and obviously that means i need more time to write and check them :] i hope thats okay! im trying my best to keep the content coming as often as possible ahaha

anyways! i gave a spoiler without context on twitter that some of you tried to guess, and the correct answer (that i didnt think anyone would get) was: fucking like rabbits, then getting cockblocked, going to the movies and fucking in the car, then stopping until they fuck against the wall... yes, a not at all embarrassing sentence now that i read it out loud ahahah

shout out to angel for guessing the movies and cars part, shout out to kat and kalynn for guessing that someone would walk on them because TECHNICALLY sapnap kinda did ahah, and shout out to mich and the anon in curiouscat for guessing that they would have sex 😊

you can keep sending predictions on twitter, dms, tumblr, curiouscat or in the comments! and i'll give you a shout out in the chapter whenever what you guessed would happen, happens :D

alright, i think thats all i had to say for now ahaha see you again soon <3

ps: just reminding you that your comments are my favorite part of writing, no matter how big or small they are, so please dont feel like youre bothering me or anything!! i absolutely love them and the more the merrier

edit: i just thought i should add that no, theres not gonna be mpreg on this fic so dont take the condom thing that way LMAO anyways have a great day/night

[twitter](#)

[tumblr](#)

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Fingers running through his hair should be inviting him to stay asleep. The comfort of the sheets and how soothing the movement was should be enough to keep his eyes closed and mind disconnected.

George liked to sleep, he liked to stay in bed for as long as possible with arms wrapped around him. Yet this time, the small gesture was enough to cause a reaction. He couldn't not wake up right away, even with something that he usually wouldn't even perceive.

His brain was too alert and too ready for what was to come, too eager to prove to himself that it was real, and he could do what he's been wishing for for years. He had been expecting that moment for way too long, he had been expecting to finally be a part of it, to finally be there.

His eyes practically snapped open.

Green orbs offered him nothing but tenderness, a fond smile on the blond's lips that only grew bigger seeing him waking up.

"Good morni-"

The abrupt feeling of arms around his neck quickly cut the alpha off, a surprised gasp escaping him as the weight of the smaller body was suddenly over him, embracing him in a thigh hug. The omega felt his heart beating fast as strong arms returned the gesture, closing his eyes for a moment to enjoy the feeling.

He's never been too much of a hugger, he's specially never been one to initiate them. Unless it was a special occasion, unless it was a first. Like when he met Quackity, or Sapnap, or he first arrived at the States. And this was a special occasion as well.

He buried his face on his friend's neck, the excitement on his scent filling the room. Finally, *finally*, they were together for this.

"Happy birthday, Dream."

Oak and brown sugar matched his excitement, soft giggles resonating in his ears. The boy shifted their positions in a quick movement, fully pulling him into his arm before laying over him, just to press their lips together.

George couldn't be happier.

And maybe waking up in bed together, and kissing to celebrate, wasn't how he used to imagine his first time saying happy birthday to his friend face to face. But right in that moment, it felt perfect. He couldn't think of a better way to do it.

Dream slowly pulled apart, soft eyes reflecting just how thrilled he was. George had a smile stuck on his face, keeping the boy close and only distancing their heads.

"You're here," the blond pointed out. The brunet couldn't help but snort.

“I am.”

“On my birthday,” the alpha added, and the omega could feel his heartbeat faster. He rolled his eyes with fake annoyance, as if he could pretend that he was anything but utterly excited.

“Yes, idiot, on your birthday.”

The giggles that escaped his partner’s mouth were so bright that he found himself joining him without being able to stop himself, their mixed laughter making a harmony he would never get tired of listening. It didn’t last long, though, his friend quickly pressing their lips together again and making him melt into the kiss.

This is how he wanted every single one of their birthdays to be, how he wanted them to start. With soft kisses, intermittent chuckles and holding each other close.

Dream broke apart once again.

“Do you know what this means, George?” The blond asked. The brunet raised an eyebrow.

“Birthday sex.” The omega instantly snorted.

Of course the alpha would go there. Of course he would try to get something using the birthday card.

As if they hadn’t fucked three times the day before. Once in the morning after the stunt he pulled to make the boy snap, quickly in the bathroom downstairs when Sapnap went to pick up dinner, and once at night right before they fell asleep.

“You’re such an idiot.” He rolled his eyes. The American pouted.

“Is that a no?”

The Brit smirked, biting back a soft laugh. If he had been wanting the boy to be more vocal about wanting him, that issue surely was resolved now. And well, who was him to say no to a birthday wish?

Not saying no, however, didn’t mean he couldn’t mess with him at the same time.

The brunet hummed, slowly pulling apart fully and turning around, then laying with his face to the mattress. He spread his legs apart next, placing his knees firmly on the bed as he lifted his lower half up to show his ass to the alpha. He just barely turned his head to glance at his partner from the corner of his eye, just in time to catch him taking a sharp breath.

“*George*,” the blond whined, almost sounding like a complaint. “Don’t- Why are you doing it like *that*?”

“Like what?” He asked, faking innocence as he raised his hips some more, curving his back slightly.

“You *know* what you’re doing, don’t play dumb-”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he mumbled, then shifted his position slightly to raise his head just a little bit. Enough to expose his neck as well, tilting his head to display more of his pale skin.

“George.” A warning this time. “You’re- Stop that.”

“What’s wrong, Dream?” He questioned, despite knowing exactly what he was doing. No matter what kind of arrangement they had, and no matter how strong their friendship was, no alpha could be fully unaffected by an omega presenting themselves to them. “I thought you wanted to *take me*?”

In a blink of an eye, he was flipped around. His eyes widened immediately as he felt himself fall with his back to the bed and a bigger body now laying over him, hands on his arms to keep him from moving.

“When I say stop, you stop.”

Blood came rushing to his cheeks, heart racing to the statement. The hunger on the green orbs was almost as strong as the annoyance on the rest of his features, his grip unnecessarily firm as he kept him pinned to the mattress.

And it shouldn’t be so arousing, to make his friend lose his chill. Just like his inner shouldn’t be so eager to reply with a *yes, alpha* and agree to whatever he said. But fuck, he was enjoying this a little too much.

The brunet smirked, struggling for a moment before being able to wrap his legs around his partner’s waist.

“Or what?”

One of the hands on his arms moved to grab his jaw, making him look directly into the green eyes.

“Are you seriously gonna act like a brat on my birthday?” The man questioned. George raised an eyebrow.

“Why? Are you gonna do something about it or just keep complaining like always?”

Lips pressed against his own before he could react. He let out a choked-out sound, a tongue finding its way inside his mouth and exploring it slowly. The blond pressed their bodies together next, shifting his hips to rub his growing hardness against his crotch. George took a sharp breath, feeling as Dream broke the kiss just to attach his lips to his neck, nipping at his skin in a way that he knew wouldn’t leave marks but made him wish it did.

The alpha took some distance to remove the omega’s underwear, in such a fast movement he was barely able to register it, the blond moving closer again right after and placing one hand by the brunet’s hole. He bit softly at his neck, then ran his tongue through it, before pulling away again to look directly at his eyes.

“You’re gonna cum from my fingers, then again from my tongue,” he declared, and George could only hope Dream didn’t notice how his whole body shivered to his demanding tone. “And then you’ll take my dick. We’ll see if you still feel like talking back after.”

The brunet bit his own lips to keep himself from giving an all too compliant response, preventing himself from even nodding not to show just how on board he was with that plan.

Good fuck, he felt on fire.

And as his partner began to place kisses down his throat to his collarbones, and his fingers began to tease his entrance, he tried to hold his breath and keep quiet. He tried to keep his reactions at bait, to not make it so incredibly obvious how thrilled he was with the change of demeanor. But there was no way to hide or deny how immensely turned on he was.

Because it was the boy's birthday, yet Dream still was going to please *him*. His way of *punishing* him was still to seek his satisfaction. As if making him cum was the blond's own personal reward, like there's nothing he liked more than watching the brunet fall apart.

George closed his eyes, spreading his legs further apart. But a knock on the door made him snap his orbs open again right after.

Reality hit him a little too fast, fear filling him in an instant as he remembered that they weren't the only two people living in that house.

... Shit.

Sapnap.

Dream pulled apart as quickly as humanly possible, expression matching his thoughts and showing how caught off guard he was as well. With widened orbs and panicked face the brunet reached for his underwear, but before he could even try to put it on another sound caught his attention.

"George? Are you there?"

He froze on his spot.

Fuck, that was bad. That was really bad.

He couldn't trust how his voice was gonna sound with the roller-coaster of emotions of the last few seconds, but if he didn't reply now, right away, the brown-haired would certainly open the door to check on him. And that was *not* something that he could allow to happen right now.

"I'm here," he hurriedly mumbled, then continued with his actions as fast as possible to get some clothes on. His partner moved to lay by his side just as fast, covering them both with a blanket just in case their roommate decided to intrude despite his response.

"Morning," the boy replied, talking again right after. "Is Clay there with you?"

Silence instantly fell over them. The Brit gulped, doubting for a second.

He looked at his friend for guidance, not knowing what to answer.

"Hi Sap," the blond instantly let out, giving him a reassuring look.

"Hi man, happy birthday," the boy at the other side of the door said. "I got you some breakfast."

"Thank you," the alpha mumbled, then added with a teasing tone. "I appreciate that you didn't try to cook this time."

The youngest of them all chuckled to his words, his laughter sounding distant because of the walls in between them. But after a few seconds, he spoke again, with a more hesitant tone.

"So, are you coming to eat now or, um... Are you guys busy?"

Once again, the omega looked at his partner, waiting for him to respond.

"Kinda, I was helping George out."

... Okay. That was *not* the kind of response he was hoping for. What was he thinking? Those words were just... They could easily be taken the wrong way.

He instantly glared at him, almost as if to warn him to be more careful. Dream looked at him as well, offering him a playful grin.

“He has a broken pipe, I’m trying to fix it.”

... What?

“What?” Sarnap mimicked his thoughts.

“Yeah, he’s *such a mess* right now,” the blond let out, a little too slowly as if to emphasize. George blinked a few times, furrowing his brows in confusion. “Like, he got everything *soaking wet*.”

The brunet’s face instantly turned bright red.

Just like that, his words clicked.

And oh my *god*, he was going to kill him.

“Oh shit, do you have the toolbox with you? I took it the other day and I didn’t-”

“I have everything I need right here,” his partner immediately assured. “I’m just a little worried that these tools might be a bit *too big* and won’t fit, but I know how to make it wo-”

The omega covered the alpha’s mouth with his hand before he could finish his sentence.

“We’ll be down in a few minutes,” he interrupted, face so hot it felt like it would explode, and chest bubbling with a mix of embarrassment and anger.

“Alright, let me know if you need anything.”

The Brit waited to hear enough footsteps to be sure their roommate was far enough, then took away his hand, glaring at his friend with deadly eyes.

“What is *wrong* with you?”

Dream broke down wheezing right away. The boy let himself fall on the bed, expression relaxed as he laughed. George could feel his face growing even redder, embarrassment not being strong of a word to define how he was feeling.

“It’s not funny. It’s actually not funny.” Despite his words, his friend only wheezed louder.

“Dream, he could’ve *known*.”

“How would he know? It was- It was just a joke, George, relax-”

“He’s gonna see nothing is broken and he’s gonna *know*-”

A pair of soft lips shut him up.

He quickly pulled away, frowning at the boy.

“No, no more kissing,” he declared, crossing his arms. “We’re not having sex anymore.”

“*What* ?” The alpha quickly sat up. “George, come on, I was joking-”

“No.” He sat up as well, shaking his head. “You’re in probation, no more fucking until you stop being an idiot.” He moved to sit by the edge of the bed next, ready to stand up.

“But it’s my *birthday*” the boy whined, following him to sit on the edge of the bed as well. “And I’m hard. You’re gonna make me go eat breakfast with a hard on?”

The way the blond pouted was almost comical. The brunet had to bite the inside of his cheek to prevent himself from smiling.

He was upset about it, he wasn’t faking that, but he couldn’t deny that he liked to see his partner being so vocal about not wanting to lose his chances with him.

The omega hummed, standing up and walking to position himself in front of the alpha.

“You should’ve thought of that before saying those things.”

The American groaned, clearly displeased with his behavior. And under any other circumstances, he probably would’ve expressed just that. But he was probably watching his words now, to not make the situation worse for himself. Which was only another win, which only further proved how much he didn’t wanna lose the benefits of their relationship.

“He’s not gonna know, George. I can tell him I was joking if he suspects anything.”

“I don’t care, I’m being serious,” he mumbled. But right after, he moved closer, placing both hands on the boy’s cheeks to cup them and pressing their lips together in a kiss.

Dream kissed him back right away.

The omega licked his bottom lip with his tongue, asking for access, and soon enough the gesture was deepening, eager hands reaching for his waist to keep him just as close. He broke apart after a few seconds, giving his partner a quick glance before suddenly dropping on his knees in front of him.

The alpha’s eyes widened to the abrupt actions, but the surprised face was soon replaced by a prideful one, as if he had just won something.

“I thought you said no more fucking.” The boy raised an eyebrow, offering him a teasing smirk.

George hummed, shrugging in response. He placed his hands on Dream’s knees, spreading his legs apart.

“Well, this isn’t exactly *fucking*,” he mumbled, looking up to him. “Not if you don’t move your hips.”

Because oh he knew all too well how much he liked to take control and fuck into his mouth whenever he decided to please him with it.

He moved closer, positioning himself better in between his friend’s legs. Then he looked up at him, keeping a straight face.

“I’m still serious,” he assured.

“Oh yeah, I can see that.”

“You can’t touch me, Dream, that’s how serious I am” he quickly said, and the boy’s expression faltered. Because it finally clicked for George, that the eagerness to please him was something he could use against him. “I’m giving you birthday head so Sapnap doesn’t see you with a boner, but you’re still on probation.”

“What do you *mean* I can’t touch you? That’s *not* fair-”

“Do you want me to suck you off or not?”

The nod he got in response was almost instant.

The brunet nodded to himself, carefully placing his hands on the boy's underwear and removing it slowly. And maybe he’s seen his friend’s dick a thousand times by now, but he still couldn't help but think how much he liked how big it was. George was never a big fan of giving blowjobs, but he felt the urge of putting his partner’s member on his mouth from time to time.

Maybe it was the pheromones being more appealing, changing the way he perceived his taste. Or maybe it was the alpha’s reactions, the soft little whines and the way he always fell apart. Whatever it was, he could say he enjoyed sucking Dream off.

He wrapped his hand around the base of his length, then began to place faint and quick kisses all over his head. He liked the way the blond groaned whenever he teased him. But he didn’t tease him for long, knowing they didn’t have much time. He wrapped his lips around his tip, then slowly took him into his mouth. And as he began to run and swirling his tongue around his dick, his hand moved to stroke him as well.

It was almost amusing how fast the American would start panting, holding onto his head as he whispered quiet pleas for more. And George gave him more.

He moved his hand faster, he sucked him with eagerness. He collected his precum with his tongue and kept pleasing his shaft with the wet muscle. He made sure to look at his partner whenever he took him deeper into his mouth, he made sure to roll his eyes and show him how much he liked it. And the alpha loved that, he knew he loved that.

He could tell he was struggling to hold back, and that’s exactly what the omega wanted. He increased his pace again, he took as much as he could to please him with his mouth.

Not a minute later, the blond was cumming on his mouth. And to be honest, he didn’t dislike that as much anymore either.

The omega pulled away, hurrying to swallow so he wouldn’t focus on the texture before reaching for some tissues to clean the corners of his mouth. He knew his partner liked aftercare, but he also knew he usually was too out of it after getting head to clean him up.

It’s not like he made a mess that needed to be cleaned, anyways.

“You’re gonna shower first, and make sure Sapnap doesn’t suspect anything,” the brunet mumbled, getting some water and drinking a few sips. “I’ll shower after and join you when I’m done.”

The blond could only nod to that, still recovering and unable to protest. It took the alpha a couple minutes to finally react and stand up.

Dream headed downstairs as soon as he finished showering, promising to distract Sapnap and do what the boy asked him. George tried to be as quick as possible when it was his turn to wash himself, joining them after just a few minutes.

Both boys were laughing when he walked into the kitchen, a bunch of food from a small cake to a few sandwiches on display over the table. The brunet took the seat beside the blond, reaching to grab a glass of juice as he tried to catch up with the conversation.

“I tried to convince her to do it here this year, since this house is bigger, but you know how she is,” his partner mumbled, letting out a soft giggle. The brown-haired nodded to his words. It only took the brunet a couple seconds to understand they were referring to the tallest one’s mom.

“Did she invite everyone again or is it gonna be just...?”

“Oh yeah, all my aunts, uncles and cousins that live in this state. A full house,” the boy confirmed, nodding a few times. “That’s why I thought it would be better to do it here, but she likes being the host, and she doesn’t like me doing things for others on my birthday.”

Both his roommates laughed at that, George smiled shyly at the interaction. In a way, Dream’s mom sounded a lot like his son.

“So, are you gonna stay the night there then or...?”

“Probably.” The blond nodded once again. “She might want me to stay for lunch tomorrow as well, but...”

“Look, as long as you get here in time to go out with Punz, you can be mommy’s boy all you want.” Dream snorted to his words, but didn’t bother trying to deny the title. “I have a stream to join tonight, so...”

“No, yeah, that’s fine.”

Both boys nodded again, and a comfortable silence fell over them. They ate quietly for a couple moments, enjoying the breakfast their roommate bought for the birthday boy, before a new sound interrupted them. Sapnap reached for his phone and checked the screen, before quickly standing up.

“Hold on, I’ll be right back.”

The youngest of them left the room right away, and as soon as he did, the tallest one checked his phone as well to see the time.

“Alright, I think we should be leaving in like an hour and a half if we wanna get to my mom’s in time. Sounds good?”

The omega blinked a few times to those words, then furrowed his brows.

“We?”

The alpha looked at him with a confused expression.

“Yeah?” He said, as if he didn’t understand what was so strange about his words. But then, it clicked. “We’re all going, George, not just me.”

The brunet blinked again, then one more time. His eyes widened when his brain finally processed it, a soft blush taking over his cheeks.

“What?” He still asked, despite being pretty sure he knew what was going on now.

Why was this the first time he was hearing about this? Why did nobody tell him these were the plans? He didn’t mentally prepare for a gathering with his best friend’s family, he didn’t even mentally prepare to leave the house.

The blond seemed to notice his panicked expression, soon matching it with an equally anxious one.

“Do you... Not want to...?”

“No,” he hurried to say, but he realized right away that’s not how he was supposed to answer. “I mean- yes, I do. I just-” He stopped for a second, tried to organize his thoughts. It’s not like he disliked the idea, not really. It just caught him off guard. “I didn’t know. I... It’s your *family* lunch.”

The alpha looked at him, then offered him a soft smile.

“You and Sap are my family too, you know that.”

“Yeah but... That’s how *you* feel, it doesn’t mean-”

“My mom asked me if you two were gonna come” the boy cut him off. “She’s happy to have you, and I wanted you to join us too.”

The omega blinked a few times, biting his lip.

That... Made him feel slightly more at ease. But was he sure it was right? He wouldn’t want to intrude, especially if they had their own plans to celebrate the day after.

His thoughts were interrupted by strong hands taking his own, making him look down at their fingers now interlocked.

“George.” He looked up to the boy, Dream offered him another soft smile. “I want you to be there,” his friend assured. “It wouldn’t be my special day without my most special person being there with me.”

The warmth spreading through his chest was impossible to ignore, his heart suddenly on fire and beating so fast it threatened to escape up his throat. His inner was cheering so loudly some of the excitement was starting to pass to him.

“Please come?” His partner asked, but right after saying it his expression changed from pleading to amusement. “Wow, never thought I would have to be begging you to do *that*.”

... And the soft moment was gone.

The brunet scoffed, rolling his eyes and ignoring the way his cheeks were warming up.

“You’re an idiot” he let out, fake annoyance in his voice.

The blond laughed at his reaction, moving closer to press a soft kiss on his lips.

George couldn’t understand why he was so anxious.

As he looked out the car’s window to keep himself calm, he kept repeating to himself that this wasn’t the first time he would feel Dream’s family.

He had met his mom and Drista just a couple weeks after getting to the States, as soon as he wasn’t as jet lagged anymore and ready to meet people. And he met the rest of his siblings just a few days after. So it wasn’t like he would be around a bunch of strangers that he was seeing for the first time. Then again, it wouldn’t be just them this time. His uncles and aunts and cousins and who knows who else would be there and they *were* a bunch of strangers to him. And this was the first time visiting that house as well.

He took a deep breath, trying to calm down.

It was normal to want to make a good impression on his best friend's family. But it's not like nothing bad would happen if he was a little awkward or didn't know how to behave. So why was he so freaking anxious?

He kept looking out the window until the car finally stopped. They unfastened their seatbelts and Sappap didn't lose one more second before leaving the vehicle. The brunet took one last deep breath before reaching for his door. But before he could open it, a hand grabbed his arm softly.

The omega turned to look at the blond, sitting at the driver's seat.

"You okay?" He asked, concern in his eyes.

It was surprising how despite not saying a word about it the whole ride, and even without being able to smell it on his scent thanks to his scent patch, the boy still figured out something was wrong with him. George quickly nodded, offering him a faint smile.

"Just nervous I guess," he admitted, because he didn't want his partner to be worried for him all afternoon trying to figure out what he was hiding.

The alpha smiled back at him, sympathetic, then moved closer to press a quick kiss on his lips.

"You don't need to be, they're gonna love you."

"... Why are you so sure?" He asked, ignoring the bubbly feeling on his stomach to the unexpected gesture.

"Because *I* love you," the boy said, keeping the same smile on his face. "And you're my best friend."

Dream sounded so sure he couldn't help but relax slightly. He had always trusted him, even when there was no evidence that supported what he believed and invited him to believe as well, and so far it had always worked out well one way or another. So he decided to trust him this time as well.

They got out of the car without saying anything else, walking side by side until they got inside the house. And the first thing they saw once they came in was the boy's mom greeting Sappap with a hug. The blonde woman quickly noticed their presence, though, giving a couple more words to the youngest of them before heading to his son.

She wrapped her arms around him instantly, with so much love you could feel it by merely watching.

"Clay! Look at you, you're getting so tall!" The alpha let out a soft chuckle to those words, hugging his mom tightly for a couple of seconds before pulling away.

"You saw me less than a month ago, mom."

"That doesn't make it any less true!" She smiled brightly to him, cupping the boy's cheeks with his hands. "Happy birthday baby."

"I'm not exactly a *baby* anymore--"

"You're always going to be *my* baby," she corrected him. "But you're right, you're getting old Clay."

George couldn't help but smile hearing their conversation, and seeing how happy his best friend seemed. His relationship with his mother was so special, anyone that watched them for more than ten seconds could tell that. His attention was soon taken out of them, though, as he felt someone pulling at the sleeve of his shirt.

The brunet instantly looked at the person standing next to him, the young girl with long blonde hair who was almost as tall as him.

"Nerd," the teen greeted him.

"Menace," he greeted back. The girl smirked to his word, moving closer to give him a quick hug before just as quickly pulling away.

"So we're seeing each other again."

"We are, Drista. We are indeed." The blonde snorted to his sentence, rolling her eyes next.

"You know you don't need to call me that, right?" She questioned. "You can just call me Claire."

"Don't bother," the brown-haired suddenly interrupted. "He still calls us Sapnap and Dream."

Drista raised an eyebrow to the new information, shifting from looking at the shortest boy and the omega, as if trying to figure out if the boy was telling the truth. But of course, he was.

"Wow, you're kinda lame," the girl finally declared. The Brit scoffed in response.

"You're kinda dumb."

The teen opened her mouth to respond, but before she could, another voice caught all their attention.

"George!"

Arms were wrapped around him in an instant, barely giving him time to realize what was happening and react. The woman hugged him just as tightly as the previous two, pulling away after a couple of seconds to look at him, cupping his face with her hands.

"It's so nice to see you again, son." The smile she offered was so warm he almost felt like he was actually part of her family, making him shyly smile back at her. "How have you been? Has Clay been treating you okay?"

"Mom," he heard his friend complaining, followed by a soft giggle from the lady. She let go of him next, but still kept the same bright smile. And as soon as he was free, the youngest of the blonds was already grabbing his arm.

"Come on, there's a few fans here you need to meet." The omega blinked a few times to those words, then looked at Drista with furrowed brows.

"What?"

The teen didn't respond, simply pulling at him so he would follow her wherever she wanted to take him. They walked across the house, heading straight to the door at the opposite end and soon reaching the backyard. The girl didn't stop until they were both standing outside, the brunet's anxiety coming back as soon as he noticed the number of people that were there. But he couldn't focus on that for long, the sound of a loud 'it's George!' getting his attention instead.

Three kids came running to where he was, the youngest of them seemingly being ten or so and the oldest being a little closer to Drista's age. The excitement on their voices and faces was almost amusing to him. It was kind of funny to think they were reacting like big fans when they were related to Dream himself.

"Alright, get in line here by this side," the blonde girl pointed out to where she wanted them. "Each of you can ask two questions and can take one selfie with him."

The omega bit the inside of his cheek to prevent himself from laughing, seeing how his best friend's sister suddenly decided to be his meet and green manager being a little too comical to him.

He quickly looked around to try to find his partner, not sure if doing that was a good thing since this was supposed to be the alpha's birthday and not a moment to be focused on him. But as soon as he found the green eyes staring at him, the boy standing just a few meters away, and as soon as the American offered him a smile, he knew it was alright.

He greeted each of the kids, trying his best to answer his questions and taking pictures with them. And he was ready to leave as soon as they were done, ready to go join his roommates again, yet the children had other plans.

Hearing people ranting was something he's gotten quite used to. Following a quick change of topics was also a skill he acquired. The three boys were all too eager to share their future projects and ideas with him, and talk about their favorite videos and mcc moments, and show him a bunch of videos and pictures on their phones.

And all the chatting and commotion continued until he felt an arm wrapping around his waist.

He didn't need to look to know who it was, but he still did.

"What are you guys talking about?" Dream voice interrupted their conversation.

"Happy birthday Clay!" The kids quickly said in unison, one of them hurrying to add. "We were discussing how to play Minecraft in real life!"

"Yeah! George is gonna be the hunter and Claire the dragon!" Both the brunet and the teen looked at the alpha with a face that read *I did not agree to do that*.

The blond let out a loud wheeze to their reactions, shaking his head in amusement before pulling the omega closer to him.

"Sounds fun guys, but I need to steal George for a minute" the tallest of them all declared, and despite the pouty faces neither of the children complained. Dream soon turned around, pulling him to do the same and walk away from there with him.

"Do you think DNF is real?"

The brunet's head never turned so fast in his life, looking back at his friend's cousins that were now whispering to themselves while glancing at them. His cheeks quickly turned red, his eyes traveling to his partner again.

"Did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" The boy questioned. And the omega opened his mouth to reply at first, but he didn't really feel like repeating that sentence out loud. He decided pretending nothing happened was better this time.

His friend didn't insist, instead, he asked another question.

"I thought you said you weren't good with kids?"

"I'm not," the brunet agreed, nodding a few times. The blond raised an eyebrow, as if he wanted to argue that's not what he saw. "Those weren't kids, they were your cousins."

The alpha snorted at his words.

"They are my cousins *and* they are kids, they can be both you know."

"Yeah but..." The omega doubted for a moment, unsure of how to explain. "They were like, a lot like you, like... *Mini Dreams*." The American snorted again, and was seemingly about to say something, but George finished his sentence first. "I'm not good at interacting with children, but I'm good at interacting with you."

The boy's expression suddenly changed, the amused look shifting to something else; like a mix of surprise and something he couldn't identify. The alpha slowed his steps until they came to a stop, then turned around slightly to look at his face better, letting go of him in the process. And he stared at him, almost like examining his face.

The brunet blinked a few times, confused by his reaction.

"What?" He questioned, a bit nervous that maybe he said something wrong. But his words seemed to make the blond realize his own reaction, letting out a soft chuckle before shaking his head.

"Nothing," he mumbled. George raised an eyebrow, unconvinced. "Just..." He chuckled again, a tint of embarrassment on the sound. "I really wanna kiss you right now."

There was no way to hide how fast his cheeks warmed up, a light blush taking over his face.

God, that was unfair. The way his partner could make his stomach twist and heart rate increase with such a simple sentence was unfair.

He shifted awkwardly on his spot, avoiding his face for just a couple of seconds before looking at him again.

"... Why?" He asked, because in all honesty, that was a little out of nowhere. Dream's cheeks tinted pink as well, another embarrassed laugh coming out as he rubbed the back of his neck.

"I don't know, I just do." But of course, that explanation wasn't good enough, and the omega's face showed just that. "My inner liked that, okay?" The alpha finally admitted, then moved a little closer to him. "And... I like your face." He placed his hand on the smaller boy's cheek, cupping gently. "And your lips. I like your lips a lot."

George wished he could forget the rest of the universe existed. He wished he could pretend it was just the two of them, so he could kiss that stupid smile off his face. He wished he could stop caring about everything he cared about, and could do what he really wanted right at that moment. But at last, reality couldn't simply disappear.

"Clay!"

Dream removed his hand and moved away to make some space between them as soon as he heard the voice, both boys turning to look at the woman that was quickly approaching them. She hugged the blond right away, wishing him a happy birthday too, then kissing his cheek. And once she

pulled away, her eyes were now on him.

“And who’s this handsome young man?” She asked, moving to stand in front of him.

For some reason, the brunet suddenly felt nervous.

Maybe it was because of the circumstances, of what they were talking about seconds before. Maybe it was because he felt weirdly caught. Or maybe it was because he had to introduce himself to one of his partner’s relatives for the first time, one that didn’t instantly know who he was.

He doubted for a second before extending his hand at her.

“Hi, I’m Dream’s... Um...” He glanced at his friend, almost as if waiting for him to complete the sentence, then back at the woman.

For some reason, it was like all words he knew disappeared from his mind and he couldn’t find the one he was looking for.

“I’m Dream’s... Friend,” he ended up saying, and internally cringed at himself. *What?* Since when was that the way he introduced himself? “... And business partner.” That didn’t sound any better. “I’m George, I’m- my name is George,” he finally managed to let out.

Luckily for him, the lady didn’t seem to find anything weird with what he said.

“Oh, George!” She completely ignored his hand, giving him a quick hug instead. “Clay’s friend from London, right? We’ve heard so much about you.”

The omega quickly nodded, and with that, some of the awkwardness was gone.

Dream’s aunt was just as talkative as the children were, and soon took it among herself to introduce him to all the relatives he hadn’t met yet. Brown eyes kept seeking green eyes for reassurance whenever he felt trapped in the conversations, and the blond quickly stepped in to save him from his family.

A few moments later they all gathered to finally eat lunch, sitting on a big table and passing food around. The chatter soon started, people asking his friend different questions about his current life, goals and things about their jobs. But the conversation about the alpha’s accomplishments shifted rather quickly, and before he knew it the boy was ranting about his computer science degree, his coding skills, his mcc stats and a bunch of things he doubted his family even cared about.

He couldn’t help but feel embarrassed, looking at Sapnap with begging eyes so he would somehow save him. But the shrug he got in response said it all. *You’re on your own, dude.*

And maybe he didn’t know the family enough to intervene and change the topic, feeling weirdly shy and not brave enough to say anything, but maybe his roommate wasn’t his only ally here.

His eyes searched for Drista next.

The girl smirked in a way that let him know he would owe her one.

Maybe relying on a fifteen-year-old to save his ass from her brother’s ranting wasn’t the best move, especially when that was basically admitting he felt embarrassed to someone that would probably use it against him. But desperate times, desperate measures. He didn’t need Dream’s whole family knowing every single thing he’s done in the past five years. And the boy wasn’t meeting his eyes so he could ask him directly to please stop.

The teen cleared her throat, preparing herself for the intervention.

“I think I figured what I wanna do with my life. I wanna be a music video’s dancer for Lovejoy and Corpse.”

All eyes were instantly on her. The brunet sighed in relief.

The conversation lasted until all the food was gone, topics changing here and there but never returning to be about him. The blond’s mom and his two aunts cleaned the table as his uncles still talked to the alpha, and the omega was once again interrogated by the young cousins.

Until his name was called.

“George, honey, can you help us bring the tea and the cake?”

One of the women called him from inside the house. He blinked a few times, not having expected his assistance to be needed, but he still nodded and stood up before his friend could do the same. Because he knew the blond, and he knew he would try to go instead of him so the brunet wouldn’t have to.

He hesitantly walked into the kitchen, his partner’s mom offering him a smile when he saw him. She carefully took the birthday cake and walked to go outside again, and one of the boy’s aunts then handed him a bunch of plates for him to carry. And he was about to go back, but a hand on his shoulder stopped him from doing so just yet.

“Clay sure sounds proud of you, doesn’t he?” The lady asked, offering him a smile.

The other woman in the room let out a soft giggle. The Brit couldn’t help but blush lightly, mumbling a quiet ‘I guess’ for lack of a better answer.

“I can see why, you’re such a talented young boy... Especially for an omega, you’ve done a lot of impressive things!”

George tried his best not to scoff to the second-hand compliment. For the first time that day he could see that conservative upbringing his friend always told him about, and now suddenly it made sense that he, the only other omega in the house besides the three women, was called to help.

“Clay’s very lucky to have you, and we’re all very happy for you two.”

The brunet simply nodded to her words, deciding that it was better to simply agree with whatever they said than speaking up because he didn’t wanna cause any trouble. But not two seconds later, he blinked, his brain finally processing the sentence. And just like that, his entire face heated up, eyes widened.

He glanced at the lady with panic in his eyes, embarrassment quickly taking over.

Oh my god.

Did he get it all wrong? Was *this* the real reason why they called him in?

“No, that’s not- we’re not like- We’re not *together*,” he let out, wanting the earth to swallow him. First the cousins, now the aunts. Did half of Dream’s family get to the same wrong conclusion?

Both ladies blinked in confusion, looking at each other before glancing back at him, offering him sympathetic smiles that he didn’t need.

“Oh,” the aunt mumbled, patting his shoulder next. “Well, Clay can be a bit slow sometimes, but I’m sure he’ll come to his senses soon enough,” she declared. “He’s very stubborn once he knows he wants something, but sometimes it takes him a while to figure out that he wants it in the first place, you know...? So just be patient with him, it’s a big step to take after all.”

George opened his mouth to talk, but nothing came out. What was he supposed to even say to that?

So he closed it again, and awkwardly nodded. It would be easier to agree then pretend that didn’t happen, than to try and explain whatever he could explain. The lady patted his shoulder again, then grabbed a few cups and headed outside. The brunet quietly exited the kitchen as well, trying his best to pretend everything was normal so the blond wouldn’t ask him any questions.

He didn’t feel like telling him, it was better if he didn’t know.

They joined the rest to sing happy birthday, then shared the cake between laughter and jokes. After they were all done everyone went to different points of the backyard to continue their own conversations, the kids playing around and Sappnap betting on who would win with Drista.

The brunet looked around for a moment, until an intense glance caught his attention. Green orbs looked at him with puppy eyes, offering him a faint smile before making a gesture with his head to point to the house. The omega got the idea, following him inside.

As soon as they stepped in the house the alpha took his hand, leading him to the stairs, stopping once they were right by their side.

The Brit looked at him with questioning eyes.

“They can’t see us here,” he mumbled as an explanation. And then, he moved closer, pressing their lips together.

The bubbly feeling on his stomach was too intense to ignore, his inner melting to the unexpected gesture and making him wrap his arms around his partner’s neck. The boy deepened the kiss for a moment, but broke apart before it could escalate even further.

“Fuck, I really needed that,” he whispered, placing soft and short pecks over his lips, hands holding him by his hips. George’s legs felt like jelly.

”Yeah?”

“Yeah.” Dream chuckled softly, kissing him once again for just a couple of seconds. “I haven’t touched you all day, I kinda miss it.”

A sharp breath, his heart beating faster.

“Dream,” he warned, feeling the strong hands feeling his sides, caressing them up and down.

“Should we- My room is upstairs, can we...?”

“Dream,” he complained this time. “We’re- This is your *parent’s house*.”

“I have scent blockers on my door, and- and it’s soundproof too. Like, in case I decided to stream, so I don’t bother anyone with the noise they-”

“Your *whole family* is here,” the brunet interrupted, feeling his cheeks burning up. He could *not* be suggesting that right now.

It's not like he didn't want to, but that was exactly the problem. This wasn't the time nor the place for that.

The alpha pouted, but nodded anyway, kissing him one last time before pulling away.

"Okay, we wait until they leave then."

"You're an idiot," he let out, rolling his eyes. The boy laughed at his reaction, then reached for his hand, leading him to go outside again.

Despite the awkward encounters, the rest of the afternoon went pretty uneventful, finding ways to have fun and enjoy and actually feeling comfortable. It didn't take long for him to feel like this is how things always had been, as if he was one more member of the family and they've known each other for a while.

Having Sapnap there surely helped, having someone to go to when his social battery was getting low. And of course the blond was helpful too, but couldn't give him all his attention as he still needed to entertain the guests that were there to see him.

The sun began its disappearing act after a couple of hours, and as night began to set, the family members started saying their goodbyes. The brunet tried his best to return all the hugs, then helped Dream's mom to carry all the dirty dishes left to the kitchen.

By the time they finished moving everything inside and George left the kitchen, the house was completely empty. The blond's siblings had gone upstairs already, and only the boy was standing by the door now.

... Hold on.

"Where's Sapnap?" He instantly asked, realizing his presence was nowhere to be seen.

"Hm? He already left," his friend declared, and the brown eyes widened. "He had that stream to join, remember? He told us-"

"Why didn't he wait for me?" The omega interrupted, anxiety setting in. How was he supposed to go home now? God, that careless idiot, how could he just leave him there without saying a word?

The alpha blinked a few times, his expression changing to a more disappointed one.

"You wanted to leave?"

And now, the brunet was the one blinking, confusion on his face.

"Wasn't I supposed to?"

"No, I..." The blond slowly moved closer, reaching for his hands. "I wanted you to stay, with me." Just like that, he wasn't upset nor anxious anymore. "I can give you a ride if you really wanna go, but-"

"No," he cut him off right away. "I'm... I'll stay."

The smile his partner offered him was a little too bright. His chest felt a little too warm. Without saying another word, the boy guided him upstairs, heading straight to the room at the end of the hallway. His friend reached for the handler, opening the door so he could get inside.

"Clay." The feminine voice made them stop their steps, both looking at the lady that had just

gotten to the second floor. "Let me know if you need any more blankets, alright?"

"Yes mom, thank you."

"Goodnight sweetie, goodnight Georgie."

The woman waved them before getting in her room. Dream pulled at his hand to make him follow him to his own. The boy's room was pretty similar to the one in their house, just a little bit smaller. But he still had a computer very similar to his main one, similar bed sheets, and random items all around.

There was just one thing that didn't seem to make sense.

"Where am I supposed to sleep?" The boy blinked at his question, notoriously confused. So before he could ask, he spoke again. "Do you have some extra mattress or am I just sleeping on the floor?"

The blond blinked again.

"No, you're sleeping in my bed with me."

The brunet blinked this time.

"What?" He asked. "But we're still putting some blankets on the floor, right? To pretend-" He didn't finish his sentence, his friend's expression being enough to know he wasn't planning on doing that. "Dream, your mom saw us coming here together-"

"Yeah," the alpha cut him off. "And she was probably assuming we would share anyway, or she would've offered you the guest room."

George blinked once, then twice.

"Why would she assume we were sharing your bed?"

His partner shifted awkwardly on his spot, averting his gaze. The omega felt his stomach twist.

"Dream." No response, the boy seemingly struggling to come up with an answer. "*Dream.*"

"She knows I spent your heat with you," the boy quickly blurted out. The Brit felt his whole body freezing up.

"... What?"

"She knows I'm your heat partner."

He listened to the words, yet he was unable to process them.

"What?"

"She knows-"

"I heard you the first time, Dream," he interrupted him, because he didn't think he could handle him saying that sentence again. "What do you *mean* she knows?"

"I didn't tell her, okay? She figured out," the alpha was quick to explain. "Remember when Sapnap called her and so she called me? Well, she asked me if I was with you, she- she already knew. And

then asked me about it when I visited her.”

George stood on his spot, not saying a word. His silence seemed to make his friend anxious, his face showing that he was scared he messed up.

“She’s not gonna tell anyone, and- she gets it, okay? It’s okay, I promise it’s okay.”

Despite the attempt at reassuring, nothing could’ve prevented his face from turning red, embarrassment hitting him so hard he had to sit down on the bed.

“Oh my *god*.”

“It’s okay, George, she’s chill-”

“How is it okay?” He interrupted. “Your mom knows that we *fucked*.” Saying it out loud only made him cringe more. “And I’m not in heat anymore but she’s still okay with us sleeping together, so that’s-”

“She doesn’t know what we’re doing now,” the boy quickly reassured, moving closer to place his hands on his arms, caressing them softly. But then, he hesitated. “She might- I mean, she might *suspect* it but-”

“*Dream*,” he whined, shame filling him. How was he supposed to look at her now?

“Hey.” The blond sat down by his side, cupping his cheeks to make him look at him. “Even if she knows.... And that still might not be the case... She’s obviously fine with it, and she’s not like, intruding or anything. So is it really that bad?”

George pouted, unsure of what to answer.

There was a part of him that was still unsettled by the thought of his best friend’s mother knowing they’ve done things, maybe because that’s not something he would ever be comfortable talking about with his parents. He wasn’t close enough to them to discuss his sex life, not even when he needed guidance or there were things he needed to be taught.

But he couldn’t deny that his inner seemed all too happy with that knowledge, knowing that the alpha’s mom was okay with her son being *intimate* with him. And it was even happier knowing that Dream himself was comfortable letting his mother know about them.

He wondered if this meant he should let the boy know about what half of his family thought.

...He quickly decided against it.

The Brit sighed, and the American moved closer to kiss him softly on the lips.

“Let’s get in bed, okay?”

He nodded at his partner’s words, standing up to remove his clothes. The boy did the same, handing one of his old shirts so he could wear as a pajama. They quietly lay on the mattress next, and as soon as their bodies touched the bed, the blond pressed their lips together again.

And god, there was something in the eager way the alpha’s mouth chased his own, something in the eager way his tongue explored his mouth, that made his heart beat faster with excitement. All the thoughts of needing to feel wanted had been shut down, wandering hands caressing his sides being more than enough reassurance that he wasn’t the only one enjoying their agreement.

And maybe it was that, the clear display of yearning, or maybe it was sharing a bed in Dream's old bedroom; a room with history, that had witnessed so many late phone calls; or maybe it was that calming down from the storm of emotions he felt that day, jumping from one to another as he tried to give a good impression. Or maybe it was that he felt accepted and like he belonged, and no one made him feel like a stranger. But he felt happy, really happy.

He broke the kiss, pulling away enough to look at him.

"I have a present for you."

"I thought you gave me my present this morning," the boy teased, and his cheeks instantly blushed. The alpha laughed at his reaction, giving him a quick kiss. "You're here in America with me for my birthday, George, this is already the best gift possible."

The brunet smiled at his words, but then, he shrugged.

"I dunno, I think you'll like this one a bit more."

His friend looked at him with confusion on his face, and the omega couldn't help but smirk. He placed a hand on his partner's cheek, then moved closer until his lips reached his ear. And then, he whispered.

He whispered words Dream always begged to hear. He whispered words that he didn't say often, because he wasn't used to that and it didn't come so naturally to him. Not because he thought saying them to friends was strange, but still reserving them for once he truly felt like saying it. Words that were unusual to leave his mouth, but that he meant regardless.

The blond's eyes widened instantly, pulling away to look at him with surprise on his features.

"George, you-" He quickly placed his hand over his friend's lips, stopping him from talking. If he heard him saying what he did he would get too embarrassed.

"Don't, just enjoy it," he mumbled, and once he was sure the boy wouldn't try to mention it, he removed his hand. The alpha still looked just as surprised, but happiness tinted his face as well.

"Say it again," he demanded. The omega scoffed.

"No."

"Come on, just once."

"I already said it once." His partner huffed, but didn't insist, instead connecting their lips again. He kissed him with an eagerness that felt different from before, but still just as intense. He pushed him to fully lay down, then got over him, never stopping the kiss and with his hands caressing his body again.

"George," he whispered as he broke the kiss, fire on his eyes and need on his tone. "Fuck, George." He let out a breathy chuckle. "I need- I need to have you now. I *really* need to have you."

The brunet closed his eyes for a second, taking a deep breath. He tried to ignore the way his body shivered to the raspy of his friend's voice and how loud his inner cheered.

"But we're-"

"No one's gonna hear or smell anything," he assured, then gripped at his hips. "I just, I need to

touch you so badly I feel like I'm going crazy."

George's head was spinning, temperature rising inside him and heart rate increasing. The raw desire was too strong to ignore, the lust on his scent messing with his head and making his body react. It was intoxicating, and he wanted to drown in the feeling.

Dream lowered his head, pressing their forehead together. Then cupped his cheek, licking his own lips as he looked at him like he was all he's ever needed.

"I love you too, George," he whispered. And those words shouldn't make his chest get so warm it felt like it would explode, but everything inside him was screaming for more. "You're my best friend... And I really want to fuck you."

A sharp breath, legs spreading open.

He reached for the alpha's hand, slowly moving it to place it over his growing hardness.

The blond smirked, then began to palm him over his clothes.

The brunet looked at the mirror, checking there were no visible marks on the skin his t-shirt didn't cover one last time before reaching for his phone to place it on his pocket, making sure he was carrying his wallet with him as well. He headed downstairs right after, knowing his two roommates were already there waiting for him. It wasn't his intention to be late, but his muscles were a little sore, so he had spent some extra time in the shower letting the warm water help him relax.

"About time," Sapnap complained as soon as he saw him, and the omega couldn't help but roll his eyes. "Okay, Punz said he's gonna meet us at the restaurant so, let's just get going."

Both the blond and himself nodded, soon leaving the house and getting in the car next. Music filled the vehicle in a matter of seconds, his friends jamming to the tunes as he looked out the window to appreciate views he hadn't seen before.

Orlando was so big half of the city was still a mystery to him. The distances were so big no matter where they went it was a long ride. So he closed his eyes, allowed himself to doze off as they headed to his destiny. And he didn't open them again until around forty minutes later, when they finally parked.

George looked at the place with curious eyes, walking inside with his two friends. The restaurant was more of a resto-bar kind of thing, and it was gaming themed. Nice, it was nice. Except for one thing. The place was way more crowded than he would've expected.

He glanced at the blond, to check how he was feeling about it, if it was uncomfortable for him or made him nervous in any way. But the boy only seemed happy.

Okay, if he wasn't anxious about it he didn't need to be either.

"There, I think that's Punz," the brown-haired mumbled, pointing to one of the furthest tables.

The three of them walked until they met the fourth boy, their friend instantly standing up to meet the birthday boy with a hug.

Well, it wasn't his birthday anymore but they were still celebrating, so it counted.

They all greeted each other and fell into small talk, then sat down at the table the other blond was saving for them all.

“Okay so, basically, this here is the dancing area, and the bar is right by it,” the boy explained, pointing where a few people were moving around. “Back there there’s some arcade machines and other games.” He pointed to a door a few steps away. “The bathrooms are in that direction as well.”

“I think we should order first, then we can do whatever we want.”

As soon as they all agreed to the plan they called a waitress, ordering some food to share and some drinks as well. A conversation began right after, and George mostly focused on listening.

He focused on the words his friends said, and their tones. Then realized how used he had gotten to look at Dream’s face whenever he spoke, when until just a few months all he had of the man was his voice. He focused on their jokes, and their laughter. Then realized when the blond smiled, he didn’t just do it with his mouth but with his eyes too. He focused on his loud wheezes, and noticed how easy to read his face was.

He was happy, George could tell. But then, he realized something else.

Sometimes stares were so intense you could perceive them before you even saw it happen. The omega quickly scanned the room to try to find whoever was looking at them. It didn’t take long for him to find them, the group of friends with their eyes fixed on them.

Well, not on *them*. In one specific person on his table. And now, he was annoyed.

Why did that keep happening? Why always with *him* ?

If they were fans they could be happy about all of them. And if they weren’t and were looking for a candidate to court there was another alpha right there in the same table.

Why did it always have to be *Dream* ?

He huffed in frustration, trying to focus on their food.

God, it’s not even that he cared that much, he just found it incredibly annoying.

“You okay?” The blond suddenly asked, taking him out of his thoughts. The brunet simply nodded, if his friend hadn’t noticed the group staring he wasn’t about to tell him.

“Alright, should we ask for the sign to keep our table reserved while we look around?” Sapnap asked, and the others hummed in agreement.

“You guys go, I’m gonna stay here,” the omega declared. His partner blinked a few times.

“You sure? If you wanna eat some more we can wait-”

“No, you can go. I just wanna sit for now.”

The boy seemed hesitant, but still nodded. The three boys stood up, giving him quick glances before heading to the dance floor. They didn’t dance, though, Punz simply showed them around as it seemed like he’d been there before, telling them something that he couldn’t really hear close to the bar.

George followed the group with his eyes, mostly fixing on the tallest of them and the people

around him that kept eyeing him as he walked. As if by looking at him they would accomplish something, or as if they've never seen someone tall in their lives and were amazed by it.

Annoying. It was fucking annoying. And to make things worse, his stomach was now upset too. Stupid ass food that didn't even taste good.

He kept following his friends' movements, until they headed to the back door to check the arcades. And now, he was anxious.

He couldn't see Dream if he was there. He couldn't make sure no one was throwing themselves at him. And he *needed* to make sure because the blond would be too polite to say he was uncomfortable and the other two would hype him up thinking that's something he wanted, not knowing any better. But George knew better, he knew that's not something his partner would want.

He didn't want strangers to approach him, he didn't do one-night stands. And if he happened to want to get some action he could just grab him, taking him to the bathroom and fuck him in one of the stalls.

The omega stood up before he could think twice, not wanting to be sitting alone anymore. He hurried to the back room, looking everywhere to try and find his group. Thankfully for him, there were way less people in there, and it wasn't too hard to spot the two blonds and shorter boy.

He walked quietly to their side, standing right next to Dream.

"George! Good thing you joined us, we needed one more player for this."

He couldn't give less fucks about playing games if he tried, but for the sake of appearances and not wanting to ruin the boys' night, he agreed. At least now the alpha's focus was on him, and his body relaxed with that, feeling more at ease.

The game ended up being pretty fun, and the others didn't need to do much convincing to have him agreeing to another one. He was there to have a good time, and that's what he would do. He would play and laugh and chat and do everything they planned on doing that night.

"Oh god, is that the *Dream Team*?"

Peace was over.

This again? Couldn't they go anywhere without being recognized?

Okay, to be fair, a gaming themed restaurant was the perfect place for gamers to be recognized, maybe that part was their fault. But still, if you see people having fun why would you go interrupt them?

The group of friends quickly approached them, two of them seemingly very interested in Punz's presence but the other three giving their attention to them. Or tried to, but it was obvious their interest was mostly on the blond.

The brunet bit the inside of his cheek to try to keep himself contained, not even understanding why this was making him so deeply upset. But was it really so bad to want to go out without all eyes being on his best friend? Was it so bad that he wanted to enjoy his time with him without strangers getting in between?

He moved closer to the blond, being as discreet as possible so no one would record new videos of his behavior but still needed the proximity. Thankfully, the fans didn't stay for long, so thankfully,

he was able to relax just a few moments later.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” His partner then asked, and as before, he nodded.

Things were fine, he was fine. Maybe being in a place with so many people was making him anxious and every time people got remotely closer it caused him discomfort, but it was something he could try and ignore. He was settled on not letting it ruin his night. But god, it was annoying, the feeling was annoying. And not understanding why his senses were so focused on everything around him was annoying too.

For some reason, his body was high alert, as if his brain was looking for a threat that obviously wasn’t there. Yet he ignored it, or tried to. Simply focusing on his friends and trying to get the alpha’s attention whenever people were walking close to them.

The glances didn’t stop, though, nor the soft giggles between friends as they talked about him at the distance. But at least no one was trying to approach his mate, so everything was still good. That, until someone did. Until someone had the audacity to not only look but come to talk to the boy too.

George turned around, heading to the bathroom right away.

Suddenly, he needed some air. Suddenly, he couldn’t breathe. He didn’t need to know what the conversation was about to know that he didn’t like that happening.

Dream didn’t want that, Dream didn’t want to meet strangers. But he couldn’t talk for him and tell people off, it wasn’t his place nor his job.

With trembling hands he turned the sink’s water on, washing his face as he tried to calm down, taking deep breaths. His anxiety had been high since the moment they arrived at that place and those situations were only making it worse.

Dream didn’t want that and he didn’t want his friend to be uncomfortable. He wanted the boy’s comfort, and he wanted him to have a good time. He didn’t want anything to ruin that, that’s why it was so upsetting to see them approach. That’s why he couldn’t focus on anything else.

And of course the bitterness in his lower abdomen and how anxious he felt weren’t helping.

God, why did his stomach hurt so much? The pain was making his inner upset as well.

“George?” The deep voice took him out of his thoughts, eyes flying to the blond standing by the door. “Are you alright?” He asked, then hurried to add. “Don’t just say yes this time.”

The brunet scoffed, because that’s exactly what he was going to say. He took another deep breath, then took some paper towels to dry his face.

“I don’t know, I feel off,” he finally admitted. “My stomach is being weird, I think I’m getting sick or something.”

The boy looked at him, his worried expression changing to a more sympathetic one. He moved closer, then wrapped his arms around him. And like that, with his embrace, he instantly felt better.

“Let’s go home then,” the alpha mumbled, kissing his head before pulling away. Guilt instantly kicked, the omega quickly shaking his head.

“No, I’m fine, this is your celebration and-”

“I’m kinda tired too, I don’t really have the social battery to go out twice in a row,” the blond interrupted him, offering him a smile then taking his hand. “Let me use this as an excuse, okay?”

George doubted for a moment, but at the end he nodded. He wasn’t sure which of them were using the other as an excuse, but it worked for him, so he didn’t care too much. They headed back to the arcades to let their friends know they were leaving, then said their goodbyes. The boy didn’t let go of his hand until they exited the restaurant, going to the car right away.

And now that they were alone, in the comfort of their vehicle, he didn’t feel sick anymore.

What the fuck was wrong with him?

The brunet closed his eyes, trying to clear his mind. But it was hard not to think about it. He felt weird, and confused, and the lack of physical discomfort was a new reason to be upset about. Because clearly he wasn’t sick, but then why was his stomach bothering him ten seconds ago?

He took a deep breath. The car was too quiet. His anxiety was gone now too.

Maybe it was the air. Maybe the place was too crowded, and the lack of air was what affected him. But for some reason, that didn’t feel like it was it. Because he wasn’t uncomfortable nor felt suffocated when people were around him. He didn’t feel uneasy when they were playing and having fun either.

It was only when people interrupted them, but they weren’t interacting with him. And yeah, maybe he was upset because he didn’t want people to ruin Dream’s night but... The boy never seemed uncomfortable either. He never seemed upset. He wasn’t the one that cared. *He* was. *He* did.

Every time that a stranger looked at his friend it was upsetting, overprotecting instincts appearing when his partner didn’t need to be protected.

The blond wasn’t upset, but he was. It was so unsettling it even made his inner upset.

... It made his inner upset.

The car braking abruptly almost sent him flying out of his seat, the belt pressing on his stomach as it tried to keep him in place. Both of his hands were quick to give him support, hitting his back against the seat when the sudden movement stopped.

“Shit, fuck are you okay?!” The alpha was quick to question, looking at him with a concerned expression. “That car came out of nowhere, I’m so sorry!”

But George didn’t respond, still stuck on his own thoughts. Because no kind of physical heat that he could suffer in his body could be worse than the one that happened mentally in his head.

In retrospect, he should’ve seen it coming. In retrospect, it had been so obvious.

Because he was all too good at ignoring what wasn’t useful, but he wasn’t stupid. Because the thought crossed his mind before, and he didn’t even acknowledge it and realized what was going on.

A deep breath, closing his eyes. He felt a bit dizzy, and a little lightheaded. But it had nothing to do with almost crashing the car.

“George...?”

The brunet opened his eyes again, but he still didn't look at him.

"I think I wanna throw up," he let out, stomach twisting and a different kind of bitter feeling appearing on his abdomen.

Without having to see it, he could tell his partner was panicking.

"Shit, okay, hold on, we're almost- we're really close to the house."

But that thought wasn't as reassuring as the boy thought. He couldn't think of a worse thing than being alone with him right now.

Because he's made a mistake, by neglecting his inner voice more than he already always did. Because when you take and take and keep taking you teach yourself that is how things works, that's what you can expect. Because he was an omega and his friend was an alpha, and he's never felt so comfortable around anyone as he around him. And because despite his logical side knowing how things were and his brain understanding their rules, limits and intentions, instincts weren't as logical.

His instinctual side had gotten it all wrong. His instinctual side has read into it more than it should.

And now, he was in trouble. Big trouble.

Because fuck.

Oh fuck.

His inner saw Dream as his mate.

Chapter End Notes

... cliff hanger.

chan.

anyways-

IM SO SORRY IM LATE!!! aaaaaaah i was super busy this weekend so i was gonna write the last scene and post this yesterday but i took cold medicine and it knocked me out (yes i am sick again, at least this time its not my stomach), i deeply apologize

EDIT: APPARENTLY HALF OF MY NOTE GOT DELETED AND I DONT REMEMBER WHAT IT USED TO SAY SO UH, THANKS FOR READING

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Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George had never been courted.

He had been in a relationship before, and a couple *situationships* as well, but never in a courtship.

Well, some people might say that he had been, in a way. Some people might say that he wouldn't have gotten in a relationship if he wasn't courted to an extent. And yeah, in a way, that was true. They weren't completely wrong. But all attempts to warm up his inner, all the courtship behaviors that were displayed, were only to date.

Mating was never on the plans, having a full-on, committed and official courtship, was never on the plans. And he never saw his ex-partner as a potential mate. Not even when promises of a life together were professed to him, not even when he finally fell in love.

His inner was never fully on board with the relationship, his instincts knew it wasn't the right person to bond with and spend a life together. And oh boy, those instincts were right.

You can try and spray perfume over trash, but at the end of the day it's still a bag full of shit.

He's never really wanted to mate anyone he's been with. He's never even thought about it. He's always known that he doesn't wanna even consider a courtship unless he's a hundred percent sure his feelings are real and strong. And so far, his instincts and brain had been on the same page about it.

The omega took a deep breath, staring at his ceiling for a couple more seconds before turning to his side and closing his eyes again. Another desperate attempt to shut his brain, another desperate attempt to forget about everything that happened, as if he managed to fall asleep somehow things would be different the next morning.

He's been turning around his bed the whole night.

No matter how dark his room was, no matter how quiet, he couldn't stop. He still couldn't process that he was in the situation that he was in, that his inner wanted things that weren't a part of the deal.

In retrospect, he should've seen it coming. In retrospect, it made way too much sense.

Having the person that you trust the most and feel the closest to, who's always been your emotional support, your safe space and comfort zone, now also being the one taking care of your physical needs... Well, he wasn't stupid, he wasn't blind. He could see where his instincts were coming from. And despite his logical brain knowing none of those things meant they were going to mate, he could understand why his inner could see the boy as that.

It was his fault, it was all his fault.

He should've put more attention to the signs, so he could've prevented this from happening. But he didn't wanna see it, he didn't wanna listen. He was having fun and feeling good and things worked for him, that's all he wanted to care about. It was still all he wanted to focus on.

He didn't want to think about anything else. He wanted to push those thoughts away, ignore his inner and pretend he never made the discovery that he made.

But right now, that wasn't possible. Right now, it was still too soon.

Because this was the first time that his instincts thought of someone as his mate. The first time he's felt so safe and secure being intimate with someone that his inner believed the alpha was his. And that meant that changing those beliefs wouldn't be as simple as telling himself 'oh, that's not correct'.

Every single nice gesture would be taken as reassurance of a non-existent courtship, every demonstration of affection would be taken a confirmation they were going to mate. To get his instincts out of that mindset he couldn't be around the boy, he couldn't do anything that could further prove those thoughts.

So right now, he needed to be alone.

And that's why as soon as they got to the house the night before, he went straight to his room. And when Dream tried to join him, he made up some excuses about how being too warm made him even more nauseous, so he needed to sleep alone.

He didn't like lying to his friend. And he hated sleeping alone. No matter how much he knew he needed to, his bed still felt empty without him.

The brunet sighed, turning once again. But he still wasn't able to fall asleep, not for a few more hours at least, not until morning came and his body got too exhausted to stay awake.

Sleeping didn't fully silence his thoughts. His brain filled with images of things they've done, mixed with the newfound reality, that basically created a new universe that would never be real. But despite the unwanted dreams, it was still better than being awake.

That, however, didn't last long. Definitely not as long as he had wanted.

In all honesty, he wanted to sleep for the whole day. The whole week even, or for as long as it took for his inner to stop being confused. But not even five hours after he managed to fall asleep, a noise brought him back to reality again.

The omega barely lifted his head to look at his door, confused to why it was opening until he saw the tall figure walking in, holding a tray. The alpha stopped his steps when he realized the brunet was awake, offering him an apologetic expression.

"Sorry, I knocked but you didn't answer," he quickly said, to excuse his intrusion. "You didn't come down for lunch and it's getting late so... I bought you food."

George felt his stomach twisting, his chest feeling tight.

It was those kinds of behavior exactly what made his inner get the wrong idea. When someone took care of you like that, worried about your well-being and tried to provide what you needed to be healthy and happy... He couldn't blame his instincts for reading it wrong. But understanding why it happened didn't make the situation any easier. And it didn't make him change his mind about needing to be alone.

"Thanks," he mumbled, then shifted on his spot to cover himself with his blankets some more. "You can leave it on my nightstand."

The blond nodded, doing as he was told right away. But despite what the Brit had hoped for, he didn't leave after. Instead, he looked at his bed, examining it with his eyes. He looked at it very attentively. The omega raised an eyebrow.

"What?" He questioned. The boy hesitated for a second.

"... Are you nesting?"

The brunet blinked a few times to his words, then a light blush took over his cheeks.

Right, he forgot about all the pillows and blankets he had brought to his bed. He forgot about how he positioned them carefully so he could lay right in the middle of everything and keep himself comfortable and safe.

He shifted awkwardly on his spot, not too fond of having to explain things that were basically normal omega behavior the boy should be aware of.

"It's comforting, it helps me feel calmer when I'm not feeling good," he mumbled, hoping that could be good enough to end the conversation. His friend could assume it was because he was sick so he wouldn't have to explain what was making him upset.

"Right, yeah, that's... That's a thing." The alpha nodded a few times, and for some reason that felt more like he was trying to remind himself than agreeing with the brunet.

As before, George hoped that would be it and he would be left alone again. But as before, the American stood there, silently looking at him. He shifted the weight of his body from one leg to the other, playing with his fingers and seemingly lost on his own thoughts. He kept his lips pursed and a sense of uneasiness was present on his features.

The brunet raised an eyebrow, questioning him with his eyes and waiting for him to speak again. Dream was his best friend, and as such he knew him a little too well. Sometimes he even felt that he knew him better than he knew himself. So he knew he had something he wanted to say.

But he wasn't saying it. And the omega didn't have time for that, he didn't want to keep waiting.

"What is it?"

"Are you pregnant?" His friend instantly blurted out. And whatever George had been expecting, it certainly wasn't *that*.

If it wasn't because of how clearly anxious the alpha was, he would've thought he was joking.

"What?"

The boy stopped playing with his fingers, moving closer to the bed as his worried expression grew. He moved his arms as if he needed to articulate with gestures too to be able to get the words out.

"We had unprotected sex, and now you're sick and-"

"I wouldn't show pregnancy symptoms after *three days*, Dream," he interrupted him, wanting to stop the conversation before it went too far, because thinking about pups and families and expecting a baby together was the *last* thing he; and his inner; needed right now.

"Okay, yeah, but condoms aren't always effective and-"

"Dream, I'm not pregnant."

And with that direct confirmation, the blond stopped his words, his body relaxing as well.

A part of him wanted to make fun of his friend for getting to that conclusion with barely anything to support it, but the rest of him knew it was better to not prolong the visit anymore.

“I wanna sleep now, so...”

“Right,” the boy mumbled, snapping out of it and nodding. But once again, made no effort to head to the door. “Can I stay here while you do that?” He asked, and the brunet felt his chest compressing again, his inner begging to give his unwanted opinions. “I’ll be quiet, and I can help you eat or get you water if you need it.”

“I... Don’t think that’s a good idea,” the omega quietly let out. And God, he really didn’t like having to say it. “I don’t wanna make you sick.”

“George, we were kissing hours before you started feeling sick. If it is contagious, I would’ve gotten it by now, I don’t think being in the same room-”

“I just don’t wanna risk it,” he cut him off. “I wouldn’t feel good if I let you stay.” And that part wasn’t a lie, even if the reasoning was different.

The disappointment on his friend’s face was evident, but he still tried to offer him an understanding smile and sympathetic eyes.

“You’ll text me if you need anything?”

The brunet tried to fake a smile as well.

No, I won’t.

“Yeah, sure.” He nodded.

Dream stared at him for a couple more seconds, before nodding as well, showing a defeated expression as he walked to leave the room. The brunet closed his eyes as soon as he was gone, taking a deep breath.

He didn’t want to push his friend away. He didn’t actually want to be alone. But what other option did he have when his head was a mess, and his instincts were still acting up?

It wouldn’t be forever, he wasn’t planning on distancing himself so much that their friendship would be ruined. He wouldn’t let it get to that point. He just needed time to figure out how he could fix the situation and for that he needed to be alone. Because if he allowed the alpha to be around him before he knew what he wanted to do, his inner’s views would only grow stronger.

The omega took another deep breath, trying to ignore the painful pressure on his lungs. And his inner was already whimpering to the loss.

George wanted it to shut the fuck up.

All of this was its fault. He didn’t wanna hear it right now. And after all that, falling asleep again was even harder.

Every time he closed his eyes his mind would fill with thoughts of just how easily his inner would feel happiness and at ease simply by having Dream’s presence around, and how easily it would protest and sob to the lack of the boy by his side.

But he still tried to push the thoughts away, he still tried to turn his mind off and fall asleep. Because despite knowing he needed to confront what was going on inside him if he wanted to find a solution and move on, he wasn't ready to do so just yet. Making decisions, changing plans. He didn't want to deal with that.

He eventually managed to sleep, but didn't last long. He couldn't stay asleep for more than half an hour before waking up again. And so on, and on, for hours and hours.

It wasn't that he wasn't tired anymore, and it wasn't that his mind was being too loud. Actually, exhaustion was enough to keep his brain somewhat contained at that point. But his inner was whining, it kept sobbing crying out, and the growing discomfort was too much for him to be able to ignore it and sleep.

His inner was upset. And it was worse than the previous time he decided to avoid his friend.

Because this time around, he had already been under high stress at the bar, and didn't get any direct comfort, reassurance or even alone time together since he locked himself in his room. So this time around, the alpha's absence was almost painful.

He missed him. His inner missed him. Even if it had only been around a whole day and not more than that. He missed him so much he could almost smell his scent in the air.

... Wait a second.

George opened his eyes, slowly sitting up on his bed before sniffing the air. No, that wasn't his imagination. He could indeed smell his scent somewhat close.

The omega doubted for a moment before carefully getting off bed, covering himself with one of his blankets to keep some sense of safety as he approached the door. The smell was definitely stronger these.

The brunet started at the wooden piece, hesitant of what to do before finally speaking in a quiet tone.

"... Dream?"

He instantly heard a soft bump at the other side of the door, oak and brown sugar tinting with surprise.

"Hey," the alpha said right away. "How are you feeling?"

"Um, same as before," he mumbled, then shifted awkwardly on his spot, still hesitant as he spoke again. "... What are you doing there...?"

"I wanted to be close to you."

The way his friend said that without skipping a beat, made his own heart skip a few.

The Brit closed his eyes, pursing his lips as he tried to ignore the weird sensation on his stomach, taking a deep breath so his scent wouldn't change and give him away. He hadn't turn the scent neutralizers on. He probably should.

"You're sick and alone and it's just... It's making me anxious, to know you're not feeling okay and I can't be there."

God, when he said things like that, how could his inner not get confused? He wouldn't be surprised if the blond's inner had started developing a liking for him as well, probably picking up on the signals the omega didn't know was sending. And that was yet another reason why he needed to fix that mess.

"Like, what if you need something or you start feeling really bad? I just- I needed to be close, just case," the boy finished explaining. "So, I'm here."

George took another deep breath, keeping his eyes closed for a couple more seconds.

"That's... That's nice, of you," he quietly let out, not wanting to seem ungrateful by not recognizing his efforts. "But you really don't have to do this, I'll be fine."

"I want to," the alpha instantly replied.

"Isn't it uncomfortable, though? To sit on the floor like that?" He tried to insist, to try to make him change his mind. "It's fine, Dream, I can call you if something-"

"I got a blanket and some pillows, I'm perfectly comfortable here."

To that, the brunet blinked, furrowing his brows next.

"Wait, are you gonna stay the *whole* night there?"

"Yes."

The omega opened his mouth to talk, but closed it right after. He didn't know what to say. He knew exactly how stubborn his best friend could be, and if he's made his mind about this, he wouldn't listen to him no matter how hard he tried. And he was too tired to try hard.

George sighed, slowly lowering himself until he was sitting on the floor, wrapping himself with his blanket some more as he tried to get comfortable by the door.

He couldn't help but consider sleeping there on the floor as well, just to keep the boy's scent close to him and finally get some real rest. He couldn't but think that maybe, as long as he didn't see him, he could keep his thoughts contained.

"Okay," he finally whispered, then rested his head on the door. And with the silence of his room, he could hear the blond's soft breathing at the other side of the wooden piece. If he closed his eyes and focused on nothing but that sound and his smell, he could almost pretend they were actually together. He could almost pretend things were alright, and nothing had changed.

But here they were, so close to each other and missing one another yet separated by his walls. Maybe not only physically.

The brunet sighed, leaning onto the wood some more. This was stupid, the whole thing was stupid.

"... What if I don't kiss you?" His friend's voice suddenly interrupted his thoughts. The omega opened his eyes, looking at the door almost as if that way he could see the boy sitting at the other side.

"What?"

"What if I promised not to kiss you, or touch you? What if- What if I stayed by the door but inside the room?" The boy quickly said. "Could I get in and stay with you then...?" The eagerness in his

voice was difficult to ignore, the need on his words too real for his liking.

For a second, George considered it. For a second, the offer seemed too appealing to say no. Yet there was something holding him back, something that he couldn't pretend wasn't an issue.

"... I don't think we can be together in a room alone without touching," he said, but more than to his friend, he was telling himself. And admitting that made everything feel worse.

Because how was he supposed to fix things and show his inner that he got it wrong when he didn't trust he could be with his friend without wanting him close.

"I wanna be alone tonight," he let out in a whisper, trying his best to not show any of the overwhelming emotions that were invading him. "I... Really don't feel good." And that wasn't a lie.

He felt fucking awful.

The boy at the other side stayed silent for a moment, then sighed, letting out a quiet 'okay' in response. George wished he could take it all back. He wished he could let him in, he wished he could tell him what was truly wrong.

But he knew Dream a little too well, sometimes even better than he knew himself. And he knew the alpha would feel responsible, and suggest things he didn't truly want nor meant.

And maybe the simplest solution was to simply call things quit and stop their arrangement all together, so his inner could slowly see the blond as just a friend again, and things could be normal between them. But he didn't have the guts to do so. He didn't want to resort to that just yet.

He would figure out what to do, he would find a solution he was comfortable with. He just needed some time.

Two days. He has managed to avoid Dream for two days, after the door incident.

He had waited until his friend left to shower, then went downstairs to collect snacks and water and locked himself on his room again. And ever since, that's where he had stayed.

Convincing the alpha to stay away hadn't been easy. The amount of lies he had to tell to try and assure him that he wasn't sick enough to need a doctor, but he still thought it was better to stay in bed, were honestly more than he felt comfortable saying. But it was for the best, so he had to.

He appealed to his responsible side, pointing out the number of projects the boy needed to work on, to try and get him to continue with his daily tasks instead of staying by his room. And eventually, it worked.

He still got texts every few hours, but it seemed like Dream finally understood that his presence there wasn't letting him rest. But despite the time alone, he hadn't gotten to any conclusion.

Calling things off wasn't something he wanted to do; they both enjoyed being with each other and this was the first time he's felt real satisfaction, he didn't wanna lose any of the benefits that he's gotten. But facing his friend and admitting his inner's mistakes wasn't something he wanted to go through either; admitting that would lead to one too many questions and he already knew he didn't want to answer any of them.

And without those two options, he was still as lost as in the beginning.

It wasn't that he hadn't been trying to figure something out, but in all honesty, he hadn't been feeling well enough to come up with anything coherent. Truth was, karma had caught up to him a little too fast, and now he was actually feeling physically ill.

Even if his logical brain knew staying apart was his choice, his instincts took the alpha's absence as abandonment. And the prolonged distress of his inner was starting to affect his body, his stomach truly hurting now and feeling weak and lightheaded.

It was hard to focus or think clearly when you're under high stress and everything inside you is screaming for comfort and reassurance. It was even harder to focus when you were under physical pain.

It was bad, it was really bad.

His decision was having an impact on both his body and his mind and if he didn't find a source of comfort soon, he would get sick for real. But what could he do when he couldn't rely on the person that he needed the most?

... Well, the blond wasn't his only best friend. His scent wasn't the only one familiar enough to make him feel safe.

The omega quickly reached for his phone, checking that the last text in the group chat was still the same one, about watching something downstairs. And then, without really thinking more about it, he stood up, covering himself with his blanket as he hurriedly left his room and headed to the one next-door.

He opened the door without even knocking, knowing that the brown-haired boy wasn't there, and went straight to his bed. The brunet moved the pillows around, making the mattress look comfortable enough before laying on it and curling up with his blanket. And with that soft burned scent he had gotten accustomed to all around him, he finally felt himself relaxing slightly, not completely at ease yet not as high alert either.

He closed his eyes, letting the comforting aroma calm his senses so he could get some rest. He rested like that for a moment, and before he knew it, he had fallen asleep.

His eyes stayed closed for a couple more hours, until a not-too-subtle movement tried to pull him back to reality. His shoulder was being shaken in a way difficult to ignore, so despite his best efforts to stay asleep he slowly opened his eyes to look at whoever was touching him.

It shouldn't have been surprising to see Sapnap there, however for some reason he still felt pretty disoriented when he first saw him.

"George," his roommate let out right away. "Are you okay? Why are you in my bed?"

Just like that, the brunet remembered, things being clear once again. He quickly sat up on the bed, rubbing his eyes to get rid of the remaining sleepiness.

"Sorry, I needed to ask you something and um, I guess I fell asleep waiting," the omega said, the first excuse that came to his mind. The alpha raised an eyebrow, clearly unconvinced.

"Why didn't you come looking for me downstairs if you saw I wasn't here? Or texted me?"

The Brit tried his best not to react in any way to that, simply shrugging as if the question wasn't

important.

“I dunno, I’m sick.” Another bad excuse, but it was all he had. His friend still seemed unconvinced.

“Okay... And what did you want to ask me?”

George shrugged again, carefully getting off the bed and standing up. He wrapped his blanket around him, then sighed.

“I forgot,” he mumbled, before walking to the door. “M gonna go, goodnight.” And he left the room before Sapnap could ask him anything else, going back to his own and getting in bed right away.

Despite his actions helping him feel better and his body not being in so much pain anymore, it didn’t take more than a few minutes back at being alone for him to slowly start feeling sick again. However, at least he was calm enough to manage to fall asleep again. And he stayed asleep for the rest of the night.

The next morning, though, everything felt worse.

The omega let out a pitiful whine as he tried to turn around on his bed, his clothes uncomfortably sticking to his skin because of his own sweat. His chest compressed every time that he breathed, legs trembling lightly and muscles feeling weak. Despite all the sweat, he was as cold as an ice cube. He probably had a fever.

God, he hated that. He hated the ways something so stupid could affect him so much. He hated his instincts; he hated his biology.

There were a lot of misconceptions about omegas, and a lot of stereotypes people liked to make fun of. But most of those things came from real issues that the world decided to misinterpret. The whole ‘omegas being needy and clingy’ thing was something that truly upset him, especially when people would take it as far as to say that omegas couldn’t be without an alpha or they would basically become useless and whiny.

However, it was true that they were affected by the loss.

It wasn’t like whenever they were with an alpha and left after they would immediately get to the state he was in, it wasn’t as exaggerated as people made it seem. But when a couple had spent a while in a courtship, and their inners had accepted that person as their future mate, any unexpected and sudden separation would put the omega’s bodies through heavy anxiety and distress. Because the fear of abandonment and losing their mate was real.

Of course not all omegas would get sick if they were abandoned, it usually only happened when the connection was too strong and there were no previous signs that a separation was coming. But since his instincts seemed to believe that was the case here, his body was mourning. And if he kept this going, and allowed the discomfort to keep growing, he would never be calm and steady enough to figure things out.

He needed to regulate himself, he needed to do something quick.

Taking a deep breath and using all the strength he could, the boy worked on getting himself up, keeping himself wrapped with his blanket as he tried to walk to the door. It took him longer than necessary, but eventually he reached the room next-door, opening it without knocking and inviting himself inside without saying a word.

His friend almost jumped to the intrusion, turning around on his seat to look at him.

“Jesus Christ, George!” He instantly let out, but his surprised expression changed right away for a worried one. “Shit, you look like a ghost.”

“Thanks,” the brunet mumbled, barely giving him a glance before heading to the bed. He repeated the actions of the previous day, carefully arranging the pillows before getting himself on the mattress.

“Are you okay man? You look really sick,” his friend asked, seemingly doubting if he should stand up and come closer or not. George hummed, getting comfortable on his spot before closing his eyes.

“I’m better now,” he assured him, and it wasn’t a lie. Sapnap’s familiar scent was calming, it helped his inner relax.

Even with his eyes closed, he could sense the boy’s uncertainty. He could tell he wanted to talk, but was having trouble finding the words. Eventually, though, he did and spoke again.

“Do you want us to cancel the meetup?” He asked, in a quiet tone. And it took the Brit a second to realize what he meant. Oh. He had completely forgotten about that. Their friends were coming to visit.

Shit, he didn’t have as much time as he thought he had. It was Wednesday already, and he was only getting worse. He needed to make up his mind. The brunet sighed to himself, then shook his head.

“No, I’ll be fine,” he mumbled. “I just need to rest today, then I’ll be good.” And as before, his friend didn’t talk right away, taking a few seconds to decide his next question.

“... Why do you need to rest in my room, George?”

“Been alone for too long, I guess,” he quickly replied, tone as flat and as disinterested as possible.

“Why didn’t you go to Clay’s room, then?” His roommate asked right back, and this time the omega couldn’t help but look at him. He opened his mouth to respond, but then he doubted, taking a couple seconds to figure out how to word it in a way that wouldn’t provoke even more questions.

“He worries too much,” he finally decided to say. “I don’t want him to freak out over nothing.”

Sapnap hummed to his words, nodding in response. They both knew just how overprotective their friend could be and how easily he could overreact too.

“Alright, fair enough,” the boy concluded, and so George closed his eyes again. But not ten seconds later, the silence was broken again. “If there’s something else, though...”

“There’s nothing else,” he immediately said, cutting him off. His roommate let out a soft scoff.

“Yeah, okay.” And with that, the brunet decided the conversation was over. He curled up with his blanket, allowing himself to relax. “So, what kind of sickness did you get? Is it like a cold or...?”

The omega didn’t bother to answer, too tired to do so and not really wanting to either. Even if it was early, not even lunch time yet, and he had technically just woken up a few minutes ago, he was ready to fall asleep again.

“Alright, sure, you can stay in my room without talking to me dude, it’s all good.” He heard

Sapnap saying. "You can sleep in my bed, no problem."

The Brit couldn't help but smile to the sarcastic tone, yet he still didn't give an answer. He focused on the scent around him and tried to disconnect his brain. Eventually, after a couple of minutes, he managed to fall asleep.

His friend's mattress wasn't as comfortable as his own, and he missed the rest of his blankets, but it was still good enough to kept him asleep for a few hours, longer than the day before. He slept like he hasn't to in days, like he's been deprived of it and finally getting what he needed.

That, until a noise caught his attention.

It wasn't enough to fully wake him, not at first, but a part of his brain slowly regained consciousness, the weird noise getting more and more defined as seconds passed.

"Do you know how scared I got when I came to his room and saw that it was empty?" He heard the voice saying, with a distressed voice. "Why the hell didn't you tell me he was here!?"

"Dude, calm down, I didn't even know you were up."

"It doesn't matter if I was up or not, you know I've been worried sick. You should've told me the second George wasn't in his room anymore."

The omega scrunched his nose at the mention of his name, a weird sensation appearing on his stomach threatening with waking him up.

"Why is he even here?" The voice complained again. "And why is he in your bed?"

"I don't even know man, he got here and fell asleep right away."

"He's *sick*, Sapnap, obviously that's why he fell asleep. But why in *your* bed?"

"He likes sleeping here sometimes, I don't know. I guess it's because-"

"He sometimes *what*?"

The brunet furrowed his brows, his face twisting with discomfort. All the commotion wasn't letting him sleep and how unsettled the alpha smelled was making him stressed as well.

"No, don't give me that face." Sapnap's tone had changed as well, more tense now as well. "If you're gonna get angry at me for this, leave my room and don't come back until you're calm again."

"What? Sapnap-"

"Clay, I'm not kidding. I love you brother, but I told you I wasn't gonna take this bullshit, didn't I?"

"I-"

The Brit's face twisted again, shifting on his spot as he let out a soft whine, his eyes opening against his will. The air was getting putrid with tension and that was the opposite of what he needed

Everything went quiet the second he moved, the conversation ending before he could fully comprehend what it was about. But not a moment later, there was noise again. Footsteps of

someone approaching.

“George.”

And now that his brain couldn't no longer ignore the outside world, that voice was all too clear.

“Dream...?”

“It's okay, I got you.” The omega blinked to those words, frowning in confusion.

“What...?” But before he could finish his sentence, he felt himself being lifted. Strong arms picked him up and held him close to the alpha's chest, making his eyes widening.

“Dude-” He heard Sapnap said, yet his roommate also couldn't finish his sentence, Dream walking out of the room with him before anyone could say another word. George blinked once, then twice. And then, he finally snapped out of it.

What the fuck?

“Dream,” he called, the realization of what was going on making him outraged. But the blond didn't respond, he simply kept walking. “Dream! What are you doing!?”

“I'm taking you to the doctors,” the American let out, and you could tell by his tone that he was still upset.

The brunet felt furious.

He instantly began to move, trying to set himself free. But he was too weak at his current state.

“Put me down!” He demanded. His friend ignored him again, heading to the stairs. “Dream, you put me down *right now* or I swear I'm not talking to you again.”

The alpha stopped moving right away. He hesitated for a moment, before slowly lowering the omega and did what he was told, his face showing a mix of guilt, concern and hurt. And the Brit felt bad for threatening him like that, but he also was mad that the blond took him without asking in the first place.

“You can't just pick me up and carry me around whenever you please, I'm not your property,” he let out, emphasizing the last part so hopefully his inner would take the hint and stop feeling so happy with the boy's presence.

“It's not- That's not why-”

The brunet huffed, turning around and heading to his room. The quick footsteps behind him let him know that he was being followed.

“George, wait!”

He didn't stop, though, not until he was inside his room. Dream didn't stop either, following him the whole way through then closing the door behind them.

“George, please,” he called him again. “You're sick, I... You need to see a doctor.”

The Brit sighed, slowly turning around to face him.

“That's not for you to decide.” Was the first thing that came out his mouth. Because he was upset,

but also because his inner needed to hear it as well. “And I’m not sick anymore, I was just sleeping.”

The blond scoffed to his words.

“Yeah, I saw that.”

The omega’s eyes widened to the tone, not expecting the bitterness on it. But not a second later, the annoyed expression on his friend’s face changed, going from annoyance to worry and a trace of guilt.

“Sorry, I just- Why did you go to *his* room, George?” The boy took a step closer, looking at him with questioning eyes. “Why didn’t you come to mine?”

“... He’s my friend too, Dream,” he whispered. And now his legs were suddenly feeling weak again.

“I know that, I’m not saying you can’t- I mean, it’s fine if you wanna spend time with him too.” Another step closer. “But when you feel lonely, you come to me. When you need comfort, you come to me. When you need to be with someone, you come to *me*. You *always* come to me.”

One more step, the brunet took one back as well. The alpha was too close, and he was feeling lightheaded.

“So why didn’t you?”

George opened his mouth to talk, but nothing came out. He had an answer, somewhere in his brain, but the boy’s scent was too strong and it was messing with his head. He tried to take another step back, but then, he felt his muscles faltering.

Dream’s eyes widened, instantly moving closer and wrapping his arms around him to prevent him from falling. He quickly helped him move to the bed, so he could sit on the edge.

“See? You *are* sick.”

The brunet shook his head to those words, letting out a frustrated sigh.

“No, I’m not.” The blond opened his mouth to talk, but he continued with his sentence before he could. “My inner is upset, okay? And all of this is making it more distressed and making *me* feel ill.”

He sighed again, closing his eyes.

He didn’t exactly want to tell him, but he really didn’t want to hear his friend try to convince him why they should go to the hospital or call a doctor in. He didn’t need one, he just needed his instincts to stop feeling threatened by the idea of their ‘mate’ being upset at them.

At least by saying that he wasn’t giving everything away. He could still make some kind of excuse up to why he was upset, since the alpha didn’t seem to be a great expert on omega’s issues.

He opened his eyes again, then turned to look at his friend, ready to let out any lie he could think of to make the situation better. But when he noticed the boy’s expression, his words died on his mouth. The guilt was prominent now, and a hint of disappointment could be perceived as well.

“George... Did I do something wrong?” He asked, in a quiet tone. And his face looked like a lost

puppy. “Or- Am I not doing enough? What... What is it?”

The brunet couldn't help but blink in confusion. He opened his mouth to talk, but then closed it again, blinking again as he tried to make sense of those words.

“What?”

“You said your inner is upset, so... What did I do? How can I fix it?”

The omega stared at the alpha completely dumbfounded. Again, he opened his mouth then closed it right after. And again, he had to take a few seconds to process his friend's sentence.

“... Why are you assuming my inner is upset because of you?”

The blond furrowed his brows, looking at him like he just said something stupid. But once he realized he was serious, he softened his face, offering him an understanding smile.

“Well, first because you went to Sapnap instead of me, so you obviously didn't wanna be around me,” the boy mumbled, and the brunet rolled his eyes in response. “And, well... Because we're having sex.”

“So?”

“So I'm the person you're being intimate with, I would expect to be the one that affects your inner the most, like you are to mine... Am I not?” *Affecting was one way to put it.* “Like, your instincts must recognize me as your sexual partner, right?” *Sexual partner was one way to call it.*

“Yeah,” he mumbled, because that much he could admit. But then, right after saying that words, and as he finally finished processing what he's been told, realization suddenly hit him.

Maybe things would be okay after all. Maybe the solution to his problem was much simpler than he thought. But he couldn't jump right into that without making sure first, he needed to be a hundred percent certain.

“Doesn't that bother you?” He quickly asked. “That we have an effect each other's inners because of what we do?”

“No, not really,” the blond said right away. “I mean, you're my best friend. You already had an effect on me way before seeing your ass in person.” George couldn't help but snort to his choice of words. “Does it bother you?”

“No, but...” He shifted on his spot, looking at his friend more directly. “I felt like maybe I was letting my inner get too attached to you, and that maybe that was bad.” The most honest thing he's said in days, even if the reasons were still hidden.

“Why would it be bad?” The boy questioned, offering him a confused expression. But then, his eyes became more doubtful. “Did you... Did you find someone you like and changed your mind about our arrangement? Is that it?”

The omega snorted again, then shook his head.

“I haven't found anyone new,” he assured. “But what if you did? Or if you got bored of this? Or if-”

Hands cupping his cheeks cut off his words, his eyes widening to the actions.

“George, I have no plans to stop fucking you.”

An electric wave ran through his body, his skin tickling where the alpha touched. His breath got stuck on his throat, unexpected words making his chest feel warm.

“I have no plans to stop kissing you, or touching you, either...” The blond added, caressing his cheeks with his thumbs. “I wanna keep pleasing you, and having you close... So can we just, focus on *right now*? Who cares about the *what ifs*.”

And that’s all the brunet needed. The confirmation that a simpler solution was possible after all.

If Dream didn’t see anything wrong with his inner being affected by him, or recognizing him as an intimate partner, then he wouldn’t let it be a big deal either. Things had been working fine so far, and they could continue to be just as fine.

And okay, that maybe there was a difference between seeing someone as a sex partner and seeing someone as a mate, but he could always simply continue to try and teach his instincts that they were wrong about that, and now that he was aware of what was going on it would be easier to keep his reactions contained.

He could make it work, he could pretend it wasn’t as bad as it was. And he could keep their friends with benefits situation going. He was good at ignoring what wasn’t useful, and that title didn’t change anything after all. Not really.

And if at any point in life the alpha found someone he was interested on mating, and so he would have to teach his inner to say goodbye and stop being so attached... That was a problem for future George. He would cross that bridge when they got there.

For now, he was done thinking about it.

He allowed his body to relax, leaning onto his friend’s touch.

“Yeah, okay.”

The blond smiled fondly at him, still caressing his skin.

“So, why is your inner upset, then...?”

“It’s not anymore, it’s fine,” the brunet mumbled. “Can you kiss me now?”

The alpha chuckled softly to his words, but he still complied. He pressed their lips together in such a gentle way his whole body tingled, wrapping his arms around him to keep the gesture going.

He didn’t want him to pull away. The American didn’t seem to want that either.

They moved their lips with hunger, yet there was still carefulness on every motion. The eagerness of being apart making them want to take more, but prudence still present in their actions. After a couple of moments, though, Dream broke the kiss, offering him a tender smile as he caressed his cheek again.

“I wanna keep kissing you,” he admitted in a quiet tone. “But you were sick for days, and you still look kind of off... I don’t want to tire you up too much.”

George smiled right at him, nodding a few times.

“Yeah, I think I could use a nap,” he admitted as well. The discomfort was gone, and he was

feeling pretty relaxed, but the abrupt change of emotions was still a lot to handle.

The alpha nodded this time, moving closer to kiss his forehead before pulling apart. But the omega was quick to grab his hand, not wanting him to go away just yet.

“Stay?”

The blond looked at him for a second, then smiled again, carefully crawling onto the bed and pulling the brunet to lay right next to him.

The sound of mixed laughter resonated through the room. Arms wrapped around him kept him in a tight embrace for a couple of seconds, pulling away just to be replaced by a new pair.

George couldn't stop smiling. It was fair to say that he was his happiest self when he was around his friends, and having them all in once place was everything he's ever wanted and more.

Life was good again.

The past two days had been good, things progressively getting better since he decided that his issue wasn't an issue and he didn't need to pay attention to it. But now, being in a room full of people that he cared for, he truly felt okay.

As soon as everyone had greeted one another the blond gestured to the living room, inviting their two guests to head there. The brunet sat on their main couch and Dream sat right by his side, Quackity deciding to sit on the second larger couch and Sapnap taking the one-man one, with Karl using his lap as his personal seat.

He couldn't help but snort to the view.

“Alright so, what was the plan again?”

“We have fun, we stream, make a few tiktoks and have a great fucking night together.”

“Tina and Punz are getting here tomorrow morning,” the tallest one added. “And the others should get here later that day.”

“Okay cool... Any idea of what we're gonna stream though?”

“No.” Most of them said in unison, laughing right after.

George leaned against his seat and relaxed, listening with amusement as the group tried to brainstorm ideas of what to do. His attention was soon brought to something else, though, when he felt movement close to his head.

He glanced back just to see the blond carefully resting his arm on the edge of the couch, right where his shoulders were resting, almost caging him but without actually touching him. And, without really thinking about it, he leaned into his friend a little, moving closer in a gesture that was completely natural and too small to be perceived.

Long fingers discretely found their way to the back of his shoulders, drawing soothing patterns over his clothes. The omega relaxed even more to the feeling, doubting for a moment before moving his leg ever so lightly so his knee would touch the boy's.

Dream leaned into him slightly as well, their bodies closer now and his protective scent slowly

surrounding him.

“Oh no, fuck no.” He suddenly heard Quackity saying, taking him out whatever bubble he was putting himself into. “No couple-y shit on our day together, get that courtship behavior out of my face.”

Panic invaded him instantly, his body moving on instinct and taking some distance from the blond as his widened eyes drifted to the shortest of them all.

But as soon as he saw him, he realized that Quackity wasn't looking at them, and they weren't caught as his brain let him believe. His friend was starting directly at the other two people on that room. And following his glance, his eyes widened even more.

Karl pulled away slowly, reluctantly breaking the kiss and resting his head on Sapnap's shoulder instead.

The brunet blinked once, then twice.

It was one thing to know your friends were each other's heat partner, but it was another to see them kissing out of nowhere in front of the whole group. He knew they were naturally more comfortable with public demonstrations of affection than he was, but this was a whole other level.

And the other two in the room didn't seem nearly as phased as he was to the gesture... Did that mean that Karl and Sapnap weren't only heat partners but had a similar arrangement as his with the blond?

“Como on dude, we haven't seen each other in like, forever,” Karl complained, and the brown-haired boy wrapped his arms around the other and caressed his back as if to compensate.

“I mean, hasn't it been just a month...?” Dream pointed out.

“*Exactly.*” The other omega in the room nodded. “A *whole* month.”

“I don't care if it's a day or a year, I'm not spending the weekend watching you two make out,” Quackity declared, shaking his head and crossing his arms. “I swear this courtship shit gets more annoying every time I see you.”

“Come on, this is the first time we see each other in like, what? Three months?”

“*Exactly,*” the black-haired mocked.

George could tell by the tone of their voices that the banter kept going, but he wasn't paying attention to the words anymore. His brain was stuck on one specific part of what was said, replaying it over and over in his head as if that way the meaning would change, or he would be less affected by it.

Was he blind to the hints and clues, or did he completely misunderstood the direct things said to him? Was he oblivious to things that were assumed as obvious, or did he take explicit words the wrong way?

A hand on his shoulder took him out of his thoughts, making him look to the boy next to him. The blond offered him a slightly concerned look.

“You okay?” He asked in a quiet tone.

The brunet doubted for a moment, glancing to their roommate for just a second before looking at his friend again.

“... They’re courting?” He asked back, just as quietly. Dream blinked to his words.

“Yeah?” He mumbled, confusion on his tone and features. “You didn’t know?”

George wanted to hit his head against the wall.

One of the biggest arguments he told himself to accept the ‘heat partners’ arrangement as something possible and okay; that wouldn’t affect their friendship; was that their friends were also doing the same and things worked out just fine for them. But now he knew that wasn’t the case.

Sapnap and Karl were *courting*.

“George?” The blond’s voice took him out of his thoughts again.

He shook his head, then took a deep breath. Whatever, it wasn’t a big deal. He refused to overthink it or even pay any attention to it whatsoever. It wasn’t his business and there was no need to think about it.

“Sorry, I spaced out,” he mumbled, then tried to pay attention to the conversation again. And since the topic was back at streaming ideas, it was easy enough to forget about the incident.

The continued talking for a few more minutes about their plans before they decided to give their friends a little tour around the house, showing Quackity the room he would stay in and giving both of their guests time to accommodate their things and get comfortable. Once they were done showing them around, they all went to the kitchen, sitting by the table to keep discussing what the hell they were gonna stream as Dream worked on making some food for them all.

Obviously because he wanted to, not because they all combined their forces to annoy him into agreeing.

Figuring out a streaming plan was hard when all you wanted to do was to make jokes and play around with your friends, all of them having too much to say and too excited about being together. Eventually they managed to come up with something, though, and decided that the best option was to go live right after they finished their lunch, so they could have the rest of the afternoon together to do whatever they wanted.

But of course, that wasn’t exactly how it went.

Catching up and giving ideas of where to go once the rest of their friends arrived took longer than they thought, resting after a big lunch also taking them more time than they expected. Especially when they added dessert to the equation. Before they knew it, it was already past five in the afternoon, and they still had to get the equipment from their rooms and set it on the living room.

That also took them longer than necessary, their chaotic energy getting in the way, but after around an hour they had everything ready to finally stream.

They checked their twitter accounts one more time to see their fans going wild with the announcement, before finally pressing to go live.

Neither of them had to put any effort into keeping a smile on their faces, laughing and jumping around as they greeted their viewers. Karl used his shoulders as support to jump higher, and not even two minutes into the video Quackity and him were already trying to kill each other.

The brunet kept throwing glances to the boy next to the monitors, chuckling as he heard him explain to their audience that he wouldn't be in frame.

"Alright chat, so today we're gonna try to win the *hardest* trivia to ever exist," Karl announced, gesturing with his hands for emphasis. "We're taking turns to answer the questions, but we're a team, so we can still help each other out."

"For every question we get right, you guys have to gift us subs, obviously."

"But for every question we get wrong, the person who answered will have to do dare!"

"We all have a bowl with different dares, and we'll pick one at random every time we lose." They all showed their bowls full of pieces of folded paper.

"You guys should add 'kissing Dream' to George's bowl," the blond suddenly suggested.

The brunet's smile faltered at first, but snorted right after, rolling his eyes as a shyer smile appeared on his face.

"Yeah, I'm not adding that," he mumbled, with the tone he normally used when the alpha flirted with him on stream.

"Why not? It's a good dare, George," the tallest one pressed, offering him a smirk.

"You're an idiot," he instantly let out, huffing next. "You're not even in camera, how would that be a good dare?"

"Oh, I would get in frame for that, *for sure*."

He rolled his eyes again, trying to seem annoyed and pretend he wasn't actually embarrassed. It was weird, how something that had always been normal to them didn't feel so normal anymore. He wasn't sure of how he was supposed to act, a part of him afraid that if he played along people would be able to tell it wasn't all jokes anymore, but also afraid that if he suddenly stopped that would be even more suspicious or strange.

Thankfully for him, that conversation didn't go anywhere after that, their friends changing the topic rather quickly and focusing on the trivia they were supposed to play again.

It turned out, the questions were truly hard after all, and trying to figure out the answer was funnier than he expected it to be.

The loud screams and laughter whenever they got it right filled the whole room, his friends jumping over him and patting his back whenever he was the one that won. The groans of frustrations or screams of complain whenever they couldn't figure it out were just as loud, Quackity making sure to push him whenever he lost and soon trying to kill each other again. Even doing the dares was fun, and he held pride in knowing he wasn't the one that had to do more out of all of them.

Once they were done with the questions they spent a short while updating their fans on some of their plans, answering questions as well and simply being silly on camera for the sake of giving them more content. They kept the stream going for around half an hour after finishing the game, and finally said their goodbyes when the timer marked around two hours and a half.

They all sighed once the screen went black, turning the equipment off before going to sit on the couches to get some rest. Doing those kinds of activities was fun, but it was also tiring.

"I don't know about you guys, but I'm starving now." George hummed in agreement, closing his eyes for a second as he nodded.

"Why don't we order some pizza or something?" He heard Sapnap suggest, and so he nodded in agreement again.

"Alright, can you call the pizza place, Sapnap?" Dream asked. "I'm gonna go check something on my room and I'll be right back."

The brunet relaxed against his seat, hearing his friends choose the ingredients for their pizza. But not ten seconds later, a soft buzzing caught his attention.

He opened his eyes and checked his phone, furrowing his brows to the text he just received. He glanced at the other three for a second before quietly standing up and walking to the stairs, making sure he was as discrete as possible as he headed to the second floor. And as soon as he set foot on the hallway, strong hands grabbed him by his shoulders and moved him to the nearest wall.

Dream's lips were on his instantly, kissing him with so much need it almost felt like desperation. George wrapped his arms around him without even thinking, allowing the boy to guide their movement until they were both inside the omega's room, kissing deeply against the door. But no matter how much his inner was thriving with the unexpected action, his brain was confused.

He slowly broke apart, giving his friend a questioning look.

"What was that for?" He asked, and he didn't just refer to the kiss, but to the fact that the blond had texted him to come upstairs with him.

"George, you stink," the boy mumbled in response. And whatever explanation he thought he would get, that surely wasn't it.

"I showered this morning?"

The American snorted to his words, shaking his head.

"No, I mean... Everyone's been touching you all day, you have so many scents on you."

The Brit blinked to the explanation, staring at him for a few seconds before offering him a teasing smirk.

"Oh, really? You mean the scent of Karl, another omega, and Quackity, a *beta*?"

The blond opened his mouth to respond, but instantly closed it again, a soft blush taking over his cheeks. The brunet couldn't help but laugh to his reaction, knowing he had called him out on how exaggerated he was being.

"Shut up, that doesn't matter," he mumbled, moving closer and burying his head on the smaller boy's shoulder. "You just... We haven't done anything in days, you don't smell like me anymore," the alpha whined, placing his hands on the tiny waist and caressing his sides up and down.

The omega shivered to the touch, feeling as the alpha began to place soft kisses over his neck. The boy moved closer, pressing their bodies together.

"And now with everyone touching you... I don't know, I feel like I should touch you more to compensate or something. Like, what if my inner or yours get upset? Because we're not like, intimate enough."

George snorted to his sentence, rolling his eyes. More than to the words he chose, he found the *sad puppy* tone he was using kind of amusing. He shook his head, sighing next.

“You’re just looking for an excuse to fuck me,” he accused. Dream got quiet for a moment, then slowly raised his head to look at him.

“... Is it working?”

The Brit couldn’t help but laugh.

“Our friends are downstairs,” he pointed out. “They’re ordering food and waiting for us.”

“I’ll be quick,” the boy instantly promised, moving closer to place a soft peck on his lips. “Like that one time in the bathroom, I’ll *speedrun* it.”

“Don’t say it like that.” The blond laughed to his reaction, kissing him again before pulling away to look at him with pleading eyes. “... Fine, okay.” And despite sounding like he was merely agreeing, his scent made it more than obvious that he wanted it too.

Having Dream being the one wanting him was an instant turn on, his body reacting right away whenever the boy sought him first.

The alpha placed his hands on the omega’s thighs, lifting him up and carrying him to the bed and placing him over the mattress. In a blink of an eye both of their pants were gone, his friend positioning himself between his legs and lowering himself to press their lips together again.

The blond’ moved his fingers to the brunet’s entrance, teasing him with two digits then pushing them inside carefully. The Brit let out a soft sound into the kiss, his body growing warmer as his friend prepped him quickly yet still as careful as possible.

He removed his fingers just a couple seconds later, placing his dick against the smaller boy’s hole after and slowly pushing himself in. George wrapped his arms around him instantly, trying to keep his sounds in as his friend began to shift his hips. But despite having agreed to be quick, Dream was still being too careful and gentle.

“Hurry up,” he demanded, totally because they didn’t have a lot of time and not because he liked when the boy was a little rougher.

The blond complied right away, rocking his shifts faster and changing his position slightly to aim to the spot the brunet’s liked the most. He began to place kisses all over his neck again, one of his hands wrapping around the omega’s dick to please him there as well.

The Brit tried his best to keep his sounds contained, shifting his hips as well as the boy thrustled into him to speed things up. The American got the hint, increasing his speed as well, and thrusting harder, moving his hand faster as well. He thrustled into him the way he knew they both liked it, using his free hand to play with the omega’s nipples, stimulating him in every way possible without losing a second.

His friend rested his head on the brunet’s shoulder, letting out soft moans against his skin as he allowed to let himself get lost in pleasure. And god, he almost hated how right Dream always was, because he truly knew how to *speedrun* sex and make a mess out of him in just a couple of minutes.

The dance of their hips kept growing in intensity, the noise of shared kisses and muffled whines filling the air. They moved like they were desperate to please each other and kept speeding up like

faster wasn't fast enough.

It didn't take long for tension to grow inside him, pleasure being too much to handle after so many days doing nothing but kissing. He barely managed to let out a quiet warning, and then he was cumming all over himself and his friend's hand.

The alpha followed him right after, filling him up in the way he knew he liked it. The blond thrust just a couple more times, slowing his motions as he rode off his orgasm. And once he came to a full stop, he lowered his head again, resting it over the omega's shoulder as he tried to calm his breathing.

"Sorry, I should've worn a condom," the boy mumbled, staying like that for a couple more moments before carefully pulling out and reaching for some tissues.

"S fine, it's not that hard to clean up," he said, grabbing some of the tissues as well to help his friend with the cleaning duties.

They took a minute doing that, then dressed up again, before finally getting off the bed and walking to the door. But now that the moment was over, George was already questioning his life choices.

"I'm gonna stink like you now," he complained, letting out a frustrated groan. Dream snorted to his reaction, opening the door.

"Just wash your face and put a patch on," he simply said, taking his hand to make him get out the room. The brunet rolled his eyes, letting go of his hand and stopping his steps.

"Yeah, because it's that easy." The boy laughed at his reaction again. "You go first and keep them busy, I'm gonna take a shower." The blond looked at him with amusement, but nodded to his words anyways.

"Alright, don't take long," he mumbled, moving closer to press a soft kiss on his lips before turning to head to the stairs and go to the first floor.

The omega sighed as soon as the boy left, ready to go back to his room and shower as he said. But the moment his head turned, his eyes were met by another pair.

George froze on his spot.

The boy standing by the bathroom door just a few steps away was frozen as well.

Shit.

Holy shit.

How long had he been standing there?

He had to had *just* gotten out of the bathroom, right? There's no way he saw anything, right?

This could not be happening, this could not-

"... Um, sorry," Karl mumbled, letting out an awkward laugh. Panic invaded the brunet instantly, heartbeat increasing and suddenly feeling dizzy. "I didn't mean-"

"It's not what you think," he hurried to say, his scent tinting with anxiety. "We weren't- Whatever you saw, it's not like that."

The taller boy blinked a few times, then an amused smile appeared on his lips. He closed the door behind him, then walked closer to the British.

“Dude, relax, it’s okay,” the boy assured, offering him understanding eyes. “I kinda already knew,” he admitted, chuckling softly. “I’m not gonna say anything, I promise.”

His friend placed his hand over the smaller boy’s shoulder, seemingly calm and trying to reassure him. George blinked a few times to his reactions, taking a moment to process his words.

Wait what?

“... What?”

Karl chuckled again.

“Yeah, Sapnap might’ve told me... Don’t get mad at him though! He wasn’t gossiping, I was the one that asked and he just didn’t wanna lie to me.”

As before, the brunet blinked, the words not helping him be any less confused.

... Sapnap knows?

He suddenly felt like he would throw up, his head spinning and his stomach feeling weird.

Oh my fucking god.

Okay, if he was completely honest with himself... There was a part of him that suspected it. The questions his roommate would make sometimes and some of his comments as well were a little too suggestive to not know what was going on. But he had hoped to be wrong.

Sapnap knew, and Karl did as well. It wasn’t a secret anymore.

“Okay, I’m sorry but I gotta ask,” he heard his friend saying, an excited smile painted on his face. “Is it like, official now?” He asked, jumping on his spot as if the idea made him happy or something. “Are you planning on telling our friends or do you wanna keep it lowkey?”

George could not do this right now. He wasn’t ready for this kind of conversations.

“It’s not- We’re not like that. We just help each other out,” he quickly let out. And if the boy’s confused face was anything to go by, he could tell he wanted to ask more questions. So, he hurried to put another topic over the table. “I thought you and Sapnap were just, heat partners...?”

“Oh. Well, yeah, we were at first!” Karl nodded to his words, seemingly okay with the conversation being on him on him. “But to be honest, I think I always knew that wasn’t gonna last.”

The brunet tilted his head with confusion, looking at his friend with questioning eyes.

“What do you mean?”

“When you get sexually involved with someone you have feelings for... Well, it’s only a matter of time before you start wanting more, you know?” The boy explained, smiling to himself. “I would’ve been a fool if I thought being heat partners would be enough forever.”

The boy with the light-brown hair laughed to his own words, shaking his head as if he was reliving the memories. He let out a soft sigh after, smiling to the other omega.

“So, was it like that for Dream and you too?” He asked then, but the brunet didn’t answer.

The Brit had gotten completely silent. And now, he was regretting his own change of topic.

“... George?”

A bitter feeling had appeared on his stomach, his chest felt tight, and his brain was fighting to keep his thoughts intact.

“Dude, are you okay?” Karl placed a hand on his shoulder, trying to bring him back to the conversation. The brunet looked at him with a blank expression, blinking a few times as he tried to focus.

“I don’t know,” he let out before he could think twice, but right after he realized what he said. He shook his head, letting out a forced laugh as he shifted awkwardly on his spot. “I mean... It’s not like that, for us. We’re just friends, we’re not courting,” he finally answered the question of almost a minute ago.

The other omega stared at him. He examined him with his eyes, careful as he did so, then his demeanor slowly changed. All the excitement that his face showed was now replaced by sympathy and understanding.

George felt like he couldn’t breathe.

“No, yeah, I understand that,” his friend mumbled. “But... Is that enough for you?”

“That’s what we agreed on, Dream suggested it,” he was quick to answer.

“I get that, I do,” the boy said right away, taking a step closer to him. “But that’s not... That’s not what I asked.” He looked him in the eyes, the brown orbs averted his gaze. “Is that all that *you* wanna be?”

The Brit didn’t respond. He didn’t look back at him either. He focused on his breathing, on trying to keep himself contained. He focused on staying calm, not letting himself freak out.

He made a mistake, by asking that. He made a mistake by bringing up their friend’s relationship. He made a mistake by letting the omega talk about what should be obvious to most people. He made a mistake, and now his head was spinning.

And all his attention and strength were being used on holding on to a small domino piece inside his brain, desperately trying to prevent it from falling so imminent disaster wouldn’t happen.

He could feel his friend’s eyes burning on his skull. He mentally begged him not to say out loud what he knew he wanted to ask. But at last, it was too late for that.

“You like him, don’t you?”

A crack on his shield, his grip faltering. The small piece slipping away and falling too quickly to stop it. And as one fell, the next one dropped as well. And the whole path he’s built over the years was now trembling, the pieces slowly approaching a dangerous place; threatening to destroy everything he’s worked so hard to keep safe.

It was too late, it was too fucking late.

He tried to find a way to stop it, any barrier he could put to slow down the falling pieces. But the

excuses he's been using didn't make sense anymore, and the hidden meanings he's kept at bait now had him frozen on his spot.

And he could talk about instincts and inner needs and biology reasons, but those words were stuck on his throat. He could talk about misunderstandings and confusion and the logic part of his brain, but the boy wouldn't believe it and he wouldn't believe it himself either.

It was too late, it was too fucking late.

George took a deep breath, then looked at his friend.

"No," he finally managed to say. And he wasn't lying. He wasn't fucking lying.

Karl looked at him with doubt on his eyes, clearly wanting to press further but unsure if to do so. He could tell by his scent that he didn't want to make him feel uncomfortable, that he didn't want to intrude more than he should. But again, it was too late for that too.

Because the damage was already done, his barriers were cracking and everything he was trying so hard to keep inside was threatening to get out. It was gonna happen he wanted it or not. He could feel it in the ways his body trembled, he could feel it in the ways his eyes got watery, and breathing was harder.

And he knew that once disaster came there was no way to avoid it. He knew once the final piece fell, he couldn't keep hiding it to himself any longer. Things would come out one way or another, and he rather that happening here, with a friend that couldn't hurt him, than later that night, with someone else's company.

The brunet looked at the boy next to him with pleading eyes, a silent request for him to understand what he couldn't say out loud. The American looked at him with a confused expression. But then, eventually, his eyes widened, his words finally clicking.

Because he didn't lie, he didn't fucking lie.

"You love him," the boy concluded, reading between the lines. George closed his eyes to stop the tears from falling, taking a deep breath as he gave one single head movement as a response.

And the dominos reached the box buried deeply inside his head, pushing it to fall over and spread around all the secrets contained inside.

The box of things that shouldn't be addressed, that he was never supposed to open, was now empty. And every single lie he ever told, every single feeling he changed the name to, everything that he repressed for their own good or because was too hard to deal with, was out and destroying all sense of safety he's ever gotten to know.

"... For how long?" He heard his friend saying, bringing him back to reality.

The question almost made him want to laugh.

"I don't know."

As before, Karl seemed unsure of what to do, unsure if that was his sign to stop pressuring. But despite the boy not asking any further, he still spoke again. Because the filter had been broken, and there were too many unsaid words wanting to be spoken. And whatever strength he had left, it wasn't enough to stop it.

“A few months.” He opened his eyes again, still just as glossy. “Maybe a year.” He felt like he was about to throw up, but nothing but words were coming out. “Maybe longer.” And the truth was so much worse than every lie he’s ever told.

Because he was in love with his best friend, but he couldn’t be. Because those feelings had no place on their friendship, so he managed to ignore them to the point where he actually stopped thinking about it. Because the feelings had been there for longer than they should, but he buried them so deep inside his brain that he wrongly believed they would never catch him.

But they did. Oh, they did. And that’s why realizing his inner saw the boy as his mate was like a bucket of ice being thrown at him.

Because so far his instincts and brain had been on the same page about mates, and it was true that he hadn’t found anyone *new* that he liked.

They caught up to him so fast and suddenly, screaming at his face for him to finally recognize them, yet he still fought to pretend they weren’t there.

Oh, how stupid he was. Oh, how naïve he had been. To believe that he could push away his emotions yet still get physically involved with the person that caused them. He was screwed from the start, doomed to get in the worst situation possible. And there was no one but himself to blame.

Yet he still convinced himself that it was fine, that he could fuck his friend without nothing bad happening. He convinced himself they could make it work, because a part of him was thrilled with the idea of having him even if in a carnal, lustful way.

He had messed everything up. He had overestimated his own capacity to keep his feelings at bait. And now, what the fuck was he supposed to do?

“Are you gonna tell him?” Karl suddenly asked, almost as if following his train of thoughts. He instantly shook his head, taking a deep breath and rubbing his eyes. “Why not?”

A soft chuckle escaped him to that question, but there was nothing funny about it. He could respond to that in so many ways.

Because the friendship was too important to him. Because Dream only liked him physically. Because people had always worked on making him fall in love before, he’s never been the one falling first, and he didn’t know how to cope with it. Because he was fucking scared.

But at the end, he chose the only thing he could support with logic.

“Because I kind of already did,” he whispered, another sad chuckle coming out against his will.

Remembering parts of his heat after a few days was always embarrassing, but realizing you admitted your feelings was the worst possible experience he could’ve gone through. The worst part of it wasn’t even what he said, thought, but his friend’s reaction to it; and how he still had talked about how much he physically desired him after, like that’s all that fucking mattered.

“But even thinking I would forget about it, he didn’t give me an answer,” he completed his sentence. And God, he could already feel tears wanting to come out again. He could feel his whole body wanting to break down at once.

Karl stared at him for a few seconds, then placed both hands on his shoulders, pushing him softly to walk inside the room.

“Okay, I think I’m gonna need more details than that, so let’s sit and talk.”

In all honesty, talking was the last thing George wanted to do right now. He wanted to lay down and stay in his bed for the rest of the weekend. But he knew that wasn’t an option, especially when more people would arrive the next day. And despite not liking verbalizing what he was feeling, he knew he probably needed.

He was too tired to resist, anyways.

So, he talked.

He told him everything.

Chapter End Notes

its may 28th in my country so that means ive been writing dnf for three months now!! and to celebrate that + reaching 1k followers on twitter + over 1k subs on this fic, here i am with a fast update!! :D i know a lot of you hated me for the cliffhanger, and im sure you hate me even more now LMAO

i just want to thank you all for the support youve given me so far, im so so happy that you like my work and it really motivates me to keep going and writing more and more!! <3 <3 youre literally the best, like you have no idea how many times i reread your comments and live reactions and dms just so i get some serotonin and can keep writing ahaha

okay so, i didnt expect anyone to guess the spoiler on twitter, i chose hard emojis on purpose kind of to mess with you all LMAO but they meant: george stays in bed to stop things with dream and take a break, but gets sick so he goes back to what they had. 5/5 meetup and someone sees them, and the tea about whats in george's mental box gets out... surprisingly enough, some of you got a few things right. shout out to the snowflakes gc for the detective work, they only missed like two emojis tbh

anyways thats it for today! i have two tests next week so i dunno what day im posting again, but i'll try to do it as soon as possible <3

leave as many comments as you'd like, thank you for reading!! :]

[twitter](#)

[tumblr](#)

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He was in love with Dream.

Strong hands held onto his waist, keeping him in place as hips shifted at a fast pace. The boy thrust into him in an almost brutal way, so hard that under any other circumstances it would hurt.

But he liked it, he liked it like that. He liked how it kept his focus on what was happening, he liked how every movement killed the forming thoughts in his brain. He needed him to keep that going, he needed him to give him more of it.

His friend grabbed his legs, easily placing them over his broad shoulders, the change of position allowing him to hit his prostate better. Almost as if reading his mind, almost as if sensing his needs. George rolled his eyes with pleasure, hands gripping at the bed's sheet. God, the blond always knew exactly what he craved, and he complied each time without even complaining.

As if the brunet's satisfaction was always more important. As if to please him was everything he wanted. The alpha loved to please him. And the omega, too, loved that.

He was in love with Dream.

The Brit closed his eyes, taking a deep breath as he began to shift his hips as well, inviting the boy to pick up the pace even more.

"Faster," he whispered, and as always, his friend did as he was told.

He held his hips tight as he thrust harder, speeding his movements as the omega requested. The brunet couldn't help the moan that escaped his lips, his walls clenching around the alpha's dick with every one of his actions.

The blond moved down slightly to press their lips together, muffling another sound that threatened to come out as well. He explored his mouth with his tongue, kissing him deeply but only for a couple seconds before pulling away again.

"Quiet, you're gonna wake up the others," his friend whispered against his lips. "Those sounds are mine, Georgie, don't want anyone else to hear them."

A new kiss prevented him from moaning even louder. His whole body shivered with pleasure, warmth spreading inside his chest and his heart beating faster.

Good lord, his body was on fire.

Those words resonated through his head, hands desperately searching for the boy's arms to hold onto him in any way that he could as the tension inside him grew. And he had to admit, the alpha was right. The sounds were his, only his.

He was in love with Dream.

The blond carefully wrapped a hand around his neglected dick, not giving him a single warning before stroking him as fast as he was fucking him. The brunet let out a choked-out sound onto the

kiss, his head spinning and legs trembling as he approached his release.

He broke apart reluctantly, not truly wanting to stop but needing the air and to give a warning.

“I’m gonna cum,” he barely let out, words sloppy and too quick as if it was suddenly hard to talk.

“Me too,” his friend whispered, never stopping his actions. He reached for one of his hands, gently holding it with his own and squeezing it lightly. “Together, yeah?”

The omega nodded a few times, biting his lips to muffle himself as the alpha continued to hit his prostate over and over again, pushing him closer and closer to the edge. It was too much, he couldn’t keep going. His insides were tired and too stimulated, and every single movement added so much friction it made him want to scream.

“Dream,” he whined, unable to stop himself any longer. The boy moved down to kiss him again, nodding a couple of times right after. And that was all the permission he needed.

With a strangled noise and holding tightly onto his friend’s hand, he came once again, panting his stomach and the boy’s with white while shaking with pleasure. And his walls squeezing the alpha’s member was enough for him as well, soon filling him up and hiding his head on the brunet’s shoulder to keep himself quiet.

He could never get tired of feeling satisfied, he could never get tired of the happiness hitting him every time he reached a good orgasm. He could never get tired of being fucked by his best friend.

The blond pulled away slowly, then moved the omega’s legs down so he could lay down fully. He took a few moments to grab some wipes and clean him up, because no matter how tired he was he always made sure to take care of him. And then, he moved down, pressing a gentle kiss over his lips.

“You were so good,” he mumbled, kissing his cheek. “Did so, so well.”

The Brit’s chest felt warm again, a tingling sensation filling his stomach. God, how could he be like that? How could he go from rough and almost brutal when his dick was inside him yet become so gentle and soft as soon as they were done?

He hated it. He hated how much he liked the caring gestures.

He was in love with Dream.

George was in love with Dream.

And every time his focus drifted from how good he was making him feel, he couldn’t stop himself from thinking about it.

The boy let his weight fall over him, holding him close as he placed gentle kisses up his neck and whispered affectionate praise by his ear. And he hated it. He hated it with every fiber of his self.

He hated the way those lips made his skin tingle. He hated the way bubbles invaded his stomach and warmth grew on his chest. He hated the way his heart ached for more with every tender word. He hated the way he treated him. He hated every one of his actions. And he hated that he couldn’t truly hate it, no matter how hard he tried to.

God, he just wanted to shut his brain off.

He placed his hands on his friend's shoulders, pushing him away.

"Let's do it again," he blurted out, ignoring the fact that he was still panting, and he could barely feel his legs. The blond blinked a few times, then gave him a confused expression.

"Aga- George, it's- it's like, four in the morning-"

"So?" He questioned, getting a look of disbelief in response.

"So we should sleep, Georgie." The boy brought his hand to his cheek, caressing it softly. "And we have to get up early tomorrow, remember? It's the last day of our friends being here." The brunet huffed in response, rolling his eyes. He didn't want to sleep, he knew it wouldn't bring him any peace.

"I thought alphas had good stamina," he mumbled, complain and teasing on his voice. The American suddenly tensed up, holding him by his hips a little too tight as he frowned.

"We do, *I* do," he instantly said. "I have good stamina, I'm a good alpha."

The omega's eyes widened slightly, taken back by the words and the grip on his skin.

That was *not* a reaction he expected from him. His friend had never been a particularly prideful alpha that needed to prove himself, never got upset at jokes of not meeting the stereotypes for his second gender. This wasn't a normal thing for him. And that was... Interesting. Interesting for sure.

Dream seemed to snap out of it and realize how he just reacted as well, blinking a few times again before his face softened, giving him almost apologetic eyes. He let out an embarrassed chuckle, moving down to press a gentle kiss on his lips.

"I *can* keep going, but I don't want you to be tired in the morning," he mumbled, his tender tone back and his hand caressing his cheek again. "I've been fucking you all night, I think it's better if we rest now."

George wanted to groan. He wanted to complain. He didn't want to stop because he knew the moment he was left alone with his thoughts, the *thing* he had been trying to avoid for so long would haunt him again. Even if he was asleep. And he didn't want to think about it, he didn't want to think anymore.

So no matter if he had cum three times already that night, and no matter how tired his body already was, he wanted to keep himself busy.

But he knew the blond was right. He knew he couldn't do what he wanted. Because they had people over, and if he suddenly couldn't walk the next morning after sharing a room with his friend, everyone would know or at least suspect it and make jokes about it.

"Fine, I guess we could sleep," he finally said, agreeing despite his wishes.

The boy offered him a soft smile, moving down to kiss him again for a brief moment.

"Do you want to put some clothes on?" He asked. The brunet shook his head in response.

"You're warm enough." That, and he could barely feel his extremities. He didn't want to try and move. The blond nodded in response, pressing their lips together one more time before shifting their positions to now lay by his side and hold him in his arms.

“Sleep well, George.”

He doubted it. His head was a mess, his heart was even worse.

“You too.”

But that’s not something he could ever say. The burning feeling inside him wasn’t something he could ever address.

He wished he didn’t have to address it with himself either.

The boy sighed, closing his eyes. Why couldn’t he stop those thoughts from getting out? Why couldn’t he control his feelings a while longer? He wanted them buried deep inside, he wanted to pretend they weren’t there at all.

He knew Karl was probably right on what he said, that what he was doing wasn’t healthy and they would’ve come out eventually one way or another. But he still wished things were different. Having to talk about it was humiliating.

Even if his friend didn’t tease him nor made any kind of unwanted comments when he became a crying mess. Even if he was nothing but nice and understanding as he tried to explain the conflicting feeling inside him. Just having to admit that he couldn’t stop himself from falling in love, was embarrassing.

Or maybe embarrassing wasn’t the word, maybe humiliating wasn’t either. But for someone that avoided being that vulnerable in front of people, he didn’t have better ones to describe the enormous amount of shame he felt during and after.

He wasn’t even fully sure of what he was ashamed of. If it was of the fact that he ended up doing exactly what the fans wanted and developing feelings for his best friend, or of having to say that out loud because he couldn’t keep his secrets hidden for a minute longer.

Either way, he had no control over himself. Either way, he was upset at himself for it.

He kept telling himself that it was only the two of them in that room, so no one else knew all the things he confessed nor the stories he shared that he hadn’t been ready to, and so he could go back to ignoring them and pretending he didn’t feel the way he felt. But something told him it wouldn’t be that easy this time, that even if the brown haired boy kept quiet about it, he wouldn’t be able to shut his own brain.

He didn’t want to think about it.

Karl having to use his makeup on him to try to hide the fact that he was crying, just so they could go back downstairs for dinner, was quite shameful as well. Having to come up with excuses to why they took so long, where his friend pretty much took the blame by saying he clogged the bathroom and needed George’s help to fix it, was shameful too. The whole experience was something he wished had never happened, even if a part of him was relieved that he wasn’t carrying those secrets alone anymore.

Thankfully for him, he was able to go straight to his room after that, and he spent the night alone, since they had guests over and it was easy to convince Dream that if they saw them sharing they would suspect something.

And being alone and away from him was something he needed, because every time he saw the blond the realization that his love for him wasn’t strictly friendly hit him like a speeding truck. He

couldn't keep his thoughts contained, not when he was close, and his chest hurt with the knowledge that he had crossed a line and things would never be the same now.

Avoiding him the next day wasn't too hard either. With the rest of their friends arriving, it was easy enough to keep himself busy. And well, the fact that his best friend was quite busy with the new visitors as well helped too.

The blond was mostly focused at first on making everyone feel welcomed, giving tours around the house and making plans for the weekend, plus catching up with Tina since it was the first time they met in person. Then he was busy figuring out something for lunch, where to go and who should go in each car. And since they went out right after that, the brunet managed to stay mostly with Quackity and talk to the others as well instead of giving his attention to the alpha.

It didn't seem weird or suspicious that he spent more time with their friends than anything else. Mostly because Tina, Foolish and Punz had just arrived, and Dream was doing the same.

The boy did throw glances at him here and there, and sat next to him every chance he got, but he still kept himself distracted with the conversation so the bubbling feelings inside him wouldn't get unbearable. But then, night came, and they went back to the house to sleep. And even with Karl sharing Sapnap's room with him, they still had four other guests and only three rooms for them. So the only logical option Dream was able to come up with, was to offer to share with George so someone else could use his room.

They could've put a futon in one of their offices downstairs, or one of them slept on a couch. But he knew why his friend would look past those options and suggest sharing instead.

For obvious reasons, he couldn't keep his distance from the boy if they were going to sleep in the same bed. And the moment they were alone his heart was already beating fast and his head turned into a confused mess.

It was too hard not to think about it, after stopping himself from doing so for so long. But he didn't want to think about it. And if he couldn't avoid him, he needed to at least keep himself busy enough with something else. He needed to distract himself.

So he attached his lips to the blond's as soon as the door was locked, and not two minutes later he had him sitting on the bed, muffling his sounds with his hand, as the brunet sucked his dick. The alpha ate him out in return, but not even that was enough to fully silence his thoughts. So they fucked. And then once more.

It wasn't a perfect solution, the revelation still kept trying to come back to his mind, but it was all he could think of doing to keep himself at bay.

God, he was doomed, wasn't he? If he didn't find a way to repress his feelings again soon, things would eventually get really bad.

Thankfully, he didn't have to think about it for much longer. Physical and mental exhaustion soon took him out, putting him in a deep sleep.

Waking up the next day was harder than he expected.

The lack of sleep and his sore muscles begged him to stay in bed for a while longer, but that wasn't possible. At least Dream didn't wake him up until he was already done getting ready, which not only gave a few more minutes of sleep but also allowed him to avoid having to do any kind of small talk.

The boy kissed his head before leaving to make breakfast, and the omega tiredly stood up and went to take a long shower. It took him almost an hour to be and feel ready to go downstairs, but thankfully no one made any comments about his late arrival, nor about how slow his movements were.

Focusing on his friends again was easy enough, at least during breakfast. He spent the entire time talking to Quackity, and soon enough he was laughing and screaming and thinking of nothing but how much fun he was having.

He stayed behind helping clean up after they finished, while his friends got their swimming suits on and got ready for a pool day. He wasn't gonna get in the pool, his chest a little too covered in marks for that, so he didn't mind being helpful this time.

As soon as he was done he headed outside, some of his friends already in the pool while Dream worked on getting the fire ready for the barbecue they would have for lunch. He stood close enough to the pool to watch the scene yet far enough so they wouldn't try to attack him or splash him, keeping a faint smile until he felt a soft pat on his shoulder.

He glanced to his side right away, the tall omega smiling as well.

"Aren't you gonna join too?" Karl asked, keeping his hand on his shoulder. George shook his head in response. "Why not?"

The brunet opened his mouth to talk, ready to come up with an excuse. But before he could, the memories of the conversation they had two nights ago suddenly invaded his brain, a soft blush taking over his cheeks. The boy seemed confused by his reaction at first, but then, something apparently clicked.

"Oh" he let out. "Hickeys or bites?"

The Brit's cheeks turned a darker shade of red.

Did it make any difference? He still couldn't pretend the marks were anything else.

"... Both," he still said, just in case his friend had a contingency plan or something.

"Okay, yeah, that's bad." Well, apparently he didn't. The brown haired boy glanced at the pool, then looked back at him. "They might ask why you aren't joining, do you want me to come up with something?" He asked then. George shook his head again.

"I'll just tell them I was sick a few days ago." Which, to be fair, wasn't a complete lie.

"Alright." Karl nodded, patting his shoulder again before heading to the pool to join the others.

He watched as the boy got into the water, instantly being ambushed by Quackity and Punz, and couldn't help but laugh at the war that quickly followed it, Tina joining the brown haired boy for a friendly omegas-versus-betas competition. And even if he was only a viewer, he still laughed with every action and playful joke, still enjoying the moment with the group.

That, until a pair of strong arms wrapped around his waist, suddenly pulling him closer until his back was against a familiar chest.

He didn't need to look to know who it was, he could recognize that scent even meters away.

His cheeks quickly turned a bright shade of pink.

“Dream,” he whispered. And despite meaning to show complain in his voice, his words came out too choked out for that.

“Hm?” The boy placed his head on the brunet’s shoulder, resting his chin there in an almost casual way, only making him blush more.

“What are you doing?” He questioned, his eyes quickly examining his surroundings to make sure no one was watching the scene.

“I’m hugging you, George, what does it look like I’m doing?”

“I- Yes idiot, I can see that,” he let out, a little more exasperated now. “But *why* are you hugging me?”

“What do you mean why?” His friend protested, pressing their bodies even closer. “You’ve been with Alex and Karl all day. I’ve missed you.”

The warmth that spread across his chest was impossible to stop, and he couldn’t have been able to prevent his heart from beating faster even if he tried.

Fuck, why did he have to word it like that? Why did he have to hold him so close, with such gentleness?

The blond buried his face on his neck, carefully placing a soft kiss over his skin. George snapped out of it.

“Dream.” His tone was firmer this time around. “You’re gonna get us caught.”

“No one’s looking at us, they’re not paying attention to-”

“Still.” Taking a deep breath, he quickly pulled away, turning around to face the alpha. “And weren’t you getting the barbecue ready?”

The blond blinked a few times, then pouted.

“Sapnap and Noah have it covered, it’s fine, we can...”

“Since when do you let people take over your cooking?” He asked with a raised eyebrow, giving a quick glance to the other two alphas now in charge of the food.

Sapnap seemed more interested in his phone than in the meat, but Foolish kept his eyes fixed on it, doing a little dance beside the grill that made him seem like a young suburban dad a little too excited to show his skills to his family.

He looked at his friend, still questioning him with his eyes. The boy blinked again, then frowned.

“Why are you being like this?” He asked, his voice a bit harsher. “We barely even talked yesterday and-”

“And then we fucked all night,” he interrupted. His friend pursed his lips, now notoriously upset.

“Yeah, but now we’re back at barely talking and for some reason you’re bitching about me trying to spend some time with you.”

Maybe it was his accusatory tone, or maybe it was his choice of words, or how heavy his scent was becoming, but George couldn’t help but furrow his brows as well, all too quickly annoyed with the

boy's behavior.

"Oh, I'm *bitching* now?"

"Yeah, you are!" The blond let out, defensiveness in his voice. "What's so wrong about wanting to be around you during the day too? Everyone else gets to touch you but if I hug you suddenly it's weird?"

The brunet opened his mouth to talk, but closed it again right after. Suddenly, he didn't feel like he had a good enough excuse for that.

Because being scared of being caught wasn't truly the problem, and it was true pretty much everyone else had gotten to hug him at some point of the weekend.

"What's going on, George?" The alpha asked, taking him out of his thoughts. "Are you upset at me or something?"

The omega instantly shook his head.

Annoyance was quickly replaced with guilt, his tense body relaxing and his demeanor changing into a less aggressive one, looking to the floor instead of his friend's face.

"No, I..." He shrugged, unsure of what to say and kind of wanting to lay down. "I don't feel too good, I guess it's making me moody, or something," he mumbled, barely glancing up to look at his friend.

Dream's expression softened as well, his defensive posture shifting right away and moving closer to him with concern on his features.

"Are you feeling sick again?" The boy placed a hand on his arm, squeezing it softly. "Or was it the sex? Was it too much? Did I hurt you?"

The brunet hurried to shake his head, trying to offer him a reassuring face.

"No, I think I'm just tired." The blond stared at him for a couple of seconds, then nodded.

"Do you wanna go take a nap? I can call you when the food is ready," he offered. The omega doubted for a second, then nodded a few times. He didn't wanna miss out on the time with their friends, but his inner was getting anxious with the exchange, and he could use some rest if he didn't want to snap again.

The alpha nodded as well, taking his hand and guiding him inside the house. It's not like he needed the help, but he still allowed his friend to walk with him.

They stopped right in front of the stairs, and the American turned around to look at him again. He placed his hands on the Brit's cheeks, cupping his face softly before moving closer to give him a short peck on his lips. And then another. And another. And one more.

"Dream," he let out, breaking apart from yet another kiss.

"Can I go with you?" The blond suddenly blurted out. The brunet blinked a few times, confusion taking over his features.

"What?"

"Let me go with you to your room."

“You wanna nap too?”

“No, but-”

“If we disappear together they might suspect something,” he quickly said, before the boy could finish his sentence.

“But what if you need me, George?” The alpha excused. The omega blinked again. “Your inner might need me, I- Let me go with you, I can protect you.”

The Brit couldn’t help but snort.

“Protect me from what? A nightmare?”

The American’s cheeks turned dark red, stuttering incoherent words. The brunet raised an eyebrow.

“You’re being weird.”

“No I’m not.”

“Yes you are.”

“I’m not.”

“What’s going on, Dream?” The boy looked to the side, avoiding his glance.

“Nothing,” he mumbled, then looked at him again. “I’m gonna- I have to check on the food. Let me know if you need anything, okay?”

George wasn’t convinced, but he still nodded. The blond gave him one last kiss, before heading outside. He watched him as he left, then sighed, walking slowly upstairs to get to his room. Unsurprisingly enough, he did manage to sleep, his body being more tired than he even noticed. But as soon as he woke up again, a couple hours later, his mind was filled with questions.

His friend had never reacted so upset so easily and fast to something he said, especially not when it came to denying affection. And he had never been so persistent about wanting to be with him, to follow him around, especially when he hadn’t suggested he wanted it first.

And he wanted so, so badly to read into it. But the more logical explanation was that after the show he pulled a few days ago, staying away from him and pretending to be sick, the boy was now on edge about it. It was the best and most likely explanation, even if it wasn’t what his heart wanted it to mean.

He came back downstairs soon after waking up, joining the group for lunch. He sat between Karl and Tina, his mind staying calm thanks to both of their soft and comforting scents. Between laughter and silly conversations, time went easy and fast, and soon enough they were all in the living room, taking different seats to continue with their chats.

George looked around, humming to himself. Despite their house being big right now it didn’t feel big enough, unsure of where to sit without reducing their friend’s space and thinking of getting a chair from the dining for himself.

But then, strong hands suddenly grabbed him by his hips, and before he could even blink he found himself sitting on Dream’s lap.

He hated himself for the way his face turned bright red.

“Sorry for DNfing guys, there’s not enough seats,” the blond said loud enough for everyone to hear, laughing it off. The rest laughed as well, Quackity making disgusted faces for a moment before simply ignoring them. And just like that, the others continued with what they were doing, not bothering to pay attention to them.

Effective to make it seem normal, but embarrassing as fuck.

A part of him wanted to yell at the boy, but the rest of him was frozen on his spot.

The alpha’s hands were wrapped around his waist now, keeping their bodies close. His thumbs were gently drawing soothing patterns over his clothes, a gesture both too sweet and too intimate for two friends sharing a seat. And he was about to ask him to stop, or ask why he did that in the first place, but the American moved his head closer to his own before he could, whispering in his ear.

“Are you feeling better?” He asked, hands discretely caressing his sides now.

George felt lightheaded.

The affectionate tone was too much, the concerned question was too much. The public affection was too much, the closeness between them was too much. Dream was too nice and he held him too fondly and fuck, he was in love with him.

Panic was quick to invade him, desperate eyes looking everywhere in the room. Another pair of brown orbs were instantly on him, seemingly already having been looking in his direction.

A silent plea, a single nod.

“George,” Karl called him right away. “I totally forgot I need your help upstairs, with the thing,” he said, standing up. The brunet stood up as fast as possible as well, giving the blond just one rapid glance to see his confused expression before fixing his eyes on his other friend. “Sorry guys, it’s a male omegas thing, we’ll be right back.”

“Did you hear that, Tina?” Quackity mumbled, shaking his head. “They’re being sexist to you again.”

“I can’t believe this,” she played along. “You guys are being so mean today.”

The brown-haired boy chuckled at the accusation, then took his hand, leading him to the stairs before anyone could add anything else. He kept holding him until they were in the Brit’s room, the smaller boy letting himself fall onto his bed and the taller one sitting by his side.

“You okay? His friend asked.

“Yeah,” he let out. Karl raised an eyebrow. George sighed. “No.”

The other omega looked at him for a couple of seconds, before offering him a sympathetic face and placing his hand over his arm, carefully caressing it in a soothing way.

“I know that you don’t wanna hear it... But I still think you should talk to him.”

The brunet sighed again, shaking his head and bringing his hands to cover his face.

“I can’t.” A deep breath, trying to keep himself calmed. He didn’t want to cry for a second time in front of his friend. “I don’t- I don’t wanna ruin things.”

"I don't think you will, dude," the boy assured. "I mean, I already told you that but after seeing how he acts around you, I'm pretty sure-"

"It would ruin everything," he insisted, cutting the brown-haired off. "We're *best friends*."

"That doesn't mean you can't be more," Karl tried again. "It doesn't mean he can't see you as more."

"He doesn't." He huffed, taking another deep breath before uncovering his face. "I know he doesn't."

"Why? Because of the heat thing?" The other omega questioned. "He probably didn't think you were serious, George, we talked about it."

"It's not just that." He shook his head, avoiding the boy's eyes because he still felt like if he was stared directly he would break down and cry again. "It's... It's everything. It's what he says, and what he doesn't."

Every single 'I love you' he could remember ever since he got to the States. Every single word he added right after, that didn't used to be a part of that sentence. Even when he believed he was out of it, even when he thought he wouldn't remember.

Every demonstration of affection, followed by confirmation of their platonic status.

"You say a lot of stuff too, dude. And don't say a bunch also," his friend mumbled, never ceasing to caress his arm reassuringly. The brunet finally dared to look at him, slight confusion on his features. "All I'm saying is, you're scared shitless, and I get that. But maybe he's scared too, you know? You two are more alike than you care to admit sometimes."

George stared at him for a couple of seconds, before looking away again, curling up on his bed to try and seek some comfort.

He didn't know what to think of that. He didn't believe that was the case. He didn't want to think about it.

"No more talking?" His friend asked, as if sensing it on his scent, his voice keeping his understanding tone. The smaller boy nodded a couple times, closing his eyes.

The taller one hummed, before carefully crawling onto the bed as well and laying by the brunet's side, wrapping his arms around him. The Brit's eyes snapped open right away.

"What are you doing?" He questioned, shifting slightly to look at his friend.

"Cuddling with the homie?" The boy said, as if confused about his question. George was about to speak again, but Karl beat him to it. "You know cuddling with another omega helps calm us down, the pheromones and all that, and we're supposed to go back downstairs soon."

The brunet wanted to protest, but he knew the brown-haired was right. It would be an efficient way to feel calmer enough to return to their friends. And it's not like the boy hadn't kept his arms around him half of the time while he cried the other night too.

"Five minutes," he finally agreed, the other one nodding in response.

Soon enough the citrusy yet somewhat sweet scent had gotten him to relax, almost to the point of falling asleep. And once the anxiety went down and his chest didn't hurt as much, they made their

way downstairs again. He made sure to grab an extra chair this time, before joining the others.

It wasn't as easy to focus on the conversation, his mind still drifting to the blond a few meters away against his will, catching him glancing at him one too many times. But he still tried to have fun, he still tried to participate.

His energy was clearly not the same as how it had been before, and he kept staring at the wall as he got lost in his own thoughts, needing people to repeat questions here and there. But at least he didn't feel like he would start crying or would say something he didn't want to say at any second.

It didn't go unnoticed though, that something was off about him. But he was able to brush it off by simply saying that he had been sick recently and he was feeling a bit lightheaded again. That was enough to survive the rest of the day.

He eventually managed to get into the conversation, and was able to have some fun, until night came, and their friends had to say goodbye. He hugged each of them as they left, Karl giving him an extra tight one, then spent a few minutes cleaning with Sapnap before excusing himself to go to his room.

He was utterly exhausted.

George got onto his bed without giving it much thought, wanting to put an end to that day already. A part of him was a little upset that he couldn't enjoy the weekend more due the circumstances, a part of him didn't want to care. He didn't want to be sad about anything else.

He closed his eyes, ready to relax, but then, a knock on his door made him open them again. It wasn't too surprising when the blond came inside his room, yet he still had hoped he hadn't been the one asking to come in.

The brunet barely lifted his head to look at him, sleepiness clear on his features as he spoke.

"What?" He asked, rubbing his eyes. He could tell by the alpha's demeanor that he wasn't there just to check on him, but wanted to say something instead.

The boy seemed hesitant, shifting his weight from foot to foot as he stood close to the door. But after a couple of seconds, he finally talked.

"You didn't say goodnight," he mumbled. The omega raised an eyebrow.

"I said I was gonna sleep."

"Yeah, but you didn't say goodnight to *me*."

The Brit blinked a few times, confused by his words. His friend shifted on his spot again, looking a little too anxious over something so simple.

"Sorry, 'm just tired, I forgot," he decided to say, despite the fact that saying goodnight directly to each other had never been a specific requirement; just in case the American was having one of his self-doubt moments where he needed reassurance.

Dream seemed to relax slightly with that, but he still seemed to want to say more. George waited in silence, giving him time to decide if he wanted to speak up or not.

"Are you wanting to be alone, or can I sleep with you?" He finally asked.

And now, the brunet almost wished that he hadn't given him the chance to do so.

He opened his mouth to talk, then closed it again.

On one hand, he wanted to be alone. He wanted to avoid being alone with the boy to keep his feelings at bait. On the other hand, he wanted to learn a way to suppress his feelings. He needed to get used to being around him without feeling on the verge of coming clean every single time, and the only way to do that was keeping his presence close.

But no matter which side was stronger, and all the doubts he could have, right now what he wanted didn't feel as important to him.

The alpha was clearly distressed, anxiety heavy on his scent.

He didn't understand exactly why, but the puppy eyes he was giving him and the way he kept biting his lips showed he didn't just *want* to stay the night with him, but *needed* to. Even if he wasn't saying it with words, his non-verbal cues were enough for him to know. And he had a feeling that whatever the reason was for the boy's state, he was probably the one to blame; him and all the confusing behaviors he had been having for the past week.

His friend needed him right now. He could push his selfish thoughts aside for one night.

"Depends," he finally mumbled, slowly moving to the side to make some room for the blond. "Do you wanna just sleep or are you gonna be good and fuck me?"

The American's eyes widened slightly to his words, blinking with surprise, then instantly moved closer to stand right by the bed.

"M good, I can fuck you," he let out, a little too fast and with too much enthusiasm. George was almost caught back by the tone, and Dream seemed to realize that too, clearing his throat right after. "I- Weren't you feeling sick, though? I thought you'd want to sleep-"

"I'm not that sick that I can't be fucked," he mumbled in response, shrugging after. "It would make me feel better." And that was something he truly believed. Or he wanted to believe it, at least.

He wanted to believe that as long as he focused on the physical things they did, he could be okay with being alone together. At least for as long as it took him to figure out how to push all his feelings back into the box.

The blond seemed hesitant for a second, but ended up nodding, taking his pants off in a quick movement before carefully getting on the bed with him.

Sex was just another activity. It was okay, he enjoyed it, he saw the appeal of wanting to do it. But it was never something *mind-blowing*. It was never something he really craved, unless he was already turned on, and even then it wasn't a necessity. Sex was just sex.

Or that's how he used to feel.

The brunet tried to stand up with wobbly legs, holding onto his nightstand as he tried to reach for some wipes to clean himself and the shirt he was wearing, stained with his own cum. He couldn't feel his muscles, his body didn't want to respond, and the bottom half of his self was in slight pain.

It hurt. But he couldn't bring himself to complain. Not when he knew he would be asking for it

again, not when it felt so fucking good each time.

Sex could be addictive when done right. Sex could be addictive when you truly enjoyed yourself. Sex could be addictive when you were fucked by the person you loved.

No, liked.

Trusted.

By the person you trusted.

Someone you trusted enough to know they would know what to do without you having to beg for it, give directions or fake your reactions. Someone you trusted enough to manhandle you as they pleased because you knew when they liked it you liked it too. And having his brain shut off during the process, having moments of mental silence and peace as he screamed for more and moaned like his life depended on it, that was surely a plus.

He had lost count of how many times they've fucked in the past two days.

Morning sex after sleeping together, a second round in the shower. Sucking the boy off in the living room after Sapnap left to buy groceries, getting a blowjob back in his room a few hours later when his friend tried to check on his editing progress. Another round of sex right before going to sleep, and waking up to even more sex the next morning.

Letting the boy finger him in the kitchen right after breakfast was a low point, having sex against the wall was something he should feel more ashamed of. Dry humping on his bed instead of watching a movie was pretty much inevitable.

It's not like he had initiated things every time they had been alone, but he couldn't say it wasn't close to it. He barely managed to use phone calls and naps as excuses to keep himself busy whenever they weren't having sex. And it's not like getting frisky was the best solution to his problem, clearly already starting to show some unwanted side effects, but it's the best one he could come up with so far.

As long as he could feel the alpha's dick touching some part of his body, he didn't need to think. And it wasn't like Dream was complaining. Quite the opposite, actually.

The blond was reacting more easily than usual, being more eager with his actions as well, as if he had suddenly gotten needier and the brunet's decision was a blessing in disguise.

The shift in his behavior was subtle, but he knew his friend too well not to notice. It didn't take much to get him hard and pinning him against the nearest surface, and the way he marked up any part of his skin that could be covered later was almost desperate.

"George." A pair of arms wrapped around his waist, carefully pulling him to sit on the boy's lap and back to reality as well. "Don't, let me do it." The boy took the wipes from his hands, carefully cleaning him while still holding him close with his other arm. But the change on his behavior wasn't just before and during sex, he wasn't just being needy for the physical pleasure that hooking up brought him.

The boy placed soft kisses over his neck, gentle as he finished with his task before slowly moving him to make him lay down again, then nuzzled against him and continued to press his lips against his skin.

"Dream," he called him, already feeling his cheeks heating up and his heart rate increasing despite

just having calmed down. “We need to get up.”

“No.” The American pulled him closer, burying his head on his shoulder and inhaling deeply.

The Brit closed his eyes, ignoring how thrilled that action made his inner feel before speaking again.

“Dream, we have things to do.”

“Don’t wanna, not yet,” his friend mumbled, placing a kiss over his gland before nuzzling against him again. “Ten minutes.”

It wasn’t exactly new, to cuddle after sex. It wasn’t exactly new to take a few minutes to rest, staying in each other’s arms as they relaxed. But it wasn’t like this, something felt off.

The alpha was never the one to insist on staying in bed, he never held him in that way either, like he wanted to preserve him there. He never showed that much interest in his scent, nor needed to keep feeling him for so long after they were done.

And he so desperately wanted to read into it. But he knew it couldn’t be what he wanted.

“I’ll fall asleep if we stay like this.”

“We can nap,” the boy mumbled, and again, he wasn’t usually the one to offer. He normally had to ask for it, and convince him to let him.

“You’re being weird,” he pointed out.

Because his friend’s new post-sex actions were interfering with his plan, and it made him need to be fucked again soon after being done to keep his thoughts contained, but his body was in no condition to get anything inside him again that day.

“M not.”

“Yes you are,” he insisted. “You’re acting weird, I don’t know, you’re acting different.” The brunet sighed, slight frustration in his tone. Because he couldn’t say he didn’t like it, but that was a part of the problem.

He liked it a little too much. He liked *him* a little too much.

And it’s not like he’s never been in love before. But he’s never been the one to fall first.

He’s never been the one to fall without trying.

When he first realized he loved his ex-partner, it was time after the first time he said the words out loud. Not truly knowing the feeling, he thought what he experienced had to be love, and said it back without giving it much thought. Until it actually happened, he actually felt it; the warmth in his heart and bubbly feeling on his stomach; and he knew he had been wrong. Love was much stronger than he thought, and so much different from simple fondness.

It didn’t happen quickly, and it wasn’t a mutual thing from the start. His ex-partner had to win his heart, quite literally, and he had to try to put his barriers down for that to happen.

And with every person that had tried to be with him before, even if it never got to be a serious thing, they had to put some effort into making him interested in them. He wasn’t even sure he liked them, even after agreeing to give them a chance. He tried there, too.

But now, with him... It just happened.

He was laughing over a joke that wasn't even funny, in a dark room at three in the morning; because time zones were horrible, and he didn't want to lose the chance to keep talking to the boy on the other side of the discord call. And he had called him an idiot and laughed even more, cheeks feeling warmer to the sound of his friend's wheezes resonating on his headphones.

His chest felt weirdly tight and made it hard to breathe, and his stomach felt both empty and full and everything tickled inside. He felt weirdly nervous, yet somewhat excited, as if he was expecting something, but afraid it would happen. A feeling so similar to discomfort, but in a way that was almost pleasant. And he couldn't really explain it, but it didn't bother him.

The more the American accent filled his ears the bigger his smile grew, and he couldn't keep his eyes away from the screen despite not being able to see the person speaking to him. And he laughed again, and his cheeks grew warmer. And he called him an idiot again, and the boy teased him back with similar names.

And it was simple, it was easy, it was natural. And his inner liked it.

And somewhere between playful banter and getting flustered at some jokes about kissing, he realized.

Fuck, he was in love, wasn't he?

The omega shook his head, taking a deep breath.

No, he wasn't going to go there.

That was too long ago, it didn't matter now. They were best friends, best friends that now fucked. That was it, that was all, that was more than enough. And he could be okay with that. He didn't want to think about it.

"You want to stay in bed for so long now, and, I don't know, get all cuddly or something," he added to his sentence, trying to focus on the conversation again. "You're just, acting different."

Dream stopped his actions right away, staying still for a moment. He got quiet as well, not immediately trying to deny it as before.

And for a moment, he got worried. For a moment, he was nervous he had said something wrong. But soon after his friend let out an embarrassed chuckle, shrugging before carefully moving to lay more on his side rather than on top of him, only keeping one arm around him.

"Sorry, I think I just... Been tired, I guess," he mumbled, shrugging again. "Like, we've been having a lot of sex, you know."

The brunet hummed to his words, acknowledging the truth behind those words. A part of him still felt like the way he was acting couldn't be explained with just tiredness, but maybe he was seeing too much when it was something way simpler than he thought.

"Maybe we just..." The blond trailed off, but got quiet before finishing his sentence. The omega raised an eyebrow.

"What?"

"Maybe we're doing it too much, I- Not like... I mean, to be fair, you're obviously sore too so you

probably get what I mean but just, you know. Like, maybe we need to calm down, for like, a few days.”

The British blinked a few times, taken back by those words. Of all the things he had thought he could say, he didn’t see that one coming.

“You don’t want to have sex anymore?”

“I do,” the alpha instantly assured. “But I think- I think I just need like, a little pause. Or not a *pause*, we don’t need to *stop*, just... I need to slow down. My body needs me to slow down.”

George tried his best to ignore the panicked state his inner instantly went to, mentally telling himself the boy wasn’t rejecting him and there was nothing to freak out about.

In all honesty, he had to agree with his words, his own body was begging him to slow down as well if he wanted to still be able to sit down without cringing to the pain. They *were* doing it too much, he knew that quite well, considering he was pretty much doing it on purpose.

And maybe doing it less wasn’t exactly what he wanted, not when it was his main source of mental peace. But it was probably what he *needed*, both of them did.

He took a deep breath, then nodded, looking away.

“Yeah, we can slow down.”

He heard his friend sighing with relief, relaxing by his side.

“Thanks,” the boy mumbled, kissing his shoulder in a grateful gesture. “I... Let’s take a short nap now, okay? I actually think I need to sleep for a minute or two.”

The brunet nodded again, not bothering to respond with words. He let the blond get comfortable by his side, and stayed quiet so he could get the rest he needed. This wasn’t a part of his plan, that was for sure. But maybe he should’ve seen it coming. There was no way he could’ve kept up the sex pace he had created.

The omega took another deep breath, Dream’s scent and presence being too strong to ignore and a storm of emotions already threatening to invade him. But if he couldn’t shut his thoughts up with more sex, he could always sleep too to disconnect for a while longer.

George allowed himself to relax, trying his best to focus on the most boring pieces of information he had and talking to himself about it in his head to be able to fall asleep.

Thankfully for him, he was exhausted. And so eventually, he got what he wanted. The next time he opened his eyes, it was already the next morning, and he was alone in his bed.

He was slightly disoriented at first, not feeling a warm body pressed next to him. But eventually he realized where he was, and realized that his friend had left at some point of the night. And a part of him was thankful, grateful that he wouldn’t have to come up with excuses or try to get intimate to avoid his own thoughts. But another part felt... Sad.

His inner was sobbing, confusion mixing with fear.

He couldn’t deny it didn’t make him a little worried, and slightly disappointed as well. Because he’s never left before without saying goodbye first.

It was kind of ironic, how the boy had gotten anxious about him not saying goodnight even though they didn't always, but failed to tell him he was leaving when that actually was a part of their routine.

The brunet reached for his phone, checking in case he had left him a message or something to let him know he wouldn't be there anymore. But there was nothing. He sighed, turning to his side and curling up with his blankets.

Whatever, he refused to freak out about it. This was Dream they were talking about, and he trusted whatever reason he had to do what he did, it wasn't intentionally trying to hurt him.

Maybe he just, had stuff to do and didn't want to wake him up.

He shouldn't even be worrying about it, to be honest. His fears came from feelings he shouldn't have, after all. Hookups left the morning after all the time, he shouldn't see it as anything but normal. He couldn't indulge and believe things were any different.

They were still buddies that fucked.

He was still exhausted.

It took him a little more effort to fall back asleep, but once he did, he slept as deeply as humanly possible. His muscles were sore, and his body was weak, so the extra resting time was welcomed. He didn't wake up again until after four in the afternoon, hunger begging him to get up. It wasn't too easy to stand up or get dressed, but even if slowly he still managed to go downstairs and into the kitchen to grab a snack.

The first floor was weirdly empty.

He hummed, checking their group chat to make sure they hadn't left the house without him, before deciding to curl up on the couch and put a film on.

It wasn't so weird that Sapnap was in his room, but usually whenever the brunet decided to stay in his room until late he normally found the blond hanging in the living-room by himself. The lack of his presence was still slightly odd, but he didn't think much of it.

He focused on the spells mumbled on the screen, watching a story he's seen one to many times to keep himself entertained. He could technically go back to his room and rest some more, or even stream, but he didn't feel like doing either. He wanted to stay downstairs, for some reason.

The omega kept his eyes on the tv as one of the Harry Potter films ended, soon starting another one. Sapnap came down at some point in between to grab some food, checking on him and messing with his hair before leaving back to his room.

Then, he kept watching. Until that movie ended as well, and he got hungry again.

George sighed, annoyed with himself and with the fact that he couldn't magically make food appear in front of him so he wouldn't have to walk. But eventually, he stood up, dragging his feet through the floor as he headed to the kitchen.

The moment he got inside the room, though, his demeanor completely changed.

His eyes widened slightly, suddenly more present in reality and focused on what was in front of him. Green eyes seemed equally surprised, but in a different way, face almost tinted with guilt.

“Dream,” he let out, confusion taking over him.

It wasn't too surprising that the boy had made his way to the kitchen without him noticing, the tv was quite loud and he hadn't been paying attention to his surroundings. But it was surprising that the blond hadn't tried to approach him, because there's no way he got to the kitchen without seeing him by the couches on his way there.

He didn't want to think much of it, but his friend looking like he had been caught red handed made it pretty difficult not to.

“George,” the boy mumbled in response, his body relaxing and offering him a faint smile.

He didn't like that.

And he didn't want to show it, he didn't want to make comments about it. But sometimes he couldn't help himself.

“You left me, this morning.”

The alpha's smile faltered, guilt returning to his features. He awkwardly shifted on his spot, rubbing his neck before hesitantly nodding.

“I know, I'm sorry,” he mumbled, avoiding his eyes. “I had a meeting I forgot about, and I left so quickly I just- You were asleep so...”

He seemed too nervous as he talked. The omega didn't like that either.

“Okay.” He took a few steps closer, then leaned onto the table, trying to stay casual about it. “Do you wanna eat dinner together, then?” The boy rubbed his neck again, shifting as before.

“I'm busy with this project, the one I told you about the other day... The deadline is getting close and... I kinda need to, you know, go back to that.”

George pursed his lips, he tried not to seem disappointed. He kinda was, but then again, he had no reason to be.

Spending time apart was fine, maybe he even needed it. He had a lot of stuff to figure out, after all.

“Are you sleeping with me tonight? You can join me when you're done,” he said before he could stop himself, the strange anxious feeling building on the mouth of his stomach betraying him.

“I... Yeah, if I finish this tonight.”

He really didn't like that.

And he really didn't want to think much about it. But it really fucking felt like he should read into it.

“Okay.”

His friend offered him another faint smile to his response, closing the fridge's door and nodding a couple times as if to let him know that he heard him.

“I gotta go back now, so...”

“Now?” He questioned, raising an eyebrow.

He wanted to call him out in the fact that he didn't even get food and yet he was already trying to run away, but he didn't feel like starting a pointless fight. Yet he was still displeased by the conversation, and he still wanted to press about his weird behavior.

"You're not even gonna kiss me first?"

Dream's eyes widened slightly, clearly not expecting him to say that. And to be fair, he didn't expect himself to say it either. But his inner wasn't happy right now, it was anxious and afraid and bugging him, and so his mood was quickly rotting.

The boy opened his mouth to talk, then closed it again. He doubted for a moment, before moving closer, placing a hand on the omega's cheek as he nodded.

"No, yeah, of course I am," he assured, cupping his cheek softly.

He leaned down, pressing his lips against the smaller boy's forehead. He glanced at him next, offering him a smile that felt a little less forced this time before moving down again and connecting their lips. The gesture was short, but it was sweet, and held the same fondness that it always did.

The blond pulled away slowly, keeping his hand on his face and caressing his skin with his thumb. He looked at him for a couple seconds, before going in for another kiss. It was longer this time, his lips moving slowly. The boy moved closer, caging him against the table as he placed his free hand on the omega's hip.

George melted into it.

He parted his lips slightly, inviting him to deepen the actions, and the alpha didn't hesitate before using his tongue to explore the familiar mouth. His other hand moved to his hip as well, holding him tight as he pressed their bodies even closer.

The brunet felt lightheaded.

Dream broke the kiss abruptly, but only to lick and nip at his lips, then attached his own to the Brit's neck, kissing all over and biting softly at his skin. The omega held onto him, a choked-out sound escaping him against his will, his body suddenly feeling warmer and heart racing once again.

The alpha instantly stopped.

The blond pulled away rather quickly, cheeks tinted with red and eyes widened. He cleared his throat, fully letting go of him and taking more distance. The smaller boy blinked a few times to the quick change, watching his friend as he struggled to figure out what to say next. He rubbed his neck as before, then offered him the same smile as in the beginning.

"I- I have to keep working now," he mumbled, apologetic on his features but still nervous with his demeanor. "I'll see you later, yeah?"

George didn't even have time to nod before he was left alone again, staring at the empty space where Dream had been just ten seconds before.

What the fuck was that?

He stared at the kitchen's floor for a couple more seconds, then sighed.

He wasn't in the mood to eat anymore. He wanted to get back on his bed and disconnect his brain.

The boy made his way to his room in complete silence, laying down on his mattress as soon as he got there. He felt even more tired than in the morning, and a part of him wanted to scream.

He wasn't even sure why. He wasn't sure of a lot of things. But that had been weird, it had been too weird.

For a moment, he had truly believed his friend had been purposely avoiding him. But with the way he kissed him... He had no idea what that was about.

Maybe he was misreading the situation. Maybe the blond was, actually, busy and he left in a hurry because he realized he was getting carried away with the kiss. Yeah, that seemed logical enough. And knowing his friend, it was a likely option.

A part of him wasn't convinced, but he wanted to believe the boy hadn't been lying to him. Plus why would he even be avoiding him? He had no reasons to. He asked for less sex and they weren't doing anything, so he couldn't be taking his distance to avoid fucking him.

He sighed, then took a deep breath.

Whatever, he was being stupid. The alpha was probably in one of his hyper focused states, and didn't want to be distracted, that was all.

With that in mind, he was able to fall asleep. The next day, though, he wasn't so sure anymore.

Being alone with his thoughts was worse than he would've expected.

At first, the idea of having alone time didn't sound too bad. He needed the space to recover from the roller-coaster of emotions he's been experiencing, and having peace and silence was perfect to sit and figure out how to put everything he let out back in his box. But that wasn't how things went.

His head was a complete mess.

Not only his doubts of the day before kept replaying over and over while he slept, but the fact that his friend never came to sleep with him as he said he would, had his inner anxiously sobbing to the possible loss of his 'mate'.

He woke up stressed and high alert, and no matter how hard he tried to focus on the biggest issue that he had; that stupid emotion that he couldn't find a way to repress; his brain was fixed on *why* and *what did he do* and *what does it mean?*

He tried to ignore it first. Then he tried to rationalize it. And he tried to justify it too. But nothing helped. He kept pacing around his room, going downstairs in case he could find the boy there, then went back to the second floor and walked around the hallway.

He didn't know what to do.

It wasn't just that he needed answers to calm his brain, he also needed reassurance that things weren't ruined and over to calm his inner omega.

And he knew the logical thing to do was to go to the blond's room and ask about it, to tell him that his inner was getting anxious, and that he needed to be sure he wasn't mad at him or purposely staying away from him or something. They had talked about them affecting each other's instincts, after all. But if he went and said that, how could he be sure he wouldn't end up saying more? How could he trust that he wouldn't get lost in the heat of the moment and slip out?

Everything was so new and it was hard enough to keep himself contained as it was. If he allowed himself to talk about one thing, would he be able to stop before letting everything else out too?

No, he couldn't do that.

So even if he knew what the logical thing to do was, he decided to go for the option he's been using so far to get the reassurance he needed.

If he couldn't be assured with words, he could get it physically.

George opened Dream's door without even knocking. The blond almost jumped on his seat to the sudden intrusion.

His green eyes flew to him, as widened as possible, shock clear in his features since he didn't expect the interruption.

It took the alpha a second to realize what was going on, taking a deep breath before letting out a breathy chuckle, sounding somewhat embarrassed by his own reaction.

"George, fuck, you almost gave me a heart attack," he admitted, chuckling again. The sound of his laughter made his lips curve up slightly, but he couldn't get too distracted.

The brunet closed the door behind him, then quietly walked over to his friend, standing next to him. The boy offered him a curious look.

"You okay?" The American asked, examining him with his eyes. "Did you need something or...?"

"I wanna have sex," he blurted out, going straight to the point. Dream blinked a few times, more than a little taken back. His cheeks turned red quite fast to his confession and made him shift on his seat.

The boy looked at his computer, then back at him again, hesitation on his face.

"I'm kind of... In the middle of something," he mumbled, pointing to his editing program.

"You rather edit a stupid video than fuck me?" He questioned, raising an eyebrow.

"No, *obviously* not," the blond replied right away, shaking his head. He looked at his computer again, doubting for a moment before sighing. "But like, I'm almost done, one or two more hours and it'll be ready, so... I'll just, go to your room later, okay?"

The brunet stared at him in complete disbelief. That was *not* helping him feel reassured. At all. Quite, the opposite, actually.

It once again felt like his friend was trying to avoid being with him. And he wasn't having it. He had had enough.

"I don't wanna do it later, I need it now," he protested. The alpha looked at him with a more serious expression, raising an eyebrow to his attitude and seemingly ready to respond. So he hurried to speak again. "You're supposed to be my sex helper, Dream."

"And I *will* help you, George. But I need to finish this video" the boy insisted.

The omega pursed his lips. God, he was infuriating.

He almost wished he was actually rejecting him, saying a clear no that he had to respect. But no, he

said he wanted to do it, but had to go and said *later*. As if he could trust he would actually go to his room after leaving him waiting the night before.

The brunet huffed, then moved closer, pushing his friend's chair slightly before standing in front of him.

"What are you doing?" The blond instantly asked. "George, I can't see my screen--"

"Shut up, I'm testing something," he interrupted.

He carefully crawled onto the American's lap, placing his legs to each of his sides, and wrapping his arms around him. He rested his head on the boy's shoulder next, shifting on his spot to get comfortable.

"Can you see like this?"

Dream was frozen on his spot.

The blond took a sharp breath, taking a few seconds before nodding slowly.

"Good. And can you reach your keyboard?" Again, he nodded. "Okay." The brunet pulled away slightly, enough to look at his friend's blushed cheeks. "Then stay like this and lend me your dick."

The sound that the boy let out was clearly intended to be a snort, but it didn't quite land as one.

"W-What?" The alpha mumbled, and he failed to add mockery to his tone. The omega smirked, shifting a bit closer to him.

"I said, stay like this and keep editing, and let me fuck myself with your cock."

Pink cheeks turned a darker shade of red, hands flying to his hips and holding him tight. The Brit rocked his hips slightly, rubbing his ass on the already hardening member under him.

"George--"

"You said you can see, so." He pressed their forehead together, feeling him take another sharp breath. "Let me ride you."

The grip on his hips tightened, a soft groan leaving the American's lips. His pupils darkened with lust, licking his own lips as he stared directly into his brown orbs.

Suddenly, the boy lifted his body, pulling him apart and forcing him to stand up. The brunet's eyes widened, fear instantly hitting him that he was being rejected and maybe he had taken things too far.

But soon enough, the alpha was pulling at his pants, moving them down to his knees to uncover his lower half. Then in a quick movement he unzipped his own jeans, taking his dick out without bothering to remove his clothes and stroking it for a couple seconds to get himself fully hard.

"You better be quiet and don't block my view," Dream warned. "Or I'm not letting you cum."

George nodded right away, those words being enough to make his whole body warmer. And maybe he hadn't been turned on beforehand, but watching the alpha jerking himself off already had him producing slick.

The American stopped his movements, aligning the tip of his member with the omega's entrance. The Brit slowly pushed himself down, ignoring the slight discomfort of not having prepped himself and focusing on the relief of finally having his friend inside again.

He took his time to move down, not wanting to hurt himself in the process, and once he finally bottomed up he took a few extra moments to get used to the feeling, before wrapping his arms around the blond again and burying his face on his shoulder as before.

Even with just that, Dream's breathing had already changed, and he had one hand firmly pressed on his hip as if to keep him in place.

"You better keep your eyes on your screen and finish your video," he warned now. "Or I'm not letting you cum either."

The alpha scoffed in response, shaking his head.

"Oh yeah?" He mumbled. "Well, it's not even like *I need* to cum, this isn't for me—"

"Oh, Dream, but you do," he cut him off, laughing softly at his words. "Of course you do, and of course it's for you too." He shifted his hips slightly, getting another sharp intake in response. "You want to fuck me just as badly as I wanted you to."

The grip on his hip tightened again, almost as if to sign him to stop talking. But the brunet ignored him, lifting himself ever so lightly just to move down again, slowly starting to rock his hips to seek the pleasure that he wanted.

"Start editing, Dream," he demanded. "Hands on your mouse."

His friend scoffed again, yet he still did as he was told, letting go of him and focusing on his computer. As soon as he heard him clicking, he began to pick up his pace.

He rolled his hips at a steady rhythm, focusing on finding the right spot and hitting it in the way he liked. He moved back and forward, then up and down, alternating his movements to stimulate more of his insides and keep himself pleased.

Soft quiet sounds were soon escaping his mouth, letting them out against the boy's skin as he made sure to rub his dick against his abdomen as well.

The alpha let out a soft sound of his own, arm trembling for a moment as he took a deep breath. The omega couldn't help but smile, taking that as a sign to be more eager with his movements. He lifted his hips until almost the blond's whole member was out, just to push himself down fully again. He shifted and moved with more enthusiasm, rolling his hips just a little harder.

Every muffled groan and every pause the boy took was a small victory, picking up the pace each time and moaning by his neck just a little louder. He felt a hand discretely rest by his waist, and suddenly stilled, raising his head to look at his friend.

"Hands on the mouse, Dream, or on your keyboard," he reminded him. "You have a video to finish."

The blond visibly swallowed, then averted his gaze, pretending to look at the computer again.

"Just keep moving," he mumbled, and the brunet almost wanted to laugh at his bad attempt to hide just how much he was enjoying himself. But he stayed quiet this time, continuing with his actions.

He rolled his hips back and forward again, not wanting to simply jump on his dick but use it to please everything inside himself instead.

He shifted harder every time the boy struggled to breath, placing soft kisses on his neck just to be even a bigger tease. And he whispered soft praise to the boy whenever his dick hit his prostate, as if he himself wasn't the one making it happen.

He moved the way that he liked the most, that just also happened to be the way his friend liked it.

The alpha lowered his head, burying it on the omega's shoulder as he let out a low moan. The brunet couldn't help the satisfied smile that invaded his face, loving the effect he was having over the man.

"Dream, you're not editing," he accused again, yet he didn't stop his movements. He moved just as fast, just as steady. "Eyes on the screen."

"Can't," the blond mumbled against his skin, hands flying to hold him by his waist.

"Dream," he warned him again, slowing his movements. The boy whined in response, caressing up and down his sides as he nipped at his skin in a needy way.

"S too good," he excused, followed by a quiet whimper. He tried to pull the boy up and down by his waist, trying to get him to rock his hips faster again. "George," he whined, a hint of desperation on his tone. "Fuck, George."

An electric wave ran through his body, suddenly feeling ten times warmer and tension building inside him. Hearing the muffled sounds was music to his ears, and watching him struggle to keep still was the best show he's ever witnessed.

"Yeah?" He asked, picking up his pace ever so slightly. "You wanna cum?"

The alpha instantly nodded, holding him tighter as began to rock his own hips, suddenly thrusting into him. The omega let out a surprised gasp, followed by a louder moan. He placed his hands over the boy's, trying to make him stay still again.

"Stop moving, it's not your job," he complained. "I'm the one fucking myself with-"

"Shut up," Dream growled, pushing him down abruptly to make him take him fully, then moving his hands to hold him by his hips as he thrust into him harder. "You feel so good, so fucking good."

George bit his lips to stop himself from moaning, the sudden change of pace and intensity sending waves of pleasure to all his body. And fuck, the way the boy was nipping at his skin, groaning against it and doing what he pleased with him despite his warning, it was driving him fucking crazy.

It was too much, all too quickly everything was too intense.

The boy was fucking him at a brutal pace and his dick kept rubbing against the fabric of his shirt. He held onto his friend like his life depended on it, burying his face on his neck, moaning over and over as the alpha kept hitting his prostate.

"Dream-"

"Need to fill you up," the blond whispered, moving the smaller boy up and down even harder. The

brunet covered his mouth with his hand, trying to keep his sounds contained as the tension inside him kept and kept growing until it reached his maximum point of pleasure.

Before he could even warn, he was trembling over the boy, covering both of their shirts with white substance and almost collapsing against his chest. The blond held him tighter in response, almost as if sensing he had lost all his strength, but he didn't slow down, still seeking his own release. And not ten seconds later, he was lowering his head again as well, burying it on the omega's shoulder.

"M gonna cum, *fuck*, 'm cumming."

The boy's whole body shook as he moaned lowly against his skin, keeping his tight embrace while he filled his insides as he said he wanted to. His hips shuttered for a couple seconds, soft groans still coming out as he rode off his high. Until finally, he stilled, his grip faltering and panting heavily on his shoulder.

The brunet caressed his back softly, giving his friend time to recover from what it seemed to be an intense orgasm as he tried to steady his own breathing as well, his mind slowly starting to work again. He stayed like that for a few moments, until the alpha's breathing had evened too, and then he slowly tried to lift his hips up so the blond could pull out and they could get cleaned.

Instantly, though, Dream wrapped both arms around his waist, preventing him from moving any further. George blinked a few times, caught by surprise, freezing on his spot as he felt the boy pulling him to fully sit down again.

"Don't," the American said, with a firm tone.

The Brit blinked again, still feeling taken back by the reaction. The blond usually pulled out right away, he didn't understand why now he wanted to prolong their union.

Yet before he could ask anything, he felt his friend's nose inhaling deeply at his gland, then placed soft kisses over the same zone. Blood rushed to his cheeks right away, a weird sensation appearing on his stomach; excitement mixing with confusion and caution; as the boy continued to move down his collarbone and headed to his shoulder, pressing his lips over his skin.

He held him firmly as he tasted him, licking and nipping at his shoulder over and over, in complete silence and not giving an explanation. And then, without a single warning, teeth sank harshly on the bony area.

George's eyes widened instantly, crying out a choked-out, painful groan as he quickly pulled his body away and looked at the alpha with shock in his face.

His hand flew to his shoulder on instant, touching the skin-deep mark and feeling the tiniest drops of blood coming out from it.

"Dream, what the- that *hurt*," he let out, louder than he intended.

It wasn't weird for him to bite him during or after sex. It was an instinctual thing he had gotten used to by this point. But he was always gentle when he did it, he was always soft.

Green eyes widened as well, as soon as he heard him, seemingly snapping out of it and realizing what he did, guilt taking over him.

"*Shit*." The boy quickly removed the omega's hand, looking at the faint wound with panicked eyes before staring at the brunet again. "George, I- I'm *so* sorry," he instantly said, moving the omega

up in a quick movement to pull out and sit him more comfortably over his leg. "I- Holy shit, I didn't mean to bite that hard, I'm so, *so* sorry."

The brunet's expression softened, his body less tense as well. He could tell his friend was starting to freak out and that was enough to make him calm down so he could help him do the same.

"It's fine," he was quick to assure, placing his hands on the boy's shoulder to get him to look at him. "I'm fine, I don't care about it." He doubted for a second, before moving closer, placing a short peck on his lips. "Just warn me next time."

The blond stared at him with a puppy scared of punishment, but seeing the warm expression the smaller boy was offering him he began to relax.

"You're not... Upset?"

"No, why would I be?"

His friend stared for a couple more seconds, before lowering his head as before, hiding his face on his neck just for a brief moment before breaking apart and looking at him again.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled again, moving closer to kiss him softly for just a second. "You sure you're okay?"

"Disappointed that you didn't finish your video, but I'll survive."

The American snorted to his joke, smiling after. He pressed their lips together one more time, then pulled away and sighed, seemingly better now.

The Brit smiled as well, examining him with his eyes to make sure he was truly okay, before looking down to the boy's clothes, to check just how much he had ruined them; not only fearing some of his slick might had gotten to his jeans, but since the boy sat him on his leg right after pulling out he had a feeling he was staining the fabric with cum as well.

But the moment he looked down, his eyes widened, seeing something he wasn't expecting there.

"Why are you still hard?" He instantly let out, his eyes flying back to his friend's face.

Dream turned bright red.

An incoherent stutter came out in response, followed by an awkward and embarrassed laugh, shifting on his spot and trying to cover his dick with his own shirt. George raised an eyebrow, amused by his reaction but still very much wanting an answer to his question. And since he wasn't getting one, he decided to ask again.

"You *just* came, why are you-"

"I kinda needed that, okay?" The blond blurted out, avoiding his gaze. The brunet couldn't help but snort.

"Yeah, I noticed," he instantly let out, only making the boy's blush worse.

"Look, it's not like... I just, I've been... I've been needing it, okay? But like, I'm not saying like, I'm not trying to... It'll go down, it's not important," the alpha managed to let out. The omega rolled his eyes.

"Clearly," he mocked, getting an embarrassed groan in response. And his responses were too funny

not to tease him, but at the same time... This is as thrilled as his inner had been all week. And with that in mind, he spoke again. "You wanna go again?"

"Yeah," his friend said right away, without even thinking. But realization of his own words hit him all too quickly, clearing his throat and chuckling as before. "I mean, I didn't--"

"I could go again," the brunet hurried to assure, not wanting him to change his mind. "But in your bed this time, my back hurts."

Dream looked at him for a moment, a conflicted expression on his face and doubt on his features. He bit his own lip, and he could almost hear him considering his options. But at last, he was hard. And it was hard to think when blood was rushing to a different head.

So he nodded, picking him up without saying a word and carrying him to his bed.

Dream was being weird. Dream was being beyond weird.

At first, it made George upset. It made him infuriated. Well, who wouldn't be, practically getting kicked out of the room after two rounds of really good sex.

A simple 'I need to edit now' and another empty promise of joining him later that night, then hurryingly getting him out and locking himself to edit again.

Then, he was confused. He was completely lost. And who wouldn't it be, getting his bed invaded at seven in the morning, arms wrapping around him in an almost desperate way like he needed his proximity, just to wake up three hours later alone in his room again.

No texts to explain this time either, no words from the boy letting him know why he had joined him, then decided to leave again after such a short period.

He was back at being upset after. When he tried to comfort himself by spending some time at his other friend's room, ignoring his questions about what was wrong and simply trying to take a short nap, just to be awakened by another heated conversation and almost being dragged out of the room like the week before.

But then, he was confused again. When the blond pushed him into his room and fucked him like that was some sort of punishment and he needed to be taught a lesson, just to then kiss him tenderly for a few minutes and then ask him to leave him alone right after to finish his video because he still wasn't done.

At this point, it wasn't surprising. But it didn't make it any less nerve wracking.

He didn't know what to think, he didn't know what was going on anymore. Only one thing was for sure: Dream was being fucking weird, and it wasn't just his imagination. Even Sapnap had agreed, when he bugged him about whether he had noticed the tall one acting odd.

And just when he thought things couldn't get weirder, the alpha decided to text him. Because walking across the hallway to talk to him directly was too fucking hard now, apparently.

The brunet stared at his phone, reading the message over and over again. But no matter how many times he read it, it didn't make any more sense. He sighed. He couldn't keep doing this. His head was already a mess as it was, he couldn't deal with this right now.

And a part of him felt like he owed the boy to be understanding and patient as he had so many times been with him, but the other part would go crazy if he didn't get some answers.

Without thinking it twice, he stood up, leaving his room and heading to the blond's with his phone still in his hand. He didn't bother to knock this time either, letting himself inside as soon as he reached the door.

The American almost jumped again, but he didn't find it funny this time.

"What do you mean you're leaving next week?" He questioned, showing his phone and the vague text message he had sent him.

Dream blinked in surprise at first, but then his body tensed, his posture getting somewhat defensive.

"I'm not *leaving*, I'm visiting my mom," he corrected him, but George wasn't having it.

"Bullshit." He sighed, walking closer to the boy and placing his phone down on his desk. "I don't believe you."

"You don't- What do you mean you don't believe me?" The blond questioned, furrowing his brows. "My mom needs help with some stuff, so I'm staying with her."

"Again?"

"Yes, George, she's my mom-"

"Yeah, and you used to not see her for months at a time. And now you're staying over every few weeks?" He wasn't having it. He was done with the stupid excuses and half-truths. "Dream, are you trying to avoid me or something?"

The alpha opened his mouth to talk, but closed it again right after. Although he had seemed ready to talk back a second ago, now he was hesitant.

He hated it. He hated the way it made his chest feel.

"No, I'm not."

"You're lying." His voice didn't sound as mad as he had hoped, a hint of sadness finding his way out.

His friend's eyes widened at his tone, then his expression softened, concerned face replacing the previous defensive look.

"George..."

"No." He shook his head, turning around. "Don't."

God, he hated this. He hated all of it. If he started crying now, he would only prove himself that he couldn't talk to the boy in any way without letting something out. He needed to be stronger than that.

Strong arms wrapped around his waist, pulling him into his chest. The brunet wanted to melt into the embrace, but he stayed still.

"I'm sorry," the blond mumbled, placing his head on the omega's shoulder. "I'm upsetting you, I-

I'm sorry, George."

He didn't respond, taking a moment to simply breathe and calm down. He stayed like that for a few seconds, then finally sighed, relaxing just slightly so he wouldn't seem as affected as he truly was.

"I just wanna know why you're being weird," he mumbled, carefully pulling away to turn around. "If I did something just tell me, I'm not gonna get mad."

Hands were quick to cup his face, caressing his cheeks as the boy shook his head in response.

"You haven't done anything wrong," he instantly assured, then wrapped his arms around him in a hug again. "I'm not trying to avoid you, that's not... I'm not doing that."

"Then?" He questioned, and as before, he carefully pulled away. Dream looked at him, hesitant, before sighing and taking his hand, guiding him to sit together on his bed.

He cleared his throat, looked away, stared at nothing for a few seconds, then glanced at him again.

"I just... Have some personal stuff to deal with," the boy said, taking his hands and holding them softly. "I need to take care of it, of myself. It's not because of you."

The omega looked at him, taking a moment to process his words. He nodded after a few seconds, despite not fully understanding.

"Okay," he mumbled. "Why do you have to leave for that? Can't you just, deal with personal stuff here with me?"

The alpha chuckled, shaking his head. He moved closer then, pressing a soft kiss on his lips.

"It's better if I don't," he assured, giving him another peck. The brunet pouted, not liking that response.

He wasn't even that upset anymore, the gestures warming his inner a little too much for him to be able to stay mad at him. But he still didn't want him to leave him, he still wasn't happy about that.

"Why?" He questioned, keeping his pouting expression.

His friend stared at him, then licked his own lips. He shook his head next, and let out a breath chuckle.

"Fuck, George, you're too cute."

... *What?*

"What?"

In a blink of an eye, his face had turned a bright shade of pink, embarrassment hitting him. And maybe a little bit of happiness too, but that wasn't allowed.

"You're just- You're too cute. Your face is just..." The blond sighed, then laughed again. "It's hard to focus when you're around."

George felt like he would explode at any second. His face kept growing warmer, and so did his chest, his heart beating so fast it was impossible to ignore.

The alpha moved closer, pressing their lips together again. The omega almost forgot about

everything, wanting so badly to give into the gesture and stop thinking for just one moment. But after a few seconds, the American pulled away.

“God, I really wanna fuck you,” the boy blurted out. And the Brit’s brain disconnected.

“Then fuck me,” he said right away, all his worries ceasing to feel important.

Dream smirked to his words, and before he could even blink, the brunet found himself pinned against the mattress, his hands being held at each side of his head.

“Be careful with what you say to me right now, Georgie,” the blond warned. Heat pooled on his stomach to the tone, his breath catching on his throat.

“Why?” He still asked. The alpha carefully positioned himself on top of him, pressing their bodies close.

“Because I might actually do it.”

“And what makes you think I don’t want that?” He slowly spread his legs for him, giving him space to position himself in between.

The boy moved down, kissing him deeply in an almost hungry manner, letting go of one of his hands to be able to pull the omega’s pants down.

“We were having a conversation, George…”

“And now we’re having sex,” he cut him off, using his free hand to help unzip his friend’s pants. “Move on and fuck me already.”

He didn’t have to say it twice.

The rest of their clothes were off in a matter of seconds, and the blond was pushing himself inside with a low groan. The brunet closed his eyes and took a deep breath, flinching to the slightly painful feeling of sensitive parts being filled again. He had to admit that he was more than a little sore, with everything they had been doing all week, yet it still didn’t make him want it any less. He was obsessed with it.

Dream began to move his hips.

The omega held onto him, caressing his back slowly as they fell into a familiar rhythm, their bodies moving in sync and both letting out soft sounds with each thrust. It was easy to find the right pace and angle when you’ve done it so many times.

The alpha buried his face on the smaller boy’s shoulder, placing soft kisses as he whispered sweet and tender words. He tried to mumble some praise here and there as well, getting louder moans every time he commented on how good he was and how good he made him feel.

It didn’t take long for the American to speed up, and soon enough he was holding him tightly, allowing himself to get lost in pleasure and fuck him in the way he liked it the most. And God, why did they have to be so compatible? Why did they like the same shit, and the boy’s pleasure only increased his own?

His friend kept thrusting faster and faster, harder each time as well, groaning by his ear and panting heavily as their bodies moved together.

But then, suddenly, he stopped. Abruptly and without warning, he ceased his movements.

The brunet opened his eyes, blinking in confusion and trying to look at the blond. But the boy kept his head hidden, holding him just as tight and seemingly having trouble breathing.

“*Shit*,” he let out, and George couldn’t help but grow worried.

“Dream?” The blond didn’t respond, staying quiet for a couple seconds and simply focusing on his breathing. And that only made him even more concerned, but finally after a moment, he finally spoke.

“Give me- Give me a second.”

His voice sounded almost stained, too raspy and shaky. And under any other circumstance, that would’ve made him even more worried. But he knew his friend too well, and they’ve had enough sex to recognize his reactions.

“... Are you gonna cum...?” He asked quietly, making sure to keep his voice soft. Because under any other circumstance, he would’ve teased him for it, but he could tell right now the boy was struggling.

The alpha instantly shook his head.

“It’s- It’s too fast, I can’t- I just... Just need a second, I need to breathe.”

The brunet couldn’t help but offer him a sympathetic expression.

Okay, that maybe they weren’t exactly planning on a *quicky* there, but they also hadn’t been planning on fucking at all. It wasn’t a big deal. It had never been something they particularly worried about. So why was he worrying about it now?

“Dream,” he called him, placing one of his hands on the boy’s cheek to make him look at him. “You can cum.”

The American shook his head again.

“It’s too soon, I can’t- Need to be good, I-”

“I don’t care,” the omega assured him, cutting him off. “I want you to feel good.”

“But you haven’t-”

“I still enjoy it,” he assured again, smiling faintly at him. “And I can still cum later.”

The alpha looked at him with an expression difficult to read. He could tell he was conflicted, and didn’t want to accept the offer, but it was clear his body couldn’t keep up and needed the release. He groaned with frustration, then lowered his head, giving up and starting to move his hips again.

He picked up the pace rather quickly, not taking him more than a few seconds to go back to the previous rhythm and thrust just as hard, seeking his relief. And it was evident that he had been on the edge before, because it only took a couple movements for his hips to start shutter, louder sounds coming out as his body shivered. Yet right as he was starting to let go, he abruptly stopped again.

The blond let out a painful whimper, hiding his face on the brunet’s shoulder as he held onto him like his life depended on it. The omega wrapped his arms around him out of instinct, eyes widening

slightly to the noise his friend had made and concern invading him once again.

That didn't sound good. That didn't sound good at all.

And for the way the boy was breathing, shaky and uneven, he almost believed he was hurt.

"Dream...?" He caressed his back slowly, trying to comfort him from whatever was wrong. The alpha didn't respond, only worsening his worries. "Dream" he tried again, his friend whimpered again. He felt him shifting his hips ever so slightly, but stopping right away.

And that was weird, that was really weird. Because he was sure the boy had been about to release into him, but he had cut himself off before he could fully do it.

He brought a hand to the boy's cheek again, trying to lift his head as before, but the American stayed still, not allowing him.

"Dream, look at me," he requested, but he got nothing in response. "It's fine, I swear, you can cum."

"No," the blond instantly said, shaking his head. And now confusion was mixing with concern.

"Why not?" He asked, and his friend shook his head again.

"Can't."

He opened his mouth to talk, but before anything could come out, he closed it again. Because Dream hadn't said he didn't want to, he said he couldn't. But it was clear that physically he could, he had been about to. And there were only too many reasons why he couldn't cum, if he was physically able to.

He was pretty sure if he had decided to experiment with edging, he would've talked to him first. So that only left one other option.

George hesitated for a moment, before bringing his hand to the boy's hair, petting him softly.

"Hey," he mumbled, in the softest tone he could, trying to release calming pheromones to help his distressed partner. "If you need to knot me, it's fine, you know?"

The blond froze on his spot. And that was all the confirmation he needed that his theory had been right. Because the alpha never knotted him, he always kept himself from doing so. But it was clear to him now that he wasn't having the same amount of self-control as he usually had.

He was struggling with his instincts, he had been for a while.

The boy groaned against his shoulder, shaking his head.

"I'm trying not to," he finally said, barely in a whisper. The brunet continued to pet his hair, trying to be as reassuring as he could bring himself to be.

"I'm saying it's fine, you can do it," he insisted. His friend shook his head again.

And that was as much compassion as he could show, he couldn't let him keep that up. Not when it was clearly causing him discomfort and pain.

"Clay, you're gonna hurt yourself, come on."

“M gonna hurt you,” the blond protested. The brunet wanted to roll his eyes.

“I like the feeling, I told you last time,” he reminded him, and for a third time he tried to lift his head. But again, he couldn’t. “It’s fine, I promise,” he insisted, still getting no response.

And that was it. His patience had a limit, and it wasn’t very big.

If he wasn’t gonna listen to George, his best friend, he was gonna listen to the omega that he kept bringing to his bed.

“Alpha,” he called him, and Dream’s whole body tensed up. “Knot me, please... Want your knot.”

The effect was instant.

With a strangled moan that almost sounded like a growl, the boy finally came. He filled him full as he panted and let out sounds between choked sobs, and then, his knot popped.

The brunet had to close his eyes, biting his lips to muffle any kind of sound, his insides screaming to the feeling and making him take a sharp breath.

Holy fucking shit, he would never get used to how big he was.

But despite the discomfort of taking him while being sore and not in heat, he still couldn’t say he didn’t like it. And his instincts were thrilled with the action.

He took a few seconds to breathe, keeping his eyes closed, giving his friend time to ride off his orgasm as well. But after a moment or two, he finally opened them again, focusing on petting the blond until his breathing had fully calmed as well and his scent had gotten back to his calm state.

The boy kept his head hidden for a while longer, at first seemingly still recovering but then the smell of guilt and shame gave away that he had other reasons to not want to look at him.

“George,” the American whined, a mix of complaint and embarrassment in his voice. “Why did you *say* that?”

He almost felt bad for smirking, but the scene was a little amusing.

“You needed it,” he simply said in response, because things finally made sense, and he knew he was right to assume that.

The need to knot him had been the last piece of a puzzle he should’ve been able to understand the picture of way sooner. Because everything was so obvious now and he couldn’t believe he hadn’t realized the moment he knew something was off.

The clinginess, the eagerness, how easily he got upset at him and how reactive he behaved. The high libido and need to keep him close after they fucked. His sudden increased interest for his scent and for nipping at his skin.

The brunet sighed, bringing his hand to the boy’s cheek again, this time successfully lifting his head to make him look at him.

“Dream,” he said, looking directly into his eyes. “... Is your rut close?”

The way his cheeks blushed was enough to answer without the need of a verbal one.

“... Yeah.”

“That’s why you’ve been weird,” he concluded. And in all honesty, he should’ve figured it out sooner. Then again, he shouldn’t have had to figure it out on his own in the first place. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

The blond offered him an apologetic look, then averted his gaze.

“‘M sorry.”

But the brunet wasn’t having that.

Maybe he was too emotional because he was exhausted, and it had been a stressful week. And maybe being emotional wasn’t the best state to talk about anything. But they were locked together now, stuck with each other for around an hour or so. And he didn’t want to wait to calm down to discuss this.

“No, Dream, why?” He questioned, all the worries and fears and reasons to be upset that he had pushed away with sex now coming back to him.

And suddenly it was too much, it was all too much. Because his friend lied to him, and tried to avoid him, then assured him that wasn’t it. He gave him vague answers and distracted him with his body and fuck, Karl was right. They were more similar sometimes than they cared to admit.

“You were gonna leave,” he accused, and a part of him wished he still had his phone with him to be able to show him his own text, as if for dramatic effect. The boy didn’t respond, knowing damn right he couldn’t reply to that without admitting his faults or lying. And that only made it worse.

Because basically, he was confirming him. He had been planning on leaving for his rut and staying away while it lasted. He had even said it was better not to stay at home with him, even when George didn’t know that’s what they were talking about.

“... You don’t wanna spend your rut with me,” he concluded. And he couldn’t blame his inner for feeling dizzy. There were too many emotions, one right after the other.

“No, George, that’s not...”

“Then why were you gonna leave?” He interrupted, not wanting to give him space for more bad excuses. “I thought- we had a deal, Dream, we’re supposed to help each other.”

“Yeah, with sex, and your heat,” the boy stated, defensiveness in his tone. “This, this is... Different.”

“How?” He questioned, his voice showing more of how upset he was getting.

“I’m not like myself when I’m in rut, George.”

“I’m not like myself when I’m in heat, that didn’t stop you.”

“It’s not the same!” The blond insisted, sighing loudly and shaking his head. “I’m not gonna be that gentle, George, I might- I could hurt you. *Actually* hurt you, or do something you don’t like!”

Green orbs stared into his brown ones with fear and guilt in his eyes. Whatever snarky response he had been ready to deliver died in his mouth. His friend’s tone was so genuinely full of concern that it effectively shut his lips and made him listen to his words.

“I- I don’t want to get aggressive with you, I can’t- I can’t treat you like... Like you’re there to

please me and nothing more,” the alpha continued. The omega stayed silent, taking in every word and processing them in his mind. “I’ll be all over you and needy and clingy one second, and then fucking you like you’re an object the next one.”

The brunet stared at him for a moment, not saying anything and simply analyzing each of his sentences. And then, after a couple of moments, he hummed, giving him a puzzled look.

“And?”

The blond looked at him with utter disbelief.

“And?”

Okay, that maybe this time wouldn’t be as easy as to simply not seem affected by it.

The American needed actual reassurance this time, words that actually held meaning behind them.

“Dream,” he sighed, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath to prepare himself to talk.

He didn’t want to have to say it, he had hoped he had made it clear with his actions by now. But clearly, the boy needed to hear it.

He opened his eyes again, keeping a poker face.

“I like it when you do whatever you want with me, I like it when I help to please you,” he blurted out, as bluntly as he could. But he could tell that still wasn’t enough, his friend still looking rather lost.

God fucking dammit.

Dream could be so fucking smart sometimes and then need to be explained with details something that should be way simpler than that.

Blood rushed to his cheeks, sighing to himself. He truly hoped he would take his words as literal as possible, and wouldn’t try to read into them.

“... It- It makes my inner feel owned, and that’s... Nice, or whatever. It’s instinctual.” He shrugged, as if to brush it off.

The blond stared at him, face completely blank, then blinked a few times.

“You like it when I do whatever I want?”

... Of course he would still be stuck at that.

If he wasn’t literally stuck to him right now, he would’ve tried to walk away already.

“Are you gonna let me stay with you then or are you gonna keep being a baby?” He decided to ask, not wanting the conversation to be on him any longer.

Doubt came back to the alpha’s features, clearly still hesitant.

“I still could hurt you.”

“I doubt it,” he instantly said, but right after he realized that was a mistake. Because the boy was already looking at him like he was ready to interrogate him on how he was so sure. And okay,

maybe he wasn't *sure*. But he had a pretty damn good idea.

Because his inner saw him as his mate, and bodies were smart when they wanted to be.

He sighed once again, looking away.

"I... I'll probably go into a compensatory heat, I'll be fine," the brunet mumbled.

Because his inner saw him as his mate, and mates had ways to accommodate to their partners to be able to be what they needed during their cycles.

Compensatory heats and ruts weren't the same as a normal heat and rut, of course, or their cycles would never be able to be stable. It's not like his heat would be triggered by Dream's rut, just a little over a month since his last one. A compensatory heat was simply a protective measure, an instinctual one, in which his body would produce the needed hormones so he could keep up with his partner's needs.

He would be producing slick more easily, get a higher libido too, and experience less pain. Stuff like that.

Normally, compensatory states were something that only happened between mated couples. But since he had... Feelings, similar to that, and his inner was convinced they were together, he was pretty sure he would have no problem getting into that state.

He really hoped the alpha wasn't aware of that last detail, though. He hoped the lack of information in some omega stuff could extend to that as well. Or at the very least, he hoped he wouldn't read into this either.

The blond stared into him for a couple more seconds, before finally humming. He still didn't seem convinced, though, and spoke again soon after.

"... I might want to mark you, you know. Like you wanted me during your heat."

"There's collars for that," he simply mumbled, not wanting to prolong the conversation for more than it was needed.

Once again, his friend stared at him, but for a shorter period this time.

"You really wanna spend my rut with me?" He asked, and he sounded less doubtful this time.

"Yes," he instantly assured, nodding to emphasize. "We made a deal, and now you're like... Trying to change the rules or something. If you're my heat partner then I'm your rut partner, it's only fair."

The American hummed to his word, then finally, he sighed, nodding in agreement.

"Okay."

"Okay," he repeated. "It's officially a deal, then?"

"Yeah, it's- yeah" the boy confirmed.

He allowed himself to relax then, wrapping his arms around the brunet and shifting their positions so they could be more comfortable, laying next to each other with their bodies pressed together. He kissed the smaller boy's head, offering him an apologetic smile after.

And honestly, it was the least he could do right now. He had been kind of a handful to deal with and he had already a lot on his plate. But he was his best friend, and he dealt with his stupid mood swings as well.

It was only fair.

“I need to tell Sapnap my rut is coming,” Dream mumbled, after a couple of seconds. “And probably apologize.”

“Yeah, you were an ass earlier,” he agreed, getting a snort in response. “Can it wait till morning, though? ‘M tired.”

“Yeah, of course.” The blond nodded, moving closer to kiss his head. “We can sleep once...” He looked down, at his dick still inside the omega’s ass. “You know.”

And now it was his turn to snort, soft laughter filling the room right after, both giggling together.

The alpha let out a satisfied sigh, his anxiety fully gone now. He moved closer once again, kissing his head as before and then his cheek.

“George,” he mumbled, placing a short peck on his lips next. “Thank you.”

The brunet smiled at him, rolling his eyes in a playful way. He nuzzled into him next, wanting to feel him close. And despite his brain telling him that wasn’t a good idea, he couldn’t bring himself to care right now. He was too tired for that.

He didn’t even realize when he fell asleep.

Waking up the next morning was hell on earth. Every single part of his body hurt, all his muscles sore and resented.

He was alone in the bed once again that morning, but this time there was a note waiting for him, of his friend announcing he would be making some breakfast for him downstairs. The promise of food made his stomach more than happy, but he couldn’t help but feel slightly disappointed that the boy hadn’t thought of bringing him the food to the bed.

Standing up was harder than it should. Or maybe not. Maybe that’s exactly how hard it should be after fucking non-stop for two days straight, only resting a day, to then fucking again the next day and twice the one after that.

... Yeah, okay, that maybe he could be much worse than how he was.

At least the alpha had somehow managed to clean him up and dress him up at some point while he was passed out, so he didn’t have to worry about that, simply focusing on using all his strength to make his way to the first floor and into the kitchen.

His breakfast was already served on the table, and Dream was sitting there with his own as well. In front of him was their roommate, who apparently had gotten a portion of food too.

The brunet mumbled a sleepy good morning, then tiredly sat down next to the blond. He began to eat without saying another word, both boys laughing at his actions.

“George, you got here just in time,” Sapnap said, leaning on his chair as he looked at him. The omega barely raised his head to look at him, still focusing on eating. “Clay was telling me his rut is next week, so I told him I think I’m gonna go to Karl’s then,” the boy summarized the

conversation for him. “Do you wanna come stay with us or are you bucking a hotel room?”

The Brit opened his mouth to talk, ready to say the second option, but then he closed it again. He glanced at Dream, then back at the brown-haired boy.

Maybe he was still half sleep, maybe he didn’t have enough fucks to give after using most of them the day before. Maybe he was tired of constantly lying and hiding and he needed an outlet to leave some room for the things that were actually important to keep a secret.

In any case, he shook his head.

“No, I... I’m gonna stay here,” he mumbled, trying his best to ignore the way his cheeks were quickly blushing to his confession.

The blond’s head instantly snapped to look at him, with widened eyes and a shocked expression. The shortest of them didn’t seem quite as surprised, though.

“Alright,” he simply said, giving him a teasing smirk. “Just remember to be safe.”

“Will do,” he replied, filling his mouth with food like he didn’t care about the conversation. He took a couple seconds swallowing his food, then glanced at the youngest boy again. “Can you bring me a blanket? I’m freezing.”

“Yeah, sure, dude. You look like death,” he pointed out, between amused and slightly concerned. “You sure you’re not getting sick again?”

“M fine,” he assured, getting more food. “Just too much sex.”

Sapnap instantly snorted, Dream almost choked.

“Yeah, okay, I don’t want the details.” The boy stood up quickly after that, heading to the living room to get him what he asked for. And then, he finally looked at his best friend, who still had the same shocked expression and had his mouth slightly opened.

“What?”

“I- *George*. What the- You just *told*-”

“He already knew,” he cut him off, looking at his plate again. “Karl knows too.”

“*What*?”

“Oh come on, don’t act dumb.” He rolled his eyes. “You knew that already.” His friend instantly closed his mouth. A soft blush soon took over his cheeks, clearing his throat next.

“To be fair, I didn’t tell him. He asked-”

“Yeah, yeah. Excuses,” he mumbled. But he wasn’t actually mad. “Ts fine, I don’t mind.”

“... You don’t?” The brunet shook his head in response, at this point, he truly didn’t. “Does that mean I can kiss you in front of them now?”

The omega snorted to his words, raising an eyebrow and looking at the blond again.

“Why would you want to kiss me in front of them?”

“I always want to kiss you, George, that’s a stupid question.”

Familiar warmth invaded his chest, his cheeks feeling hotter as well. His eyes went back to his food right away, scoffing in response to the lack of a better answer.

And with his heartbeat increasing, as he had done so many times this week, he was suddenly questioning his choices. Suddenly doubting if he had made the right one, by offering him to stay here with him for his rut.

A part of him feared he could make things worse, a part of him felt like the worst scenario would be to not be together during it, letting his inner suffer for as long as it lasted. But it was too late to think about that now. He had made his decision already. And he was starting to learn how to ignore the way Dream filled his stomach with stupid bugs with simple sentences and tender smiles. He could continue to learn and somehow find a new way to keep his feelings contained.

He would be fine.

Things would be fine.

Chapter End Notes

and finally, here it is, the expected chapter eleven. the longest one so far, that took me like three and a half days to finish ahaha. i promised to post it at 9 am today so here i am! thank you so much to all my betas for helping to check this out so i wouldnt stress with my typos, and thanks to everyone that sent questions to my curiouscat to keep me motivated :]

writing this chapter was so hard for many reasons, like this is literally gonna sound like the ao3 notes people take screenshots of but last week my laptop's screen broke and then two days later on tuesday i ended up having to go to the hospital. they gave me bed rest for five days but i still went to fix my computer on wednesday (spent almost 230 dollars on it) and updated cursive that same day, then kept going take my tests and have presentations at my school bc responsibilities come first ahaha. anyways thats why i only started writing this on friday, but i had to travel for two hours that day and then on sunday i visited my grandma. crazy week, right? also ive been sick for 17 days now and this is the fourth time i got sick in two months, but will i slow down and stop working my ass off to make my stories the best as possible? hell no, priorities.

okay, back to our business now ahah

the twitter spoilers without context meant: george wants to deny his feelings but ends up needing support and contention, so karl keeps an eye on him. he keeps his feelings a secret and uses sex to distract himself, then the desk scene ive talked about happened. they talk about dreams rut being close and they agree to spend it together. shout out to Chasingstardust for guessing the rut part, also to the snowflakes for guessing a lot of different parts and things related to karl. and to the anon in curiouscat for guessing the desk scene! :D

i think thats all for today, i'll try to keep up my weekly updates now that i have my pc back and all, so yeah :) i hope you enjoyed this chapter. i'll be reading all your

comments and giggling and kicking my feet to them bc theyre my favorite part of posting in ao3

have a great day/night! and see you soon <3

[twitter](#)

[tumblr](#)

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Things weren't fine.

Okay, they weren't exactly *bad*. Nothing bad had happened, and Dream hadn't been avoiding him again after their talk. But due to his... Situation, that was exactly what made things *not fine*.

It was a miscalculation, or maybe it was ignorance. Taking other people's stories and what he had learned in school to base his judgment had clearly not been the right move.

He had totally underestimated the way Dream would be affected by his rut.

... And it hadn't fully kicked in yet.

The arm around his waist kept holding him tightly against a firm chest, fingers carefully drawing patterns over his clothed skin. The blond used his other hand to hold his fork, eating quietly and unbothered like having someone on his lap as he ate wasn't uncomfortable at all.

The alpha got another bite of food, then moved the fork close to the omega's lips, carefully separating their bodies ever so lightly and turning his head to look at him. The brunet shook his head, cheeks still flushed pink despite the action not being new.

The blond frowned at his non-verbal response, then sighed.

"You need to be strong, George, come on," he said, in a slightly demanding tone.

"I'm already full," he complained. The boy had been making sure to feed him four meals every day for the past three days and he simply wasn't used to it.

Dream pursed his lips, disappointment clear on his face, but he didn't say anything else. He put the fork down, then wrapped both arms around him, burying his face on the smaller boy's neck and inhaling deeply by his scent gland. The omega closed his eyes, ignoring the heavier blush creeping to his cheeks, and took a deep breath.

"You can still eat more if you're hungry, you don't have to stop too just because-"

"Don't want to," the alpha interrupted him. "I wanna hold you now" he mumbled, pressing his lips against his gland and placing soft kisses over it.

Heat pooled on his face, stomach twisting to the tickling feeling as if it wasn't something his friend had been doing the whole weekend. God, it was too much. It was too fucking much.

He had totally underestimated the way Dream would be affected by his rut.

He really thought he was ready for whatever could come, basically assuming the biggest change would be a progressive increment of the boy's libido and maybe getting into a snappier mood as well, but oh he had been wrong. Nothing could have prepared him for the way the alpha would glue himself to him, demanding his company and attention.

Nothing could have prepared him for the way he would keep his arms around him at all times, kissing him all over, and nipping and biting at his skin every chance he got while whispering

peachy sentences of how much he wanted him.

It wasn't so bad at first. After eating breakfast that Friday morning, the blond had just asked him to go to his room to lay down together. And once there, they talked. They discussed everything they needed to about what Dream's need might be once his rut hit him, and what to do in case he got too possessive or too aggressive. They settled some rules, the boy explained some of the things he could say or do, and they came to an agreement on how to act during those days.

To be honest, it didn't seem like this would be too different from his heat. His instincts were more about owning than being owned, obviously, but at the end of the day what his friend would want and need wasn't too different from what he himself had wanted and needed.

It was something he thought he could handle.

But then he tried to go to his room after their unexpected nap, wanting to take a shower and change his clothes. And the American grabbed him by his arm, pushed him to the bed and demanded him to either stay or let him go with him. It was odd, it caught him off guard, but he didn't think it was a sign of what was to come.

He should've realized that it was. Because after that, it only got worse.

He insisted on making food for him a couple hours later, brought him snacks too and made him dinner. He kept him close as they watched a movie in the living room, then brought him to his room to sleep together without even saying a word.

It didn't get any better the next day. The boy snapped at their roommate every time he saw him leave his room, asking why he was still in there. He kept insisting on feeding him every few hours, and would grab his hand to make sure he went with him whenever he happened to walk around the house. But for the most part, he would keep him in his room with him, kissing him and caressing his skin while laying over him.

By that point, he couldn't deny anymore he had missed one important detail when thinking about the possible changes in behavior. Because there were instincts he didn't take into consideration.

A mated alpha going into their ruts would treat their omega like their most valuable possession. They would do anything in their power to make sure no one could take them away from them.

Keeping an eye on them at every second, holding them close, showering them in affection, marking them... Anything the alpha needed in order to feel like they were assuring their ownership and preventing their mates from getting away.

At the same time, mated alphas going into their ruts would treat their omegas like their most useful tool. And as such, they would make sure to keep them in the best shape possible so they could do their job properly.

Or in other words, and prettier ones, they would make sure they were strong and healthy enough for the upcoming rough days. They would take care of their needs, and give them anything they wanted and needed to feel safe around them, and ready to take them.

A mated alpha would see as one of, if not *the* most important thing, to keep their omegas happy, protected, and healthful.

Well, good alphas would, at least.

Very basic instincts, but not some he took into consideration. Because in all honesty, he didn't

think it applied to their case. He didn't think the connection between their inners would go that far for him.

But of course it did. Of course it fucking did.

Their inners had been courting while their conscious minds were simply seeking pleasure. The sooner he admitted that to himself the sooner he would stop being surprised by such obvious things.

And he knew Dream understood that they had a bigger effect on each other's inner than anyone or anything else, and that their instincts saw each other as intimate partners. But he didn't think the boy realized just to which extent they had messed things up.

Thing is, George did. He did realize. He did understand the kind of disaster he had put himself into.

He had allowed his inner to believe they had found a mate and the blond's inner was now thinking the same, because they were in a sexual relationship and treated each other just with a little too much fondness. And the boy was obviously sexually attracted to him and conscious about it, and were emotionally close as they had always been, yet he still kept only calling him his best friend while the brunet was utterly and irremediably in love with him.

And if that wasn't complicated enough; having feelings for the person your instincts saw as your mate, who wants you physically in one way yet emotionally in another; he went and agreed to spend his rut with the alpha, reaffirming the unexciting bond between their inners.

So yeah, things weren't fine. But he couldn't back down now. Not without having to give a reason why. And it's not like he could go and say, 'hey, I'm actually in love with you and my inner wants you, so if we do this I don't think I'll ever be able to see you as just a friend again'.

God, he was fucked.

And he still didn't want to think about it.

So he decided to just, not think. To play along and wish for the best, because maybe, hopefully, nothing bad would happen and he could endure the increasing affection without getting too attached to it.

The brunet closed his eyes, trying to get rid of the unwanted memories and focusing on the present again. He focused on the arms holding him, and how good the blond smelled. He focused on how cold the kitchen was, and how tired he felt. They had spent way too much time there already, and he wanted to go to sleep soon.

Normally they wouldn't spend such a long time in the kitchen, but Dream had been fixed on making as many meals as possible and put them in the freezer so the omega would only have to heat it up whenever they got hungry during his rut days. Despite the Brit having insisted that he could cook himself, the blond didn't want him to waste unnecessary energy.

In a way, he was thankful. He didn't like to cook. In a way, he felt a little too overprotected. But he didn't really care that much.

Saving energy hadn't been that bad of an idea in general, especially because it allowed him to take more naps. And they hadn't been having sex ever since that last time on Thursday either, so his body could fully heal before they got intense with it again; relying on his mouth and hands to help the boy out with his increasing needs. He could appreciate the extra rest, and whenever he wanted to admit it or not, he knew it was something he needed.

He opened his eyes after a couple of minutes, reaching for his phone so he could check for any new texts from their roommate. There was only one thing left they needed before they could call it a night and go to bed, so he wanted to tell the youngest of them to hurry the fuck up.

And just as that thought crossed his mind, the universe decided for once to be on his side.

His eyes drifted to the door as soon as he heard it crack open, watching as Sarnap stepped inside the kitchen with a small box in his hands. The arms wrapped around him instantly tightened, feeling himself being pulled closer to the warm chest and a chin being placed over his shoulder so his friend could look at the person invading their space.

The growl the blond let out resonated loudly in the room and even more in his ears, a bit more aggressive than he's ever heard him sound. The grip around his waist kept him glued on his spot, preventing him from moving even a millimeter from his place on Dream's lap.

The brown-haired boy immediately stopped his steps, staying by the door with widened eyes and a surprised expression. George's cheeks quickly turned bright red, face tinting heavily with embarrassment and wanting to look away but quite literally not being able to.

Their roommate let out a snort at the scene, then raised his hands as if to gesture he wasn't a threat, symbolizing with his almost empty hands that he didn't hold any weapons.

"It's okay, chill, I'm not gonna get closer," he mumbled right away, then pointed at the small box he was holding. "I'm just here to leave this on the counter for you two, alright? Then I'm leaving the house as I promised."

The tall one didn't respond, instead simply tried to press the omega against his chest even more. And despite not being able to see him, the brunet could feel the cold glare he was directing at the other alpha in the room, following his every move.

Their friend tried to carefully reach the counter to place the package he so nicely agreed to pick up for them; the collar he had ordered online the day before to prevent any unwanted accidents. Because of course they had to resort to asking Sarnap to go to the omega-health store to pick it up since neither going out nor having someone deliver it were an option.

Asking him to go get it was the last thing he had wanted to do. Despite having come to terms that the boy knew about their fuck buddies relationship, it was still embarrassing to request such a favor or just talk about the topic outside silly jokes. But Dream didn't want to interact with outsiders, and he didn't want outsiders to get close to the house either, because he didn't want any unfamiliar scent close to the omega. Something he very openly told their roommate like it was a normal thing to say.

The brunet quietly watched him move, observing how slow his movements were to not alert the grumpy alpha even more. He could sense the blond do the same, his eyes still locked in the intruder.

And then, just as Sarnap finally placed the box down, George felt the boy's teeth grazing at his skin.

His face turned bright red instantly, embarrassment hitting him as his partner shamelessly nipped at neck in front of their best friend.

"Dream," he called him, voice full of complaint. "Stop that, calm down."

The American grumbled against his skin, continuing with his actions. The Brit just wanted the

earth to swallow him, brusquely moving his body to make some distance between them.

“Alright, I’m leaving now,” Sapnap suddenly announced, and his brown orbs flew back to him. The boy had reached the door already, and was waving at them. “See you in a week, take care.”

The brown-haired boy glanced at him for a second, giving him a quick nod. The omega nodded in response, not needing words to know what that gesture meant. *‘Call me if you need anything’*, the offer of help if things got out of control. Something he could deduce after having a conversation about it early with text messages.

The boy hurried to leave, and now, they were alone again.

The alpha’s arms instantly relaxed, and he buried his head on his neck now, leaning onto his back. Yet despite his body seemingly being calmer, his scent wasn’t any less tense. On the contrary, now that his own anxiety had gone down, he could perceive the distress of the usually comforting aroma.

“... Dream?” He called him right away, keeping his tone cautious and soft. His friend didn’t respond, simply loosening his grip even more and hiding his face further. “Dream, what’s wrong?”

The boy stayed quiet for a moment, but after a couple of seconds, he sighed.

“... You’re embarrassed,” he mumbled, in such a quiet tone it almost sounded like a whisper.

At first, George was ready to nod to his words and agree to his sentence, then ask why the observation. But then, just as he was about to open his mouth, it clicked.

He instantly turned his body as much as he could in that position to look at the boy, placing his hands on his face to lift it gently.

“I’m not embarrassed of *you*,” he reassured the second their eyes met, offering him the most caring expression he could ever give. “I’m just- I’m not used to PDA, we’ve never done things in public before.”

The blond looked at him with hesitant eyes, lips curving ever so lightly in a small pout.

“I’m not embarrassing?” He questioned, and the brunet instantly shook his hand.

“No, not more than you’ve always been,” he said, with a teasing smile. The alpha smiled shyly back at him. “I’m not embarrassed because of you, I promise.”

The tension on his scent dispelled quite quickly, arms wrapping around him more firmly again. His friend moved closer, pressing a soft and short kiss on his lips before looking at him again, more relaxed now.

“Sleep?” He asked. The omega nodded a few times. And that was enough for the boy to stand up, taking him into his arms to carry him bridal style as he headed upstairs. “Can you suck my dick first, though?”

George couldn’t help but snort to the casual way he said those words.

“I... I’m kind of tired,” he mumbled, and in a way, he was. Not exactly physically, but he really needed to sleep and disconnect his brain right now. “Maybe in the morning?” He offered in return. The boy hummed, as if he was considering it.

“Okay, but you suck it twice.”

The brunet scoffed this time, rolling his eyes. The blond smirked in response, carefully placing him on his bed as soon as they got to the room. He took his time to remove the Brit's clothes, allowing his hands to touch as much skin as he could without turning it into something sexual. Then he got undressed as well, before crawling into the bed as well and lying next to him.

He turned to his side, and George did the same, facing each other for a moment without saying anything. The boy brought a hand to his cheek, cupping it softly, then moved closer to kiss him gently.

A short kiss, a sweet one. The kind that made his heart go crazy fast.

His friend looked at him with fondness, offering him a tender smile. He looked at him for a long time, seconds that felt eternal.

Sometimes when Dream stared at him like that, he felt like he wanted to say something. He could almost feel the words flying through his head, forming in his mouth. But nothing was ever said, no sentence left his lips.

Sometimes when he examined his affectionate expression, he felt like he wanted to say something too. He could feel the words stuck on his throat, and the knot in the mouth of his stomach. But nothing was ever said, his mind quickly going somewhere else.

The blond kissed him one more time, then wrapped his arms around him in a warm hug. It didn't take long for sleep to claim them, and he fell deeply into unconsciousness.

That, until a movement threatened his peace.

At first, whatever his brain perceived hadn't been enough to cause a reaction out of him. His mind simply added the weird sensation to his dreams, making it a part of it. But then it happened again, and again, and his brows furrowed, discomfort soon appearing.

It wasn't something painful or too abrupt, but constant and somewhat gentle, yet it was still enough to annoy him into paying attention to whatever was happening to him.

Soon enough the conscious part of him identified the annoying thing as movement and located it on his shoulder. And now that he was aware of it, the thought had fully invaded his head.

His eyes began to open slowly, the persistent pressure and movement on his shoulder bringing him back to reality against his will. But even as his brown orbs met the darkness of the room, he still didn't make sense of what he was feeling at first, somewhat disoriented from being abruptly pulled out of his sleep.

The movement didn't stop, though, and so his brain was forced to react, and his senses finally began to examine the scene.

It didn't take him long to notice the hand placed on his shoulder, shaking him with urgency. It didn't take him long to hear the soft groans and heavy panting either. And the familiar oak and brown sugar scent had turned into a heavy burned wood and caramel smell, filling the room fully and making his heart race.

With that he finally snapped, now wide awake and alert as he quickly looked at the boy next to him.

The alpha kept his head lowered, his hair covering his eyes, rocking his hips desperately against a pillow placed in between his legs. He quietly whispered his name between painful sounds, calling for his help as he kept shaking his shoulder to try and wake him up.

He moved like he would collapse if he tried to stay still. The way he continued to call for him made him think that he had been trying to bring him back to consciousness for longer than he was aware of. He probably tried to wait for the brunet at first, when the fire inside him just began to become unbearable. But clearly, he hadn't been able to keep himself contained for long enough, his needs overtaking him.

The omega took a deep breath.

This was it, wasn't it?

"George," the blond whined again, shifting his hips faster like the fiction the pillow offered him wasn't enough to keep his desperation at bay.

"I'm here," he instantly let out, not wanting to prolong the boy's suffering any longer. He quickly sat up on the bed, pushing his blanket aside so he could get up. "I'm here, let me get-"

"No." The hand on his shoulder abruptly pulled him back down, making his eyes widen.

The Brit stared at him, slightly shocked at the reaction, seeing the way his friend was glaring at him almost as if to warn him. A chill ran through his body, never having seen the American like that before. But he didn't give in to the silent order, clearing his throat and trying to speak again.

"Dream, I need to get ready first," he said, reminding him of what they had agreed on as he began to sit up like before. "Let me just-" But he was pushed down again before he could move another muscle.

The alpha growled at him, tightening the hand around him. Then he slowly lowered the movements of his hips, and the omega instantly realized he was getting ready to replace the pillow with the real thing; ready to get on top of him instead.

"Dream," he warned, but the boy didn't respond, simply placing his hand on the smaller boy's arm to pull him closer to him. The brunet pulled away quite quickly, frowning as he spoke again with a firmer tone. "Dream, if you don't listen to me and let me get ready right now I'm locking myself in my room until your rut is over."

The alpha immediately ceased his movements, eyes growing bigger to the threat.

Threat that they had agreed on using, because the blond had anticipated he could get that persistent.

The omega relaxed slightly when he saw that the words had the desired effect, finally sitting up as he wanted and giving the boy a more reassuring expression.

"It'll only be a minute, okay?" He mumbled, not wanting to upset his friend. He knew just how unbearable it could be to try and keep your instincts contained, especially when your body was screaming at you to do what they were begging for. "You can be good and wait for me, can't you?"

The nod he got in response was instant.

The blond began to grind the pillow again, as if to show he could settle for that while the omega

did whatever he needed to do. But not two seconds later, the eagerness on his face shifted to something else, something like discomfort and maybe even panic, his movements growing faster again.

George blinked a few times, confused at the weird change in behavior. But before he could ask what was wrong, his friend whined, lowering his head.

“Need to cum,” Dream suddenly let out, rocking his hips as desperately as when he had first seen him. “Need you- wanna cum in you.”

Oh. Right.

He hadn’t thought before on just how long the boy must have been chasing his pleasure. He probably had been on edge for a long time, hadn’t he?

“You can cum in my mouth,” the brunet said, a good compromise. The blond moaned in response, holding his arm tightly. “Yeah, you want that?” The alpha nodded as before, moving even faster, his panting getting heavier as well. “Good, you’re so good.”

“George,” he whined, his hands flying to hold the pillow as he rutted against it even faster. And he knew the boy enough to know what those actions meant, quickly changing his position to get in front of the alpha and moving his face closer to his member.

“Fill me,” he offered, but it sounded more like a demand, opening his mouth for him and sticking his tongue out.

Dream didn’t need to be told twice.

He quickly wrapped a hand around his dick, positioning it right by the brunet’s mouth and stroking himself just a couple times to bring himself to the edge. The omega barely had time to wrap his lips around his tip before the alpha came with a low sound, warm substance filling his mouth in a matter of seconds.

The boy shook and moaned as he rode off his orgasm, and the Brit tried his best to suck him dry until there wasn’t anything left. He carefully pulled away then, swallowing without much thought and using his tongue to lick his lips clean.

The American collapsed in the bed next to him, letting out a relieved yet exhausted sigh. He gave his friend some time to recover, watching him as his breathing calmed down and came back to his senses again. But once the high of his orgasm had apparently faded, his expression quickly changed into a more guilty one.

The boy glanced at him, then looked away.

“M sorry,” he mumbled, seemingly realizing how he had behaved just a couple minutes earlier.

“It’s okay,” the brunet assured, because truly, it was.

“M sorry,” the boy insisted, then let out a heavy sigh. “Just, want you really bad.”

“And you can have me,” he assured again, placing a hand on his friend’s cheek to make him look at him. “I just need to get ready first, okay? I need to get the collar, and the condoms and everything.”

The alpha seemed hesitant at first, but after a couple of seconds, he nodded. He shifted on his spot,

covering himself with his blankets and closing his eyes, as if by trying to rest and sleep he would have more patience to wait for the omega to do his thing.

George quickly got off the bed, hurrying to the bathroom before his friend could change his mind. It was a good thing that they had everything they needed in there already, a preventive measure since they weren't fully sure when Dream's rut would hit.

As soon as he got there, he grabbed the small box their roommate had gotten for them, opening it slowly and looking at the content of it. He sighed, biting his own lips.

He's never worn one of those before.

... Well, that wasn't the only thing he's never done before involving that whole situation.

This might or might not be the first rut he was participating in.

Just like he's never had a heat partner before, he hasn't exactly been someone's partner either.

A little detail he failed to mention to his friend, because he knew it would make him less likely to agree. He would've probably gotten in his head, worried about possibly hurting him or things being too much for the smaller boy to handle.

Whatever, it didn't make a difference.

He glanced at the mirror in front of him, taking a deep breath before taking the rut collar out of the box. It was big enough to cover most of his neck, and especially his gland, soft fabric covering the side that would go against his neck but of a harder material that couldn't be penetrated by biting; no matter how hard an alpha could try; on the outside.

He quickly worked on turning it on, pressing the big button on the side, then pressed each of his fingers of both hands on the sensor before choosing the pattern to take it off; pressing both thumbs in the front and two fingers of each hand in the back of his neck as if he was grabbing it.

Once he finished setting the collar with all the safety measures, he finally put it on.

It wasn't as uncomfortable as he imagined it would be, but it definitely wasn't comfortable.

The image the mirror gave him made him feel weird, kind of embarrassed. And the feeling made his inner slightly displeased, not too keen on having their scent obstructed. But no matter what wearing that caused him, he knew it was for the best.

He took a deep breath, then looked around for the small bag he had left there a couple nights ago. He made sure everything he needed was inside: painkillers, contraceptives, condoms, lube, and the special lotion to reduce sensitivity he got during their last trip to the omega-care store and never used.

He took the last product out, sighing to himself as he took the cap off so he could apply some over whatever exposed skin he could reach.

He wasn't too happy about using that either, it felt weird to numb his skin even if just slightly. But he had read enough articles and heard enough stories to know that if he didn't want the pain to distract him from feeling good, this was the best option. He didn't mind a little bit of pain, especially when it came to love bites and hickeys. But he didn't want Dream to freak out if he sensed any kind of discomfort in him.

Once he was finally ready, he put the lotion back in the bag, then carried it with him as he returned to the room. And the moment he saw the alpha already rutting against the pillow again, a tingling sensation formed on his stomach, the rhythm of his heartbeat changing to the view.

He held his own hands, stopping for a second as if doubting if to move closer, before slowly and quietly walking to the bed.

Fuck, was he nervous? He had no reason to be.

He took a deep breath, then silently sat on the bed, working his way to the spot next to his friend.

Dream stopped his movements instantly, eyes flying to him. George felt his cheeks grow warmer, heart racing more with the hungry eyes the boy was offering him.

Before he could say anything, his lips were already against demanding ones. He felt himself being pushed against the mattress, a warm body now over him as the kiss deepened.

He was barely able to wrap his arms around him before a tongue found his way inside his mouth, the blond shifting their positions to press his hard length against his leg, grinding against his thigh while his hands roamed his body. And God, he couldn't deny his actions made him feel ten times warmer. But it also intensified the weird feeling on his stomach.

The alpha broke the kiss after a couple of seconds, pulling away just enough to look at him, one of his hands cupping his cheek.

"You took so long," he mumbled, in a slightly whiny tone.

His thumb caressed his cheek gently, his hungry expression weirdly mixing with fondness. But that face didn't last long, soon shifting to confusion and almost displeasure. He furrowed his brows, sniffing at the air for a second before scrunching his nose.

"You smell weird," he declared, moving his head closer to his shoulder this time as he sniffed again. "There's something on your skin" he realized, sounding more unpleasant than before. "Why-"

"It's just lotion," the brunet mumbled, a little confused by his reaction.

He watched as the boy stared at his skin, then lowered his head even further, until his lips were pressed against his shoulder. He blinked a few times, about to ask about it when he felt the blond's tongue on his skin, running it over it. His eyes widened right away, the unfamiliar feeling of a tongue licking his shoulder taking him completely off guard and making his face blush bright pink.

And the boy kept doing it, over and over and moving to his arm.

It took him a second to realize what he was doing.

"Dream, why are you- Sto- Stop," he instantly let out, but his friend simply ignored him. He placed his hands on the American's shoulders, pushing him away in a brusque movement. "Stop licking it off!"

The blond groaned in frustration, looking at him with a frown.

"I don't like it," he whined, trying to move back down but George stopped him from doing so. "I want your scent" he complained, attempting to continue with his actions once again.

The brunet pushed him away harder, then placed his hand in front of the boy's face.

"Here," he instantly said, face still warm and feeling weird inside. The alpha took it right away, pressing his nose against his wrist and taking a deep breath.

He seemed to relax with that, letting go after a couple of seconds and looking at him with a more peaceful expression. Then, the boy examined him with his eyes, as if now that he had gotten part of what he wanted he could focus on him properly again.

It didn't take long for his glance to fall on the omega's neck. His friend hummed, running one of his fingers over the collar as he continued to stare at it.

The Brit shifted awkwardly on his spot, the intensity on his eyes and prolonged silence making him anxious for some reason. But after a couple of exhaustive seconds, Dream finally spoke again.

"Looks good on you," he mumbled. And for some reason, whatever he imagined he could've been thinking of, that thought never crossed his mind.

George blinked a few times, feeling his cheeks get even warmer.

"... Yeah?" He asked, and it was kind of embarrassing how choked out he sounded. The boy hummed in agreement, nodding a couple times.

"Kinda wanna write on it," he mumbled, running his finger over it again.

To that, though, the brunet couldn't help but roll his eyes, anxiety fading as he realized his friend was most likely just messing with him.

"Write what, my name?" He questioned, in a somewhat mocking yet defensive tone, as if to let him know the joke wasn't funny. "I'm not a pet" he added then, just for emphasis.

But the blond shook his head, keeping his serious expression.

"Not yours. Mine," he clarified, then his eyes drifted to his face again, staring directly at his brown orbs. "With an apostrophe and an s at the end." He looked at the collar again, using his finger to draw letters over the hard material. "Clay's," he hummed, going letter by letter as he 'wrote' it over the object. Then, he stared at him again. "It would look even better like that."

And his whole body shivered under that stare.

The omega's face completely set on fire, breath stuck in his throat.

There were so many things he wanted to say yet, at the same time, his mind was completely blank, his body filled with an emotion he wasn't even sure it was embarrassment or something else. All he could do was look back at the alpha with widened eyes, shock on his features.

He should get upset; he should get annoyed. He should get offended by the quite humiliating suggestion, even if it wasn't serious.

He took a sharp breath, trying his best to ignore how thrilled his inner had gotten.

God fuck, it was just a fucking poor-taste joke. It shouldn't cause any kind of reaction, besides maybe his usual scoff. Why the fuck did he feel so on edge, so easily bothered by such stupid words?

He closed his eyes, breathing deeply again.

“You’re an idiot,” he finally managed to let out, in an all too quiet voice. Because what else could he really say, what else could he really do?

A hand grabbing his jaw quite harshly forced his eyes to snap open again.

“Don’t talk to me like that.”

His orbs grew bigger once again, heart racing with surprise to the unexpectedly cold tone.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered out of instinct, words just a little too shaky. The green eyes widened as well noticing his reaction, the boy’s body relaxing and his expression softening.

He moved down, pressing their lips together in a gentle kiss. He began to place tender kisses over his face once he broke apart, then moved to his shoulder, caressing his sides as well. Apologetic gestures that helped him feel less tense.

“I’m sorry,” the boy mumbled, continuing with his actions for a moment longer before connecting their lips again. Just for some brief seconds, though, before pulling away again, now moving a hand to pet his hair. “Are you hungry? Thirsty?” He asked.

The brunet couldn’t help but blink, taken back by the sudden change of topic and his choice of questions.

“What?”

“Want me to get us some food?” The boy asked again. The omega blinked again as well.

He opened his mouth to talk, but then closed it, trying to process what just happened and why the sudden shift in his focus and behavior. But the conclusion his inner got to was more than just unsettling.

“You don’t want to fuck me anymore?” He blurted out, because what else could he really think?

He messed it up, he had killed the moment. Whatever reaction he had to his friend’s action had sent him back to his carrying and worrying self and now he didn’t want him anymore. He didn’t even mean to respond like that. He didn’t know why his stomach felt so weird.

The alpha frowned at his question, moving closer again.

“Of course I want to.” And to prove his point, he pressed his hard member against his thigh, rocking his hips slowly. “But you need to be strong for that, so do you want food or not?”

George tried to look at the boy, tried to focus on his words, yet his eyes kept drifting to his leg, watching as the blond rubbed his dick against it. Heat pooled in his stomach to the view, suddenly not caring so much about whatever he was feeling a couple seconds ago.

A hand on his cheek took him out of his trance.

“Are you okay?” Dream questioned, concern in his tone.

The omega didn’t like that.

It almost made him feel guilty, how he was making the blond try to stay focused instead of allowing himself to give in to his instincts. But of course his friend would try and keep the brunet’s safety as his main priority, even when it was supposed to be about his own needs.

He had to say, the American had way more control over himself than he had expected after how he made it sound when they talked about it. But then again, the Brit also had more power over his own actions at the beginning of his heat. Things were just starting, after all.

The boy sniffed the air, then tensed up, stopping his movements. His face tinted with disappointment and guilt.

“You’re scared,” he mumbled.

The Brit instantly shook his head, grabbing the American’s hand to try and pull him closer again.

“No.” He shook his head again. The alpha stared at him, uncertain. But after a couple of seconds, he relaxed ever so lightly.

“You’re nervous,” he said this time, as if it was his second guess. George stayed quiet this time, but that was enough of an answer. “What did I do?” The boy instantly asked. “I can- I can do better. I’m good, you’re safe with me, I-”

“It’s not you,” he hurried to say, placing his hand on his friend’s cheek to try and prevent him from freaking out as well. “You haven’t done anything wrong.”

Dream looked at him like he wasn’t convinced, examining his face as if to find lies or hidden meanings.

But apparently, he couldn’t find anything. Because not ten seconds later he was talking again.

“Then?” He questioned, raising an eyebrow. The brunet wasn’t sure of how to explain it, too many thoughts running through his head. But at last, he decided to go for something he knew the boy would understand.

“I wanna be good too,” he confessed, barely in a whisper.

Because he’s never done this before, and there were too many feelings involved. Liked it or not.

The alpha’s expression softened to his words, moving down to kiss him gently for a second.

“George,” he mumbled, as soon as he broke apart, bringing his hand to cup his cheek again. “You’re always good.” He kissed him tenderly again, then once more. “You’re perfect.” He moved down to his jaw, then closer to his ear, hands caressing his chest up and down. Heat pooled on the Brit’s stomach again, taking a sharp breath. “Make me want you so fucking bad,” the boy whispered, right by his ear.

“Then fuck me,” he instantly let out, spreading his legs for him so he could position himself in between. “Show me that you want me.”

The blond stopped moving for a moment, looking at him again. The brunet used the time to reach for his bag, taking a condom out of it.

“But you’re-”

“Please,” he said before he could even think of what he was doing, handing the envelope to the boy. “I want you inside, I- Please, Dream, I need-”

A pair of lips against his own interrupted his sentence.

The alpha positioned himself in front of him right away, putting the condom on before aligning his

dick with his entrance. But right before pushing in, he seemed to remember something.

“Do I need to prep-”

“No,” the omega cut him off, shaking his head. “M wet enough.”

How much slick he had produced in such a short period of time should be embarrassing, but he couldn't bring himself to care right now. The boy didn't comment on it either, simply nodding in response and finally pushing his hips, opening his walls with his member as he found his way inside.

And fuck, feeling something covering the boy's dick after doing it raw for so long felt weird, but having him inside was still just as pleasant.

Dream pressed their lips together again, kissing him deeply as he began to rock his hips right away. Unlike usual, he didn't start carefully and slowly, taking his time to pick up the pace. No, he had held himself back for too long trying to check on him, and his desperation was made clear rather soon.

He held him by his waist to support himself, then thrust into him fast and without a warning. A choked-out noise escaped him to the sudden actions, the speed taking him by surprise. But the blond didn't apologize as he usually would, having reached his limit of how considerate he could be and push away his own needs.

The alpha waited for too long and now that he finally got what he wanted, he wasn't going to think of anything but on taking what he deserved to get.

He moved his hips to seek his own pleasure, thrusting a little harshly and tightening his grip on his waist. He broke the kiss to bury his head on his shoulder next, nipping at his skin as he let out quiet sounds. He kept increasing his speed, he kept holding him against the bed to keep him in place.

And oh. *Oh*. This was different. This was way different to what he was used to. But he couldn't say he didn't like it.

The brunet's head was spinning, broken moans coming out every time the blond hit his prostate without any care. He tried to hold onto his back, spreading his legs wider to make it easier for the boy to thrust in and out of him. Every small bite on his shoulder sent electric waves through his body. Every mumbled praise made his body feel even hotter.

His friend was fucking him like all he could think of was to reach his orgasm, like nothing else mattered but to fulfill his cravings. And he was all too happy to be one helping him get that, letting him do whatever he wanted with him like that's what he was in this world for.

The pace kept increasing, his movements were brutal. George kept moaning louder and louder with every thrust, the boy unintentionally; or not; hitting his sweet spot each time. And good fuck, this wasn't even for him. But the more the alpha used him to seek his pleasure the closest he got to his own release.

Dream wrapped a hand around his neglected dick without warning, stroking him at the same pace that he was fucking him. The brunet whimpered to the action, the tension inside him suddenly being too much and cumming before he could realize what was happening. And with his walls clenching around the blond's member, it only took a couple more thrusts before he was filling the condom.

The boy groaned loudly, lowering his head and biting his shoulder again, a little harder this time.

And then, he pushed deeper inside, not warning him either before his knot popped.

The cry that left his lips was a little too loud, eyes shutting close and biting his lips to quiet himself. Waves of pleasure ran through his body, discomfort and pain present but easily ignored thanks to the sense of pride and satisfaction that the action brought him.

God, his inner was ecstatic.

His friend kept his teeth buried on his skin as he finished releasing into the condom, and for a little longer while he fully rode off his orgasm. Then he carefully pulled his mouth away, just to rest his head on his shoulder next, his body suddenly still and calm.

It took the smaller boy a little longer than usual to come down from his high as well, everything feeling more intense than it usually did and his body feeling weird and tingly. The omega took a few seconds to regulate his breathing, feeling slightly lightheaded. And now that the moment had died down, he could finally process.

Well, he didn't expect that to happen so fast. But if his intense emotions, quick mood changes and how horny he got with mere words were anything to go by, it seemed like his hormones were probably already catching up with what was going on, forcing his body to react accordingly.

It's not like he could say he was in compensatory heat yet, not exactly, but it was definitely starting to kick in. And how fast it was happening only further proved that his instincts would do anything to keep the alpha satisfied and happy, so they wouldn't lose him as a mate.

A soft groan took him out of his thoughts.

The blond tried to push his collar with his nose, trying to move it with it but failing at his attempt.

"Can't get your scent," the boy complained, groaning again before trying again. "George," he called him, barely lifting his head to look at him. "Fix that. Take the thing off."

The brunet had to bite the inside of his cheek to prevent a snort from coming out, finding his friend's behavior kind of funny. Yet he didn't want to make it worse by laughing, he could tell he was actually annoyed by the jewelry.

"Dream, the room stinks like us," he tried to reason instead, bringing his hand to the blond's hair to pet it. "You don't need-"

"It stinks like *me*," the alpha corrected him. "I want *your* smell."

Another thought crossed his mind. And it seemed like his friend read his mind, his eyes drifting to the smaller boy's wrist, then looking back at him. The brunet nodded to the request written on his face, giving him his hand next. But instead of sniffing at the scent on his gland like he did earlier, Dream placed his own against his, rubbing them together.

George let out a soft gasp, his eyes widened slightly. But his body instantly relaxed as he was wrapped with oak and brown sugar, his favorite smell suddenly all over him.

God, that felt nice. He forgot just how nice that feeling was.

It was such a light gesture, so gentle and innocent, that he couldn't help but wonder why they didn't do it more often. Friends did it all the time. Friends with benefits should be able to do it as well, he thought.

He stayed quiet and still as the boy continued to rub their glands together, exchanging their scents as if applying perfume. Until after a couple of moments, he finally stopped, letting go of his hand. The blond let his head fall now, resting it over the brunet's shoulder.

He could tell by his breathing that his partner was just as relaxed as he himself was.

Without giving it much thought, he closed his eyes, wrapping his arms around Dream to feel him closer. And he allowed himself to try and rest, knowing the moment of calm probably wouldn't last and he would be getting fucked soon enough again.

A loud gasp escaped his lips, world spinning around him and breath catching on his throat as he suddenly felt his body being pushed from his position on his partner's lap, to now being forced to lay down on his back and pressed against the bed. His previously moving hips were stilled by a strong hand, the other grabbing one of his legs and lifting it until it was settled on the boy's shoulder.

The alpha pushed himself inside again right away, not giving him time to adapt to the abrupt and unexpected change of position and simply pounding into him harder than before. George gripped at the sheets as he tried to take some air in, his quick moans and heavy panting making it hard to breathe. He felt lightheaded, eyes clouded with tears, and everything inside him burning.

But God, it felt so good. It felt so fucking good.

The blond speeded his movements, thrusting into him even harder, aiming for his prostate. The growing pleasure was almost overwhelming, broken whimpers coming out as he felt his eyes closing. The hand on his hip instantly moved, grabbing his jaw now to get him to look at him again.

"Eyes on me," he demanded, with a serious tone and cold glare.

The brunet gulped to his words, giving him a quick nod as a response. The American stared at him for a moment longer, before finally letting go of his face, holding his hip as before again.

"You like it like this?" He asked again, giving a particularly hard thrust. "Like it how I fuck you?" The omega nodded again, letting out a moan as he did. But that wasn't good enough. "Say it."

The smaller boy took a deep breath, resisting the urge of closing his eyes.

"I like it how you fuck me," he said, voice raspier than his usual one. He didn't have enough energy nor strength left to put on a show and be difficult on purpose as he usually did.

His friend smirked to his words, grabbing his other leg to place it over his shoulder as well, so he could reach deeper into him. George rolled his eyes with pleasure as he moaned louder, the new position making the boy's dick graze at his prostate no matter what kind of movement he did.

Everything inside him was screaming, too sensitive to handle so much stimulation and the tension inside him growing bigger with every shift of his hips. It was too much, he couldn't keep up anymore.

"Dream," he whined, reaching for one of his hands to hold it, needing to feel more of him. The blond moved his hand away, completely ceasing his movements without a warning.

Fuck, fucking shit. He was too close, too damn close.

He couldn't stop now, his body wasn't going to be able to resist that.

"Dream." It almost sounded like a sob this time, voice too tinted with desperation. The boy shook his head, not saying a word but demanding something with his eyes. The omega felt lost for a moment, but then, an idea crossed his mind. "Clay...?" He tried again.

His friend lowered his head, a quiet groan escaping his lips as his hips shuttered. Yet he still shook his head again. The Brit frowned, confused by the contradicting reactions.

Until it finally clicked.

A heavy blush crept to his cheeks, red-tinted face turning even redder.

"... Alpha...?"

Dream moaned this time, instantly resuming his actions and fucking into him as if he had never stopped, grabbing his hand as the smaller boy had wanted him to.

"Again," he ordered. Another whimper escaped the omega's mouth.

"Alpha," he let out, less doubtful this time. "*Alpha*."

"You wanna cum?" The boy questioned, and George instantly nodded in response. The blond hummed, picking up his pace even more and moving down to press a hungry kiss on his lips, before nodding as well. "Come on then, baby, cum for me."

The brunet's body shook almost violently hearing that, hitting his orgasm hard right away and cumming all over himself, completely untouched.

That's all it took for his partner to reach his release as well, filling the condom with a guttural noise. And not ten seconds later, his knot was popping for the first time that day.

The omega bit his lips to prevent a sound from coming out, the feeling being more pleasant than painful now but still catching him by surprise since his partner wouldn't warn him first. But once he felt the boy's teeth in his arm, breaking his skin, he couldn't help but let out a small sob.

He closed his eyes, taking a sharp breath as he felt some tears coming out. It wasn't so painful anymore, whenever he marked his skin, but he was tired and sensitive, and everything felt like too much.

He kept his eyes closed as he tried to regulate his breathing, feeling as the alpha took his hand and rubbed his glands together gently. Gesture he had been repeating after every time they finished. He carefully put George's legs down, so he could be in a more comfortable position while connected, then placed a soft kiss over his lips. He buried his head on the brunet's shoulder next, placing tender kisses there now.

The brunet hummed to the affection, his chest feeling warm as he heard sweet words being whispered to him. The blond rubbed his thumb over the skin of his hips in circular motions, a soothing gesture he's also been doing quite a lot.

It was nice, he liked it.

"You were so good," the boy whispered, nipping at the skin of his shoulder. "You take me so well, always wet and tight." He bit softly at him, then kissed the place he marked. "Just for me, yeah? Just for me."

The omega hummed again, too exhausted to think of a better response. The affectionate caresses and proud words made his chest feel warm, but he still tried not to let it get to his head, nor react too much.

Because ruts and heats shared some similarities yet were different in some ways. And even if in both cases they would get out of it, brains influenced by their instincts and talking and behaving according to that, alphas normally had a better recollection of what they did once their ruts were over.

Dream would probably remember most if not all of these hormonal days, so he couldn't let himself indulge too much in the fantasy of loving gestures and possessive claims. He wouldn't be able to blame it on his compensatory heat, since that's not how it worked, so he needed to be sure everything that came out of his mind could be somewhat explained later.

He wondered how his friend would feel about the things he had said ever since the day before. He wondered if he would be embarrassed of how instinctual self made him act. He wondered if he would regret it, treating him almost like a mate.

A sudden thrust took him out of his thoughts, a surprised gasp escaping him. A painful whimper left his lips and his face cringed to the feeling of the blond abruptly moving his hips, stimulating his all too sensitive insides with his knot still keeping them connected.

"Dream-"

"That's not what you call me," his partner instantly said, pushing himself deeper inside before stopping his movements. The omega whimpered again, looking at him with pleading eyes.

"Alpha-" The boy placed a finger over his lips, commanding him to shut up.

"I'm still inside you baby," he pointed out, his eyes darkening and his expression getting serious. "Why the fuck are you thinking of other things?"

"M sorry," the brunet let out right away, heart racing to the way his friend was looking at him.

"You don't seem sorry."

"I am," he insisted, the blond humming in response. But apparently he wasn't convincing enough, because the American still wrapped his hand around his soft dick. Brown orbs instantly widened, panic invading him. "Alpha, I can't."

Dream glared at him, not doing anything but holding him in his hand.

"You were distracted, George," he complained. "I'm not pleasing you enough if you're thinking."

"You've pleased me so much," George immediately corrected, hands reaching to cup the boy's face. "You're- You've been so good." He caressed his cheeks with his thumbs, trying to get his full attention. "Such a good alpha, made me cum so much... Keeps my inner happy."

The blond let go of him hearing those words, placing his hands on his sides and moving closer until their foreheads touched.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." He nodded. "Was thinking 'bout you, only you."

“Only me.”

“Only you,” he repeated, nodding again.

Dream kissed him deeply right away, one of his hands searching for his own and placing their wrists together again, rubbing their glands slowly.

The alpha seemed to relax with that, and so the omega did as well. They kissed for a while, possessive gestures turning into soft ones as blueberries and snow wrapped the blond. Until he apparently was too tired to keep going, resting his head on his shoulder, and biting softly at his collar while letting out grumpy noises. Yet another thing he had been doing quite often.

George let out a relieved sigh, he was fucking exhausted and needed the pause.

Things had gotten really intense, really fast.

Monday was bearable, being the first day it wasn't too bad. The boy's libido increased a lot, his need to bite him in any place he was allowed to grew too, and he was as clingy as he's even seen him. But besides that, his behavior towards him wasn't all *that* different. But then he woke him up at three in the morning, ordering him to suck his dick and fucking him hard right after. And he's only gotten more and more demanding since, and fucked him restlessly from that point out as well.

It was actually mind-blowing how his stamina had changed. He would still be hard after cumming once, and half hard after a second time. And still would be able to get it back up in less than half an hour despite finishing three times. Reason why the boy had opted for not to knot him unless he really wanted to, just so he could keep fucking him over and over without having to wait.

The good thing was, his compensatory heat had fully kicked in thanks to that, and had managed to somewhat keep up with the blond.

Somewhat, because he obviously was more exhausted and overstimulated than the boy by that point of the night. But at least he hadn't had to beg him to stop at any moment before that.

He had been producing slick with the slightest change in the boy's scent, and he wasn't feeling as much pain anymore when he was hard on him. He became quite aroused quite easily as well, and wanted the boy as much as the alpha wanted him.

The difference between a real heat and a compensatory one was pretty clear, though, now that he was experiencing it. Physically it was similar enough, his ways of responding to the blond's actions making that clear. But he was fully conscious of what he was doing at all times, instinctual reactions still coming out here and there but overall keeping control over himself.

But yeah, even with his hormones doing their best to adapt, it was still way more than he expected. He really had underestimated how brutal Dream could be.

The more controlling behavior and aggressive demeanor wasn't the only big change he noticed, though. He would snap more easily if he wasn't giving him his full attention, would become way more tender with him after cumming and shower him in affection, the urge to have access to his scent at all times was stronger now as well, and the way he referred to him went from mostly calling him George to now randomly using pet names.

It was... A lot to take in, sometimes. Whenever he got really soft with him, and treated him like a precious position. It threatened to mess with his head. But it wasn't anything that he couldn't handle.

He hoped that wouldn't change. He hoped he could still keep a clear head about it.

Before he knew another difference between omega's heats and alpha's ruts was that ruts were pretty linear. Unlike heats, which used to come in waves of different intensities, with more and less degrees of consciousness at different points of it, ruts made the alpha's hormones exponentially rise up until they reached a peak, then rather quickly went down again.

In other words, Dream would only get more intense as time progressed, until he reached his peak.

The brunet sighed, closing his eyes. His friend had stopped biting at his collar and his breathing was slow and calm now, and that was indication enough that he was allowed to sleep. So he let himself do so, he gave in to the exhaustion he was feeling. He knew that the blond would pull out once his knot deflated, and he would wake him up if he needed to go at it again.

Just as he thought, the boy woke him up just a couple hours after a new day started. And just like the day before, the alpha was merciless.

He dragged him onto his lap whenever he wanted the omega to ride him, then threw him back to the mattress when he wasn't going as fast as he wanted. He pulled him to lay on his side to hug him from behind as he thrust into him, then turned him around and demanded him to stare at him.

He fucked his mouth whenever his hole needed a ten-minute break, just to push his fingers inside right after as if to show him he could take more, leaving him shaking and tearing up with the stimulation.

He made sure to take enough pauses to feed him and get him to drink water, though, his instinct to provide staying high as well, and took short naps with him the two times he knotted him that day. And after every new round of sex and marking him up, he would lick the wounds he himself made clean, kissing his bruised skin after.

George let his head fall against the pillow, closing his eyes and inhaling deeply. His chest felt somewhat tight, making it hard to breathe.

God, everything in him hurt slightly. His body was sore, his muscles tired, and he was already running out of energy.

And God, he felt gross. His skin stuck uncomfortably to the sheets because of how much he's been sweating, abdomen stained with dried cum and his thighs still wet with slick, some drops of blood over his arms and shoulders in the places the boy had bitten one too many times.

He took a deep breath, then opened his eyes.

"I need a bath," he let out, looking at his partner. The blond instantly raised his head, staring at him for a couple seconds before nodding.

"We can take a bath," he mumbled. And the brunet felt relieved that he wouldn't use the excuse of showering the night before to stay in bed longer or something.

Well, that more something that he would do than the boy, but with hormones interfering you could never be sure.

The omega slowly sat up then, cringing to the feeling of having to move again. He carefully worked on standing up, taking a moment to get used to being on his feet after spending mostly laying down for three full days, before trying to take a step. But his muscles were too tired, his

body too sore, and his legs faltering against his will.

Strong hands instantly grabbed his waist, helping him to keep his balance and preventing a fall.

"I'm carrying you," his friend said, wrapping an arm around him so he could pick him up. The Brit shook his head, sighing to himself.

"I'm fine, I just..."

"I'm carrying you," the American stated this time, letting him know that wasn't a suggestion, before taking him into his arms and carefully walking to his bathroom.

He sat the brunet down on the toilet as he approached the shower, taking a moment to turn the water on and fill the bath before going to get the smaller boy again. The blond waited until the bath was halfway full before carefully stepping inside, sitting down with George on his lap.

The omega relaxed against the strong chest, the warmth of the water helping alleviate the discomfort of his overused muscles. His eyes closed out of instinct, comfortable in that position and with how peaceful the atmosphere was.

He felt the boy press the bar of soap against his back, moving it slowly to clean him up. He hummed, letting him take over the cleaning duties, suddenly not wanting to move and more than happy to let Dream be the one to do the work for him.

The alpha was careful as he moved the soap through his body, taking his time to run it over his arms, and his chest, then his legs, paying special attention to the areas with more bites and marks to not hurt his skin even further.

Once he was done with that, he placed the bar aside, before rinsing his body. But then, he stopped. The boy stayed silent for a couple moments, the brunet opening his eyes when he noticed the lack of movements and about to ask what was wrong.

However, his friend spoke before he could.

"Can you get the collar off, just for a minute?" The blond asked, and now he understood the silence was due his own hesitation, clearly knowing he shouldn't be asking that.

"You know I can't," he mumbled, shaking his head.

"It's just for a second, George," the boy insisted. "You should get your neck cleaned too, and your skin probably needs a break anyways. Like, it needs to breathe."

The Brit hummed to his words, thinking about them for a moment. He wasn't really considering it, he knew he still couldn't do it; especially not when his partner's hormones had been so high all day and had been driven by his instincts almost completely. But he couldn't deny that he was right on what he was saying, and he wasn't all too comfortable after days of using the jewelry non-stop.

"Maybe I'll stay here in the bathroom for a minute after you leave and then I'll take it off," he concluded.

And maybe a few hours ago he would've been too nervous to say that, scared that the alpha would be displeased with his response. But his brain was too tired to care right now, plus the boy seemed somewhat tamed at the moment.

"But then I wouldn't be able to clean you," Dream pointed out, a hint of exasperation in his voice.

“Come on, just take it off. It’ll be fine, I promise.”

George opened his mouth to talk, ready to repeat once again that he couldn’t, but then he closed it again. He stayed silent for a moment, taking in his words and processing them.

... That was weird.

Since when was his friend so passionate about his hygiene?

“I can clean it myself, once you leave,” he mumbled, trying to test something.

“We’re in the bath right now, why would you want to do it later?”

The omega kept quiet again, simply thinking about his words and tone. In any other context, maybe he would’ve believed his partner was simply worried about his comfort and wanted to be a simp. But this wasn’t any other context.

Dream was trying, he was trying really hard to convince him he was right. But he could see through him. He knew him well enough to know he wouldn’t be so persistent if that’s all he wanted.

“Dream,” he called, turning his face as much as he could to look at him more directly. “Why do you want me to take it off?” He questioned, hurrying to talk again when he saw the boy opening his mouth. “The real reason.”

The blond’s words died on his mouth, his expression making it obvious that he had been caught up.

He awkwardly shifted on his spot, the water around them moving as he did, and glanced to the wall for a moment. Then, he sighed, as if he resigned to the fact that he wouldn’t be able to make up a decent enough excuse for the omega to stop asking about it.

“I need to mark you up,” he let out. And god, he wished that wasn’t enough to send chills through his whole body. “Not- I don’t mean biting, I know... I know I can’t,” the boy added, looking at him again. “But I just, I- I need to mark you somehow. I need to, I can’t- I need to feel like you’re mine.”

George turned his head to look in front of him again, hiding the blush growing on his cheeks.

Fuck, just fuck. Why did he have to word it like that? Why did he have to turn his heart on fire and have his instincts begging for him to agree?

As if he needed to keep adding more love bites and bruises to his already damaged skin, covering more of his shoulders and arms, legs and his chest. As if he needed to do any of it at all.

“You don’t need to mark me for that, Dream.” He closed his eyes, sighing as he leaned onto his friend’s chest and relaxed again. “I’m already yours.”

And just like that, he tensed up again, his eyes snapping wide open.

Holy *shit*.

Did he just say that out loud!?

He instantly opened his mouth to talk again, to take it back or correct himself, but nothing came out. He was frozen on his spot, heart suddenly stopping its beating.

Fuck. Oh fuck.

That wasn't good. That was so fucking bad. The choice of words, the tone of his voice... That wasn't something he *ever* wanted to say.

His stomach twisted, feeling like he was about to throw up. Panic hit him like a speeding truck, a million excuses running through his mind trying to figure out how to do damage control. Because that sentence sounded a little too much like a heartfelt confession, and he didn't have an answer for the questions that would surely follow now.

What do you mean? Mine how? Do you mean it?

He needed to do something. He needed to fix his mistake before it was too late.

"Dream--"

But his words died in his mouth as he abruptly felt his body being lifted, then turned around right after before being pulled back down again.

Scared brown eyes met static green ones, and before he could process what was going on or react to the change of position, a pair of lips were pressed against his own.

He gasped into the kiss, arms wrapping around him and pressing their bodies closer as the gesture deepened, Dream kissing him with a hunger that felt different from what he had gotten used to. He pushed his tongue inside him in a matter of seconds, exploring his mouth in an almost desperate way before breaking apart and looking at him again.

"Fuck you're so perfect," he let out, hands roaming through his body and touching as much as they could reach. "So fucking perfect, and all mine."

George's face turned dark red, body suddenly feeling warmer to the unexpected reaction. The boy pulled him closer, kissing him deeply again before pressing his lips over his cheek, and jaw, then moving to his shoulder.

"My beautiful omega," he whispered against his skin, then sucked at it lightly, making him take a sharp breath. "So pretty, just for me." He nipped at his skin next, hands moving to his legs and caressing his thighs. The brunet felt his head spinning, heart beating faster. "Just for your alpha, right?"

The blond raised his head to look at him, questioning him with his eyes. The Brit gulped, nodding right away as more blood rushed to his cheek. He felt like he would pass out at any minute.

"Say it," his partner demanded. "Say what I am."

"My alpha," he let out in a whisper, voice a little too choked-out. Dream smirked, then moved down to bite at his skin again.

"Good job," he praised, placing a couple more kisses over his skin as his hands slowly approached his inner thighs, carefully spreading his legs. "Say it again."

The omega's breath inched as fingers teased his entrance, feeling lightheaded and like with any wrong movement he could faint right there and then. But the blond was waiting for a response, so he tried to focus as much as he could.

"You're my alpha."

The boy groaned against his lips, one hand placing on his hip to shift his position ever so lightly.

“God, baby, look what you do to me,” his friend whispered, pressing his hard member against his tight.

George almost whined, heat pooling on his stomach and slick already mixing with the bath’s water.

“Condom,” he instantly let out, his chest moving slowly as his breathing got heavier. The blond chuckled to his words, raising an eyebrow.

“Want me to fuck you already?” He asked, despite obviously knowing the answer. The brunet still nodded, too turned on to care about his own embarrassment, getting another chuckle in response. “You get so desperate so fast” the boy mocked, making his blush grow bigger.

Dream reached for something by the shampoo bottles, the Brit blinking a few times when he saw the envelope, then giving the blond a questioning look.

“Why did you have a condom *there*?”

“Brought it with me yesterday, just in case.”

The smaller boy snorted to those words, yet couldn’t find it in him to use any of the teasing words he could think of. Not when they were about to use it, proving his idea of bringing it to the bath hadn’t been a crazy one after all.

He didn’t have any more time to think about it, though, his partner quickly covering his dick and pulling him closer again, positioning him right over his tip. And they’ve done that same exact thing once too many times by now, George working on lowering himself so the alpha could push himself inside.

In a matter of seconds, he had bottomed up, and as soon as the alpha was fully inside, he began thrusting into him without giving him a chance to try and move first. The blond wrapped his arms tightly around him, and shifted his hips fast right away as if he had been waiting for ages to fuck him again.

The brunet could only lower his head and moan, mind blank and pleasure taking over him completely, trying his best to rock his hips as well to add to the friction.

“You feel so good, fuck,” his friend whispered, speeding up and shifting his position slightly to aim directly at his prostate. “Like you were made to take me.”

The omega whined to his words, nodding eagerly to his statement. He was made for him, he was perfect for him. If Dream was willing to accept him, he could be everything he needed and more. He could be the mate his inner was waiting for.

“Need to fill you up,” the boy suddenly let out, in a groan, a particularly hard thrust taking him out of his thoughts and making him moan again. “Wanna get you full with my cum.”

“*Please*,” he whispered, despite consciously knowing the condom wouldn’t let him do that. That didn’t make him want it any less, that didn’t make him wish things were different and they could be fucking raw, any less.

The blond intensified the movement of his hips, fucking him as hard as their position allowed them, water spattering all around them and making a mess of the bathroom. He thrust again, and once more, then he was cumming with a guttural noise.

He wrapped his hand around George's dick right away, stroking him at a rather fast pace. But he didn't need to jerk him off for long, only taking him a couple of seconds and for him to knot him before the brunet was reaching his orgasm as well.

God fuck, he absolutely loved the feeling of having the alpha's knot.

He let out a loud moan, collapsing against his friend's chest as he rode off his high. The boy slowed his movement until they came to a full stop, and then, he simply held him, whispering soft praise into his ear as he reached for one of his hands to light-scent as they've been doing over and over these past three days.

As if the water wouldn't wash it off anyways, as if they didn't stink to each other already anyways.

... The water would wash it off.

"Dream," he whined, as soon as his brain was conscious enough again to realize what they just did. "We're in the *bath*."

"Yeah?" The boy mumbled in response, clearly confused by his unnecessary observation.

"You just *knotted* me."

That seemed to do the trick, his friend now realizing as well of the situation they were in.

"... Oh."

"Yeah, *oh*." In all honesty, what else was there to say?

They were obligated to stay for another hour there in the water, connected in a not too comfortable position, wet and naked as the night fell in. He wanted to groan in frustration. Dream laughed before he could.

"Ts not funny," he complained, but that only made his friend wheeze. "*Dream!*"

The blond wheezed louder, the brunet couldn't help but giggle.

And soon enough, the bathroom was filled with both of their laughter.

Big fingers ran softly through his hair.

Lips were pressed on his cheek, then on his forehead, a bottle of water being offered to him next.

"M sorry," the blond mumbled, giving him a short peck before pulling away to give him space to drink.

"M fine, 'ts okay," the brunet assured, before taking the bottle. He tried his best not to cringe as he slowly sat up, grabbing the painkillers from the nightstand and using the water to swallow them.

The alpha watched him do so with a guilty expression, playing with his own hands in a nervous manner. George didn't want him to feel bad, he really was okay. The pain wasn't unbearable, and nothing terrible had happened. But he understood it was enough to have the boy's instincts on edge. The American kept glancing at the Brit's chest, to the big bruise that covered part of his side.

"I'm fine," the brunet instantly repeated, trying to get his attention.

And he wasn't lying. It only hurt when he moved too quickly, but it probably wasn't going to last. Because it's not like the boy had done anything to him, he just pressed him a little too harshly against the bed the night before and kept his hand there holding him for a little too long. In all honesty, it wasn't even worse than some of the bite marks he had on his arms, and the bruise wasn't any more purple than the ones his friend's fingers had left on his thigh.

And overall, he's had it pretty easy.

The boy moved closer to him, kissing him softly for a couple of seconds before pulling away again.

"I'm gonna get you some food, alright?" He mumbled, the omega nodding in response.

The alpha stared at him for a few more seconds, before nodding as well and standing up, heading to the door to go downstairs. George sighed, moving to lay down again and trying to get comfortable. It was funny how even during his rut, Dream was still the one checking on him and taking care of his needs, instead of the other way around.

Well, he guessed it made sense, it was just more of his protective traits intensified. And it also helped that his friend was calmer now.

Ever since the night before, the blond's behavior had started to calm down. Even before knowing that the omega was in slight pain for the way he held him; detail he didn't admit to until the boy literally saw his bruises the next morning; so the shift couldn't be blamed on that. And being calmer wasn't just in the sense of being less demanding or snappy, less moody as well. It was a general thing, his reactions less intense.

The American had only woken up once during the night, too aroused to keep sleeping and needing to take care of his needs. And he had only fucked him once in the morning too, cumming once being enough for his boner to go down this time.

So that meant, the peak of Dream's rut had probably passed already.

Which again, made sense. He had been pretty brutal with him on Tuesday night and most of Wednesday, just starting to seem more collected since they went to the bath yet still using a little too much force during their last round of the night; as his bruises made it clear. And now that it had passed, his hormones were going back to normal.

It wasn't over yet, though, the normalization process wasn't *that* quick. He could still perceive symptoms that made the differences between his usual self and his rut self something noticeable. But those behaviors would probably keep dying down as time went on, and then be fully gone by Friday night or so.

A part of him was relieved, a part of him wished it could last just a little longer.

But he knew it wouldn't, he knew enough about ruts to know that they usually lasted about the same his heats normally did; excepting for his last one. Compared to other omegas' heats though, the time period was way shorter.

It was interesting to think about it sometimes, the differences between their cycles.

Omegas would have two or three weeks of pre-heat, full of increasing symptoms as their hormones started to act up, and around seven to ten days of their actual heat, all of it every three months. Alphas, however, wouldn't have more than maybe a week and a half of slowly raising symptoms, or even less than that depending on the alpha, and only three to five days of actual rut before the

fading off process started, lasting around a day. Plus, it happened just once a year.

Well, alphas also needed one or two days after their ruts to recover, being more tired and sometimes still being a little clingy. But that would be it.

So basically, for Omegas it would be a whole month of irregular suffering, every three months, while alphas would have no more than what? Two weeks and a half of having to put up with their hormones, and only once a year.

He kind of wished Omegas' cycles were shorter too, it sounded way better than what they had right now. But also, it was true that Alphas were way more likely to go into compensatory states even when they weren't mated, so they could experience random highs on their hormones multiple times a year.

Mated alphas would pretty much go into a compensatory rut for every single one of their omega's heats, so besides their usual heat they would still have three other peaks a year. But unmated alphas were at risk of going into that state or even getting their actual ruts triggered just by being close to an omega in heat, even if they didn't have a connection with them. It wasn't like that for omegas, compensatory heats would only happen if the connection was already there, and mostly only when mated.

Maybe that was why ruts only happened once a year. Maybe biology was being smart, saving their energy so they could use it whenever they needed it if their hormones were triggered.

He couldn't help but wonder if Dream would experience that with him from now on, if his heat would throw him into that state from now on. He couldn't help but wonder if it had already happened. Now that he's experienced the boy's rut and knew how he behaved, he could see some similarities to the blond's behavior towards him right before his heat fully kicked in and during it as well.

He shook his head, sighing as he did. He didn't want to think about it. There was no point in imagining it.

"Hey," his friend's voice completely took him out his thoughts, his eyes flying to him. The boy was carrying a tray full of food, carefully sitting down by the brunet's side and taking a spoon right away. "Here, let me help you" he mumbled, but George knew it wasn't exactly a suggestion.

So he nodded, staying quiet as the alpha helped him sit up then offered him bites of his lunch, allowing him to feed him and watching him as he ate his own food as well.

The blond took his time to give him his food, offering him some dessert as well once they were done with the main plate, and some snacks as well in case he preferred that. Then he made him drink some water, congratulating him for finishing his meal as if it was some kind of amazing accomplishment.

He helped him lay down again after, then laid by his side right away. An arm wrapped around him instantly, pulling him closer and lips finding their way to his cheek like earlier.

His partner went back to petting his hair, kissing his bruised skin, and caressing his side like before he had left the room. He whispered tender words of how great he was and how happy he's been making him, doing everything he asked without complaining.

George stayed quiet, letting him do his thing, humming to the sweet praise and kissing him back whenever the boy's lips found his own. Dream always got so soft to him whenever they were done

fucking, but ever since the night before he's been showering him in affection even more.

A part of him really liked it, a part of him wished he could stop. Because it was getting harder and harder to pretend it didn't affect him. That it didn't make his heart squeeze in his chest and made him want to slip up and admit even more things.

But it was scary. He couldn't let himself do it. Because there's so much he could handle saying without getting the same words in response.

The blond pressed their lips together again, for a little longer this time. The brunet allowed him to deepen the gesture, feeling as he carefully moved to get over him. The way his lips moved was just as gentle, but he could sense the hunger growing the more their mouths danced together. And as his friend's tongue found his way inside, playing with his own, the intensity grew even further.

The boy pressed their bodies together, placing his hands on his hips, squeezing his skin. His growing hardness rubbed subtly against his thigh, the movement barely noticeable. The omega hummed into the kiss, shifting his position ever so lightly so the alpha could grind on his leg more easily.

It didn't take long for his dick to be fully erect, sloppy thrusts turning into more needy ones. His partner let out soft groans into the kiss, holding him a little tighter as his desperation grew. George wrapped his arms around him, pulling him a little closer.

He should be tired by now after everything they've done these past few days, but thanks to his compensatory heat, he was more than ready to go at it again.

Dream pulled away after a couple of seconds, looking at him with needy eyes. He created enough distance to separate their faces, but keeping their bodies pressed together.

"Suck me off?" He asked, shifting his hips again. The brunet raised an eyebrow, somewhat confused by his request. Not like he didn't like the suggestion, but it wasn't exactly what he had been expecting.

He considered for a moment if to just go with it or express what he was thinking of, finally deciding that the boy was calm enough to not take it as him being bratty if he spoke his mind.

"You don't wanna fuck me?" He questioned then, keeping his confused expression. The blond rolled his eyes, as if he had just said the most stupid thing imaginable.

"Of course I do," he instantly said, but that didn't make things any less clear.

The omega stared at him like trying to ask 'then?' with his eyes. Because if he wanted to, he saw no reason why to suggest doing something else. But it only took him looking at his face for three seconds to realize what was going on.

Of course his friend would try to hold back. Of course his friend would still be fixed on the idea that he somewhat hurt him.

Okay, that maybe he should've seen it coming. The boy did nothing but freak out the second he saw his bruise and found out the brunet had been hiding his pain, going as far as to think he had accidentally broken one of his ribs or something until the Brit managed to calm him down. But still, he thought he had proven already that it wasn't as bad.

He rolled his eyes, sighing as he slowly spread his legs.

"I'm fine, I can take it," he said, looking at his partner with certainty. But the American still seemed hesitant. "Dream, I'm fine."

"Your mouth is more than enough, though," the boy insisted, offering him an understanding smile.

He didn't like that. He didn't like the softness right now. Because a Dream focused on only his well being meant a Dream that wasn't so instinctual anymore, and a part of him really wasn't ready for things to be over and back to how they usually were.

"But I can give you more," George pressed, taking the boy's hand and pushing it down closer to his member. "You know you wanna fuck me."

The blond took a sharp breath, rocking his hips against his hip a couple times before stopping his movements again.

The brunet groaned in frustration.

"Stop holding back, I want it," he protested. But again, nothing. And honestly, this was way more upsetting than it should be, but there was something inside him that needed to feel like his partner wasn't already stopping feeling the need to own him.

He needed to do more, he needed to make him snap out of it. He needed to be how he had been so far because right now he didn't need a caring friend.

The Brit began to move his leg softly, trying to stroke the American's dick that way.

"Alpha, please," he let out right away, not trying to sound disappointing but still a hint of frustration escaping him. "I thought you wanted to be good."

A strong hand gripping his thigh abruptly forced him to stop his movement, the other hand grabbing his jaw so suddenly he couldn't help but yelp. Brown orbs widened right away, staring into the cold glare the blond was offering him.

"Oh, are you gonna be a brat now?" He accused, shaking his head. "I'm trying to take care of you, but you just want my dick in your ass don't you?"

George's cheeks turned bright red in an instant. He shut his mouth right away, heart immediately racing.

The blond raised an eyebrow, then snorted to his reaction.

"So you're all quiet now, huh?" He mocked, his eyes tracing down his body next until they got to his still soft member. He scoffed as he saw him, shaking his head. "You're not even hard, baby" he accused him, tone almost disappointed. "Yet you're still begging me to take you."

For some reason he couldn't explain, his sentences filled him with a sense of humiliation. As if his body not reacting yet was something he should be embarrassed of. As if he had bragged about something he wasn't actually able to pull off.

Defensiveness instantly took over him.

"You haven't touched me yet, I-"

"Do I have to do all the work here?" The alpha cut him off, glaring at him again.

He let go of his face then, removing the hand on his leg as well, slowly pulling away and creating

more space between them.

“Don’t be a lazy ass, show me that you want me,” he demanded. And George’s heart was suddenly beating out of his chest, breath stuck in his throat. “Get your pretty hole wet for your alpha, yeah?”

It should be embarrassing the way his body shivered to the order, biting his lips to stop a whine from coming out. Holy fucking shit, that’s not what he thought would happen when he first spoke out, but he couldn’t say he didn’t like it, despite how exposed and vulnerable he suddenly felt.

It was undeniable, the effect the boy had in him. Just with his words, he was already getting hard.

He shakingly moved one of his hands down to his ass, taking a deep breath before letting one of his fingers grace at his entrance. The alpha stared at him so intently it was making him nervous, stopping his movements as if to wait for his approval before doing anything else. Dream hummed, pulling away some more to put more distance between them, so he could look at all of him. Then he placed a hand on his knee, spreading the omega’s legs further to get a better view of the show he was requesting.

“Come on, baby, touch yourself for me,” he demanded. “Touch yourself like you’re horny in your room, thinking of my dick.”

More blood rushing to his cheeks, heart beating even faster. He wondered what the boy would think if he knew he’s already done that. He wondered if maybe somehow he knew about it. Either way, the sentence made him feel weirdly caught. And for some reason, that only made him more aroused.

He took a shaky breath, then pushed his finger inside himself. And it was quite easy, to be honest, slick already coming out of him without having to make any effort.

His body grew warmer as he watched the boy watch him, following with his eyes every moment of his finger. The way he thrust the digit in and out, then twisted his wrist to get deeper inside, the way he soon added a second one, scissoring motions helping to spread him open. And fuck, it was hot. It was so fucking hot.

He purposely avoided his prostate, remembering the way his friend used to guide him on the phone. He stroked his walls and stimulated his insides the way he had been taught, as if wanting to show him just how much he’s learned and make him proud. He let out sounds as well, needy moans and choked-out whimpers, putting a full show for him because he knew he liked how vocal he could be. He rocked his hips to get his digits go even deeper, fucking himself at a steady pace.

He’s never been watched while fingering himself before. He wouldn’t mind doing it again and again if the alpha would stare at him like that; with so much hunger and desire it was almost scary. Yet despite all his best efforts and obeying as he was told to, the boy stayed on the same spot, just staring at him without participating.

He couldn’t take that, he just couldn’t. He needed him so fucking bad, like he was the one in heat and the blond simply doing him a favor.

“Dream,” he called for him, with a whiny voice. His partner glared at him with cold eyes, his inner sobbing to the clear warning in them. “Alpha,” he instantly corrected himself, not wanting to upset him and be denied his pleasure.

The tall one hummed to his reaction, clearly satisfied with the response to his stare, moving just a little closer to place his hand on his leg and caressing it slowly.

“Good, such a compliant omega,” he praised him, making the smaller boy shiver. He pulled his hand away again, reaching for a condom from his nightstand. “You want me now, baby?” The brunet nodded right away, taking his fingers out right away to give full access to his partner. The blond hummed again. “Show me, then.”

George blinked a few times, looking at the alpha with confused eyes, just to be met with expectant ones. The boy was clearly waiting for something, but he didn’t know what that was.

“What?” He asked quietly, hoping the American wouldn’t take it as him being difficult.

“Show me that you want it, ask for it,” Dream said in response, but that wasn’t very clear either.

The omega looked at him hesitantly, shifting on his spot and clearing his throat.

“Please?” He tried, the alpha shaking his head to the word.

“Don’t act dumb, you know what to do,” his partner accused, despite George’s confused expression. “You’ve done it before, come on.”

The brunet blinked again, opening his mouth then closing it right after. The blond raised an eyebrow, questioning with his eyes why he was taking so long. The smaller boy doubted, about to admit he had no idea what he was talking about despite the fear of disappointing him by doing so. But then, suddenly, a thought crossed his mind.

He blinked once again, and then one more.

Blood rushed to his face the moment he realized what the boy was asking for. His eyes flew to his partner again, this time with a mix of shame and anxiety. Because he couldn’t be asking for that, it was too fucking embarrassing.

“Dre- Alpha, I-”

“You want me to fuck you?” The man interrupted him. “Ask for it.”

George felt like he couldn’t breathe, his heart beating so fast it almost hurt. He looked at his friends with pleading eyes, silently begging for him to have mercy and change his mind. Because it had been a joke, when he did it. And it’s not like he didn’t want to do it, but that was exactly why he shouldn’t go ahead with it.

He shouldn’t be feeling so on board with the idea. But the boy’s expression didn’t change, still expecting.

The brunet took a deep breath, body trembling as he slowly sat up and cheeks crimson red. He took his time to turn around, shaking too much to go any faster, breathing deeply here and there to keep himself calm and collected. He shouldn’t be so excited; he shouldn’t have slick leaking down his legs.

He shut his eyes close as if that would make it any less embarrassed, as he finally got on his knees and pressed his face against the mattress. And then, inhaling deeply one last time, he lifted his hips to expose his ass, presenting himself for him as the alpha wanted. Big hands were instantly on his butt, grabbing his cheeks and spreading them apart.

He couldn’t help the moan that came out of him, his partner groaned at his reaction while he positioned himself in front of him. The blond aligned his covered dick with the omega’s entrance, and somehow that was enough to get his muscles clenching around nothing, his insides begging to

be filled.

“God, you’re so pretty,” the alpha whispered, George whined in response. “So pretty and obedient, doing whatever I ask.”

“Please,” he let out in a whisper, rocking his hips in a desperate attempt to get his partner to hurry up. Yet it only made the boy laugh at him.

“So needy,” he mocked, squeezing at his ass harshly.

The brunet was about to beg again, feeling lightheaded from such a long wait. But then, Dream finally pushed himself inside, thrusting into him a little harder than he expected. The omega gripped at the sheets, a loud moan escaping him and taking a sharp breath. The blond didn't give him time to get used to the intrusion, pounding into him fast straight up and pushing himself deeper.

He held his hips so tightly he could tell it would leave even more bruises, picking up the pace with every thrust and lowering himself to bite his shoulder. The brunet whimpered to the actions, trying to keep his ass raised but his legs shaking with the brutal way the boy moved his hips, his mind clouded with pleasure because holy fuck, that position kept the boy hitting his prostate over and over.

It felt so fucking good he could barely breath, begging for more despite tears burying his vision from just how hard his partner was fucking him. He fucked him like he didn't care about anything but his own pleasure, as his George was just a warm hole to use and fill until he was satisfied enough.

“Fuck, you’re perfect,” the boy suddenly let out, holding him tighter. “You feel *so* good.”

The omega could only moan in response, too overwhelmed to think of a better answer. But just as pressure began to build up inside him, just as his burning insides began to feel a little too stimulated to ignore it, the alpha suddenly pulled out.

A broken sob escaped his lips, an almost panicked reaction to the abrupt emptiness. The strong hands on his hips quickly turned him around, forcing him to lay in bed. The brunet looked at the blond with fear and guilt, thinking he's done something wrong. But not too seconds later the American was pushing himself inside again, just in a new position.

“I wanna knot you,” he mumbled, as if to offer an explanation. “Wouldn't be too comfortable if you stay on your knees for an hour.”

George's chest felt tight, warmth spreading inside him and forcing him to close his eyes, his head spinning to the words and all the sudden feeling like he could break down crying. Because Dream could do whatever he wanted to him yet he still kept being gentle and caring and fuck, he loved him.

He loved him more than he should.

He was totally in love with him and wanted him to love him too.

The boy lowered his head, burying it on his shoulder, nipping at his skin as he kept thrusting into him. He nipped and kissed his way to his neck. But of course, there was something there to stop his actions. The blond groaned in frustration, slowing down his movements.

“George,” he called him, sounding a little upset now. “Just take it off already.”

The words forced his brain to focus on reality again, shaking his head a couple times right away even if that might not be the reaction he wanted to give.

“You know I can’t-”

“Yes you can, just take it off,” his partner insisted. “I’ll be good, I promise. My- My rut is almost done.”

The brunet took a deep breath, then opened his eyes, looking at the boy.

Well, that was true. He was almost done with his rut, and he had shown more self-control all day. But was that really enough? Could he take his words for it.

“Still, I don’t think...”

“Please,” the alpha begged, slight desperation tinting his voice. “I can control myself, I swear” he added, then reached to grab his hand, squeezing it lightly. “You can trust me, baby, I just want your scent.”

The omega opened his mouth to talk, then closed it again. He knew he had to keep declining his words, he knew he shouldn’t give in. But he didn’t want to say no.

Maybe it was because he was tired, or that after four full days of wearing the collar his neck was a little sore. Or maybe it was that his inner was begging him to do it, and he himself wanted to stop restraining his scent too. Whatever it was, he sighed, bringing his hands to his neck.

“I trust you,” he said, placing his hands around his neck. But before touching the collar in the pattern to take it off, he looked at the boy one more time. “You can’t bite me,” he warned, or more like reminded him. “You can’t even *ask* to bite me,” he added, the alpha nodded in agreement.

He took yet another deep breath, then placed his thumbs on the front of the jewelry and two fingers of each hand on the back. The collar came off slowly, as if to give him time to change his mind. But he wasn’t about to second guess himself now, taking his time to remove it and place it aside. And as soon as his neck was exposed again, his partner buried his face on it, inhaling deeply.

The omega’s heart raced right away.

“Dream, you really can’t-”

“I know,” the boy cut him off. “You’re safe, it’s okay.”

The brunet relaxed a little with that, hearing how calm the blond’s voice was. He breathed deeply a few times, before nodding, as if to let him know he trusted his words. And with that, the alpha buried his nose by his gland again, inhaling deeply.

The boy let out a soft groan of pleasure, like an addict man getting his high again. He pressed his lips over it right after, placing soft kisses on his skin as if to worship that part of him before allowing his teeth to graze at it. Not biting, just nipping softly at the area around his gland.

He began to move his hips again as well, fucking him slower than before but just as deeply, hands roaming the omega’s body and feeling him up. And George felt warm, really warm. But not just in an aroused kind of way.

The blond continued with his actions for a couple of seconds, but then, he pressed their lips against his gland again, this time sucking at the sensitive spot and nipping directly at it. The small boy

took a sharp breath, his eyes widened to the action.

“Dream,” he called him.

Biting at the edges and skin around him was okay-ish, but playing directly with the gland was becoming too much too quickly. He could feel his inner screaming and cheering and asking for more and fuck, he couldn't do this right now. But the taller one didn't respond, instead he nipped harder.

“Dream,” he tried again, more desperation in his voice this time. “Stop.”

Panic was quickly taking over him, the sensation rapidly getting overwhelming. Everything inside him was begging him to let the boy keep going and he could tell his scent showed just that; just how thrilled and needy the action made him feel. It made his partner suck harder, it made him squeeze at his gland with his teeth.

George held his breath, resisting the urge of pulling him closer and trying to focus to speak again.

“God, you smell so good,” the alpha let out before he could say anything. “So fucking good,” he groaned, squeezing at his skin again. “Makes me wanna-”

“Don't say it,” he whispered, a broken plea for strength he didn't have. “You can't ask me,” he reminded him, closing his eyes. Yet despite not looking at him, he could still feel his intense stare directly on him. He could feel him sensing the panic on his scent, the desperation on his sentence. He could feel him process more than an order, his words were just an urgent petition for mercy.

“Why not?” The boy questioned, keeping his mouth just as close to his gland, placing another kiss over it in a more tentative matter this time.

George took a deep breath, and held him tight, trying to think of the best way to explain. Yet his words found their way out before he could give it much thought.

“Because I don't think I can say no to you right now,” he let out. Because he couldn't trust himself from not giving in to what he wanted. So he begged him to stop talking, and hoped the alpha would stay true to his promise. Because he knew he wasn't strong enough to decline it if the boy asked for what his instincts demanded.

Silence fell over them for a second, yet felt like ten hours. Until finally, the blond let out a shaky breath.

“You want me to bite you,” the alpha declared, finally connecting the dots. Somehow, his voice almost sounded surprised, like he didn't see that coming. Even knowing George's compensatory heat had kicked in, even with everything that had been happening in the past few days.

The omega didn't respond, but he didn't have to.

“You want me to bite you,” his friend said again, sounding more pleased this time. And despite still having his eyes closed, he could see his smile just by hearing his tone.

He didn't give him an answer now either, but he knew he wasn't really asking. The alpha let out a soft laugh. Somehow, it kind of sounded like a cheer.

The shift of his hips suddenly increased again, picking up the pace so quickly it almost hurt. He buried his nose by his gland again, nipping at it just for a moment longer before moving his mouth a few centimeters again. And then, he bit at his skin. Close enough to his sensitive spot to make

him shiver and whine, but not close enough to where it would trigger any instinctual response.

But that was still too much, that was still making his brain go blank and his instincts begging to take over, wanting him to repeat his actions but in the right place this time.

“Dream.” Panic was growing again, discomfort over fighting his own head. His partner was playing a dangerous game and the brunet was seconds away from losing. He needed him to stop, because George wouldn’t be strong enough to stop him himself. “Dream.”

“It’s okay, baby, I’m not gonna do it,” the blond hurried to assure, shushing him in a tender way; replying directly to his thoughts despite not saying them out loud. “You’re safe, I promise,” he mumbled like before, placing an affectionate kiss over the zone he’s been playing with. “I don’t need to bite you yet.”

Just like that, all the fearful emotions that filled him were replaced by something else, something way more similar to disappointment. It wasn’t just the words, but the calm tone they were being said like the boy wasn’t struggling at all, unlike the omega. As if it wasn’t hard for him to stop himself, as if it wasn’t something he needed to do.

But then, his brain finally picked up on the end of his sentence.

Yet?

A hand wrapping around his dick suddenly took him out of his thoughts, his partner speeding up again and thrusting harder into him.

“‘Cause you’re already mine, aren’t you?” Dream whispered against his skin, kissing it softly again. “I can wait, ‘ts fine.”

George could be a weak man.

George could spend a life building limits and pushing them without breaking, but once they broke it was too easy to get tired and want to give in.

George was in love with Dream.

And he couldn’t stand any of it, it was all too much.

“Promise?” He asked before he could stop himself, electric waves running down his body to the implication on his friend’s sentence.

The alpha looked at him, offering him a smile before lowering his head again, stroking him faster as if to try to get his attention back to their shared actions. The omega moaned in response, closing his eyes for a second. But his head was spinning, and his heart was too tight.

“Dream,” he whined, and it almost sounded like a plea. “You promise?” He insisted, unable to think of anything else. “You’re gonna bite me?”

The blond looked at him again, and then moved closer, pressing their lips together in a heated kiss. And between the kiss, the hand caressing his skin, the other stroking his dick, and how hard the boy was fucking him, it didn’t take more than a few seconds to push him over the edge, cumming all over himself.

His friend was quick to follow him, filling the condom once again and knotting him right after. He didn’t feel any pain this time, his head was in the clouds.

The alpha broke the kiss just to bury his head on the boy's shoulder, biting harshly at it. The brunet let out a broken whimper to the unexpected feeling, but soon enough he was getting distracted by something else. A neck against his own, glands suddenly touching.

George stilled, holding his breath and expectation filling him. And without saying a word, Dream began to rub their glands together, in an almost desperate way.

Because he *was* desperate, they both were. They both have been craving that, for their scents to mix and become one.

Caramel ice cream and blueberry plants might be his favorite smell in the world, and everything felt right and made sense to him, even the things he still didn't understand.

George held onto his partner like his life depended on it. He never wanted to let go, he wanted to stay like that forever.

The alpha continued rubbing their glands for what could've been both minutes or hours, until exhaustion made itself present and they had to take a break. The brunet closed his eyes, taking a deep breath, taking a moment to calm down because God, that had been intense. In more than one way.

The blond soon began to place kisses on his skin, as soft and tender as he always got after having sex, his hands drawing soothing patters on his hips as well.

"Fuck, I love this," the boy whispered. George felt lightheaded and his heart was tired of speeding up, but he still felt fire inside him with those words.

And maybe the mix of their smells was making him clingy, or maybe it was because he never actually got a response to his desperate question. But despite liking to hear that sentence, this time he needed more. He needed to hear heartfelt words like the ones he himself had given unintentionally.

"What else do you love?" He asked, closing his eyes.

He felt the blond lift his head, and could feel his eyes on him, yet he still didn't look at him. After a couple of seconds, his friend chuckled, moving down again and pressing a kiss by his gland.

"I love your scent," he mumbled, kissing his chest next. "I love your body."

He let his hands wander down his hips, closer to where their bodies were connected, caressing the zone close to his butt very slowly.

"I love your ass, and all your sounds," he whispered against his skin, then moved to kiss his cheek. "I love your face."

He grabbed his jaw gently next, as if to get his attention. The brunet tried to stay still, but eventually gave in, opening his eyes again and glancing at him.

"I love the way you look at me," his partner mumbled, with an amused smirk.

George felt his cheeks blush lightly, but kept a blank expression. It was nice, it was sweet. Each word made his chest feel tight and made him somewhat happy. But it still didn't feel like enough.

He still wanted more, he wanted something else. He wanted words to understand. He wanted words to feel like he wasn't going insane. He wanted him to say it first, so maybe he could too.

“And what else?” He whispered, trying again.

The boy gave him a weird look, but then chuckled as before.

“I love everything about doing this with you, baby,” he mumbled, almost as if to reassure him. “I love that I’m doing it with you.” He placed a soft kiss against his lips. “I love that you’re mine.”

The brunet closed his eyes again. It was so close, so similar to what he needed. But it wasn’t quite right.

“Dream,” he whispered. And, weirdly, it sounded almost like a plea.

The alpha pressed their lips together again, kissing him with more intention this time. The omega let himself melt into the gesture, allowing the boy to explore his mouth as he wanted. His friend broke apart just a moment later, going back to tender caresses and all kinds of gentle physical attention, whispering soft praise of how good he was at taking him and how pretty he was.

George stayed quiet, caressing his back to give something back as he let him do whatever he wanted, to be as clingy as he needed to be, until his knot went down. As soon as the blond had pulled out, cleaned him up and thrown the condom away, the brunet slowly sat up on the edge of the bed, getting ready to stand up.

“M gonna go grab my blankets,” he mumbled in a quiet tone. The boy gave him a confused look, a question written on his face. “My... My compensatory heat, it’s making me miss my nest,” he explained.

The American’s expression shifted to a more understanding one, nodding a couple times.

“Want me to go with you?” He asked, but the Brit quickly shook his head.

“No,” he let out right away. His friend’s eyes widened, taken back by his tone. “No- I, you would just distract me, it’ll be quicker if I go alone,” he instantly corrected himself, in a softer tone.

Dream stared at him for a couple of seconds, before nodding again. He didn’t seem too convinced, but thankfully he still agreed. George stood up before he could change his mind. Walking wasn’t too easy, and he felt his legs trembling with each of his steps, but he still managed to leave the room and head into his own.

He closed the door behind him, then headed straight to the bathroom. And as soon as he had closed that door as well, he let himself fall and sit on the floor.

The omega inhaled deeply, pressing his lips into a thin line. He felt his eyes burning, tears wanting to come out, so he quickly closed them and covered them with his hands.

God, he felt so stupid. He was a complete mess.

He didn’t want to be sad, he had no reason to be upset. But he was, and it fucking hurt. It really fucking hurt. Because Dream loved everything about him, except *him*. He loved his body, he mentioned every single physical part of him that crossed his mind. He loved his company, and the ownership he had admitted and given to the alpha. But the boy couldn’t offer those same words to *him*.

Because he didn’t love him, not in the way he wanted him to at least.

He couldn’t say it, because he would be lying to him. And everything felt so good and perfect, and

he treated him like a mate would, but that wasn't their reality. Dream liked him to an instinctual level, but that's as far as his feelings went.

Or what other reason could be for him not to say it? Especially when George had already said everything with simple sentences.

He could admit that he belonged to him, he could admit that he wanted to be claimed. He could ask for what he needed and so desperately wanted. And all he would get in response, were more kisses and another round of sex.

It wasn't real, none of the hopes he's built.

As soon as they were back to their normal routine, the mate behaviors would disappear. And he wasn't sure how he would be able to handle that. He wasn't sure just for how long he would be able to keep his 'just friends' act. He wasn't even sure he would be able to do it at all.

So maybe that was it. Maybe he had hit rock bottom. Maybe he was right to believe spending the boy's rut together was a mistake because now he knew everything he was missing. Maybe this was as far as he could get, because no matter how hard he tried he couldn't ignore his own feelings. But he didn't want that to be it. He wanted to be another reason.

Maybe his friend was holding back. Maybe since he was still technically in rut, he didn't want to confuse the omega or think he didn't mean it. Maybe he wanted to wait. Maybe he wanted to be sure the brunet would believe him. He wanted so badly for any other explanation, anything that he could take as a sign that maybe the loving behaviors wouldn't stop and he could actually be his once the rut was over.

A part of him felt stupid for thinking that, a part of him knew from the start that's not something he could ever want. But Dream seemed so happy whenever he slipped out, it was hard not to feel hopeful.

Maybe he needed to wait and see how the blond would behave towards him once his hormones went down and there weren't instincts forcing him to want him. Maybe he needed to wait and see, if it was right to be hopeful or he needed to throw his feelings away. Maybe things would be alright after all, maybe his own hormones were making him too sensitive to such a simple detail like a lack of one specific answer and had him overthinking.

Or maybe he would get his heart broken.

Whatever the reasons were for his actions, and whatever was actually happening... Things probably wouldn't stay the same. It felt like a breaking point, but he was unsure in which way.

All he could do was to try and keep things up, to try and keep his act going and see what happens next. It was the only thing he felt he could do right now. The brunet took a deep breath, as if to gain enough strength to stand up again.

It felt weird, the air felt weird. Heavier and humid, like when a storm was coming. Or maybe it was change, foreshadowing its arrival.

George shook his head, taking a few seconds to get on his feet and walk to his bed, grabbing some of his blankets before heading back to his friend's room. Dream was already staring at the door as he walked in, an eager expression on his face and a hint of anxiety as well.

"You took so long," he instantly let out. The omega hummed, slowly approaching the bed.

“Can we nap?” He asked in a whisper, placing his blankets down. The alpha instantly nodded, moving to the side to make more room for him and the blankets.

The brunet took a second to accommodate the fabric, then quickly got back in bed, curling up against the soft material. The blond’s arm found its way around his waist right away, hugging him from behind to keep him close.

George took a deep breath.

One more day.

One more day and then... Well. He guessed he would see, soon enough.

Chapter End Notes

so, whos a george apologist and whos a dream apologist? i think im allowed to ask this now, just to see how its going ahaha

anyways...

OH MY GOD THIS TOOK ME SO LONG! i know i said on twitter i was gonna take it slow since im still recovering, but i still wanted to post as soon as possible and i actually didnt mean this chapter to be so long but here we are. i actually deleted a whole scene, and it still ended up being over 20k. well, i didnt actually *delete it*, but took it off ahah you know what i mean. also, have i mentioned that ive never written a rut before? i was so freaking nervous ahaha. but AAA i was so hyped wanting you to read this, i really hope you liked it

okay first things first, the twitter spoilers! the emojis meant: sapnap delivers a box and they go to bed, dreams rut starts and george starts matching his energy soon after. dream orders george around and triggers his compensatory heat fully, they take a bathroom and george gives dream a confession (being his). george presents (heheh) himself to dream and then they scent, dream says what he loves about him but george gets sad about it.

shout out to meow for being so on point about the box, the heat, the confession and scenting! shout out to poliice for guessing they fuck in the bathtub ahah. and again to the snowflakes bc they keep being super cool detectives

god, this really was fun to write, but i was really really nervous ahah. im excited about next chapter! one of my favorite scenes from the whole fic is happening then so wooh ahah :] also just three more chapters + the epilogue wow, theres not a lot left. if you have any theories, please be my guest and tell me everything about it, im all ears.

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR SUPPORT. youve been incredibly nice to me and ive been getting so many interactions lately and is overwhelming in the best way possible. i really appreciate you guys a lot, i wanna do whatever i can to show you that appreciation and also it makes me so freaking happy to see just how much interest you have in my stories and writing <3

youre the best guys, i treasure all your interactions, your comments, and everything you say to me <3

i think thats all i wanted to say this time. i hope you have a great night/day! see you soon for the next one!! :]

ps: THANK YOU SM TO MY LOVELY BETAS FOR HELPING WITH THIS <33
yall have no idea how many times i asked if i was being too vulgar LMAOOO.
YOU'RE THE BEST GUYS

[twitter](#)

[tumblr](#)

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Being friends with Dream had always been simple, even if sometimes it wasn't easy.

That's what made it so comforting.

Even when things got a little hard for one reason or another; like distance or time zones or silly meaningless arguments; he still felt at ease knowing that it would work out in the end. It always did, no matter what. And that's something he could trust on.

How simple it was, how simple everything felt, made things feel easy even when they weren't.

Because they met online, yet managed to get closer than to anyone in their lives. Because they were just playing games at first, yet got to share their deepest secrets and fears with one another. Because they were young and naïve when they decided to give their dreams a try, and ended up with millions of fans and a future they both wanted.

Dream made life seem less complicated, and all their interactions came naturally. It was all simple, and that made it easy too. Even if waiting wasn't too easy, even if being apart wasn't either. He was still there, they were still them, and that's all he needed.

He was his safe place, his go-to person. He was his home. No matter where they were, no matter what was going on.

Growing their friendship throughout the years was quite easy, because finding a routine and lifestyle they both could be a part of together was simple. They had so much in common, they shared so many aspects of their lives. It wasn't rocket science.

Sleepless nights, synchronized schedules; contagious laughs, shared sobs; silent promises, meaningless rants. It all came so easy, it was all so simple.

Going to bed at the same time while talking on the phone, just to wake up together the next day still in the call. Having endless conversations about someday not needing computers to spend the day with each other anymore, and imagining how things would be once they could stand in front of the other.

Every moment of the day, every night as well. Being around him was as natural as breathing.

In any other context, deciding to change his whole life just to finally be face to face with someone he's met online should've been a harder decision. But since it was his best friend they were talking about, it felt like an easy choice. George wanted to be around him, he wanted to make their crazy plans to come true. It was that simple.

And even when things weren't easy; like when he had to apply for his VISA, and then wait for months and months, or when he had to get ready to move, and once he got there and had to adapt to a new country; the simplicity of why it was worth it was what made it endurable.

The boy had been there every step of the way. That's all he had needed to keep going. And laughing and crying together had been way easier, once they finally saw each other that day at the airport.

But then days passed, and weeks as well. And he discovered that falling asleep on his friend's bed was as easy as falling asleep on the phone, and the blond liked to show affection with physical touch, and it was also easy to let him. He discovered that arms around him were easy to accept and spending the whole day in each other's room just being together doing nothing came quite easily.

He soon found out how easy it was to end up staring at him doing the simplest things, and how easy it was to feel warm whenever the boy looked at him for a little too long. And then George needed help, and it was easy for Dream to offer his assistance.

It wasn't exactly easy to accept said help, but once he did, it was way too easy to get used to it. To like it. To want more of it.

Kissing was easy, holding each other was easy, and turning each other on too. And letting himself indulge in the fantasy that things would be okay just to keep the new treatment going was easy enough as well.

So he let it happen, and kept going, and going, and so and on. Until everything came crashing down.

He fell deeper into the rabbit hole. He fell harder for a boy he shouldn't have fallen for. And he realized repressing his feelings wasn't easy anymore. Pretending he wasn't growing attached was getting every day a little more difficult.

And he kept slipping out and getting his hopes up when he knew that he shouldn't, just to be reminded right away why that was bad. Why he's made a mistake by focusing too much on the easy part of things, instead on how they were getting so fucking complicated.

Before he knew it, he was lost, walking over uncertain grounds and places he's never explored. And the trust he had on always solving things together wasn't there anymore, not when he wasn't sure if there was still an 'us' this time, or had turned into just a 'me and you'.

So for the first time since they became friends, he wasn't sure if things would work out at the end.

Because loving Dream was easy, but it wasn't simple.

And that's what made it so terrifying.

A soft hum and an arm tightening around him took him out of his thoughts.

Brown eyes drifted to the boy laying beside him, watching as he opened his eyes with a quiet yawn.

"Good morning," his friend mumbled as soon as he had fully shown his green irises, rubbing his face with his hands for a moment as if to get rid of the remaining traces of sleep.

The omega wished that sight didn't make his chest feel tight. He wished he hadn't gotten so used to waking up together, in each other's arms. He wished he hadn't gotten used to doing a lot of things together, actually.

Because now he wasn't sure just for how long that was going to last. He wasn't even sure if he should let it last at all.

It was confusing, all of it.

A part of him wanted to wait and see if maybe he had jumped into the wrong conclusion, and there

was an explanation for what happened the day before. A part of him wanted to call things quit already, and maybe run away, or hide forever. Hiding things was a part of the problem, one of the reasons he ended up in this position. But waiting to see if things would work out on their own had been one too.

He shook his head, trying to push those thoughts away.

The American was awake now, he needed to stop thinking about it.

“It’s not morning yet, you only slept for like, two hours,” the brunet finally said in response, getting a hum from the alpha. It wasn’t the first nap he had taken that day, and funny enough, he had also thought he had slept through the night after waking up from the previous too.

He’s never seen him sleep so many times in the same day, even if the naps were short. But he guessed it made sense, since his rut was pretty much over. They only had sex once that morning, and after that, the taller one had been pretty much calm the rest of the day. Maybe a little clingy, and still nipped at his skin here and there or sniffed at his gland more than he normally would, but that would be it.

“Oh, that’s probably a good thing,” the blond whispered, taking him out of his thoughts again.

It almost sounded like he was talking to himself, but his eyes falling on the Brit made it clear he was still talking to him. The smaller boy raised an eyebrow, confused by his statement.

“I um...” His friend let out a laugh, and awkward laugh, before slowly sitting up to face him better. “I forgot to tell you my mom is coming tomorrow.”

George stared at him. He stared for a couple of seconds. Dream averted his gaze, chuckling awkwardly again.

He wasn’t kidding.

Oh my god he wasn’t kidding.

“What?”

“Okay, listen- She’s, look- she always comes after my rut is over, okay? That’s just... She knows I get like, really tired, right? And like, I can’t really clean the house, or cook, or do anything, because I need to rest, so... It’s- She just wants to help.”

The brunet kept his eyes fixed on the blond. He kept waiting for the punchline, for any sign he was understanding wrong. But there was none.

Blood rushed to his cheeks right away.

“*Dream-* I’m- Oh my *god*,” he instantly let out, whatever feelings he had been experiencing ten seconds ago now replaced by utter embarrassment. “*Dream I’m here-*”

“She knows that!” The boy excused, or assured. Whatever he tried to do by saying that. “It’s fine, I promise, it’s not gonna be awkward.”

“What do you *mean* it’s not gonna be awkward? I literally look like-”

A pair of soft lips pressed against his own shut him up. The omega froze on his spot, suddenly tensing up, but couldn’t help but relax into the gesture just a few seconds later. The bubbly feeling

on his stomach was annoying, but he couldn't help it either. The alpha pulled away after a moment, offering him a reassuring smile as he took his hands.

"It's gonna be fine," he said again, squeezing his hands gently. "She knows and likes that you're my partner for these things." *These things*. "You're my best friend, and she loves you for that, just like I do." George pursed his lips, stopping himself from sighing. "And she won't make any comments, okay? I promise... She won't even come to the room, so you don't have to see her if you don't want to."

There were so many reasons why he wished he never heard that explanation.

The blond squeezed his hands again. The brunet sighed this time.

"Fine, okay."

The boy smiled, moving closer to press a short peck on his lips.

"Do you wanna take a bath?" He asked then, rubbing soothing patterns in the skin of his hand with his thumb. "I kinda wanna get cleaned now, just in case I oversleep and my mom gets here before I get to shower in the morning."

The omega thought for a second, then nodded to his offer. He didn't really feel like leaving the bed, but he didn't want to stink like sex and the alpha's pheromones if the boy's mom would be around.

Dream smiled again, before slowly getting out of bed and moving to carefully wrap his arms around him and pick him up. The brunet's eyes widened to the unexpected action, feeling himself being lifted as if he was weightless.

"What are you- I can walk on my own," he instantly let out, but the blond shook his head.

"I don't want you to," the boy responded, kissing his head. "You need to rest."

It was too easy for his cheeks to grow warmer; it was too easy for his inner to feel cared for. It was easy to mistake it for a stronger kind of affection. He wished it was as simple as to assume that it was.

The American was careful in the way he held him, and careful as well as he placed him on the toilet once they got to the other room, so he could fill the bath. The water was warm. Getting in it was nice. Hands caressing his body also felt nice. Maybe a little too much.

He felt as the boy ran his fingers over the bite marks on his arms, then the ones on his chest, and moved to his legs. He felt as he placed his lips over the ones on his shoulder, then the couple on his back. He was gentle as he caressed his bruises, especially the ones on his hips. And with every new mark he discovered, he whispered a heartfelt 'I'm sorry'.

And George could feel it, that he felt guilty for all the wounds he left on his skin. He could see that he felt regretful of painting his pale skin with different shades of red and purple, in many different zones. But the brunet didn't blame him, nor felt like apologies were needed. Because even in his most intense moments, where the blond truly seemed out of it and used a little too much strength or was a little too brutal, he was still somewhat soft to him.

He was always soft to him. He was just as attentive, just as caring, and stopped the moment he thought the omega was hurting badly or in discomfort.

Dream was too loving for someone that didn't actually love him.

And that's exactly why their arrangement probably wouldn't work anymore. Because every time they slept together and his friend treated him like a mate, he fell in deeper.

Fuck, he didn't want to think about it. He didn't want to think at all. But he needed to. He needed to figure out what to do, or what he wanted to do at least. Because it was becoming increasingly obvious that he couldn't keep doing what they had been doing so far, and he didn't feel okay with it anymore. Not when it meant exposing himself to bigger damage. Not when he was still so unsure of what the boy wanted as well.

He didn't want to stop being together, he didn't want to lose what they had even if it was merely physical for his friend. But if there was a chance there could be more than just that, and if that's what he actually wanted to get from him, then he couldn't keep using sex as a shield.

Because the blond was too loving when they fucked, but too friendly when they didn't.

He needed time to think. He needed time to see how things truly were. He needed to understand the boy's intentions and feelings. He needed to understand his own, too.

"Dream," he let out in a whisper, closing his eyes.

He didn't actually mean to talk, not right now and not like that, but he was too physically tired to stop his mind. The alpha stopped with his actions, as if to sign that he was paying attention.

"I... Can we...?" He stopped, then sighed.

His heart was beating fast and he was starting to become scared. He didn't want to ruin everything by saying the wrong thing, and he especially didn't want the boy to take his words the wrong way. The last thing he needed right now was for his friend to feel rejected, especially when his rut had just ended. He knew how awful that would be for his inner, and he would never want to cause that.

He took a second to think, to organize his thoughts and word things the best as he could.

"I think I might... I think I need a few days to heal, um, after all this," he finally said, trying to stay calm because if he got too nervous now, the blond would be able to tell something was off. "So I kinda... I don't think we should like, have sex and all that. For a few days."

It was a completely reasonable thing to ask for after a rut, yet he still was scared shitless of saying it. He had too much to lose, and maybe nothing to win.

Strong arms wrapped around his waist, a soft laughter filling his ears as his friend rested his head on the omega's shoulder.

"I was about to say the same thing," he admitted, kissing his shoulder. "I think you should rest *at least* a week, I..." He let out an embarrassed chuckle, a hint of guilt still present. "I pulled a number on you, didn't I?"

George instantly relaxed to his reaction, sighing quietly with relief as he allowed himself to rest his body against the boy's chest just slightly.

"I could've taken more," he mumbled. Dream snorted in response. "But, yeah, I just... Need the rest." The blond hummed against his shoulder, nodding again before kissing his skin again.

"Alright." He nodded in agreement, then began to place gentle kisses all over his shoulder blade.

And fuck, a part of him knew that stopping their sexual activities wouldn't be enough if they kept kissing and being affectionate like that. But he couldn't bring himself to ask for that to stop as well.

First, because that would probably overwhelm his friend's inner and make him feel rejected, which is what he was trying to avoid. And second, because his own inner would freak out if they pushed the boy away completely out of nowhere. He needed to be smart this time, and go slow. One thing at a time.

He allowed the boy to clean him up as he's been doing for the past week, washing his hair as well, then waited patiently for him to get ready as well. The blond carried him back to the room once they were ready and dried, and got them some clothes to sleep this time, just in case.

His mind wasn't any calmer and his thoughts were still a mess, but physically was tired. And with the alpha falling asleep rather quickly, breathing slowly and snoring lightly next to him, the omega ended up asleep soon after as well. The next time he opened his eyes, many hours had passed, and it took a moment for his disoriented head to realize why he had woken up. But then he heard a noise again, and suddenly he was wide awake.

He stayed quiet for a moment, trying to figure out if he had imagined or if that was real. But after a couple seconds, he heard it again. The brunet carefully pulled away from the blond, then slowly got off the bed to leave the room.

Had Sapnap returned sooner than they expected them to...? He highly doubted it, the boy wasn't supposed to come back until after Dream gave him the green light for it. Having other alpha's scent close could be upsetting the first few days after the rut had worn off.

He quietly began to walk down the stairs, now regretting not having woken up his friend first just in case someone had broken into their house. But it was a little too late for that now. So he held his breath, slowly approaching the living-room area.

"George!"

He's never jumped so fast in his life.

His whole body tensed to the abrupt voice, despite the softness of the tone, and his head turned right away to look at the source with wide eyes and his heart beating out of his chest.

Holy fucking shit, that almost *killed* him.

"Oh dear, I didn't mean to scare you," the woman instantly said, walking closer to the boy right away as if to check on him. The Brit's panicked expression quickly faded once he realized who was actually there, but soon enough his face was tinting with embarrassment and mortification.

He completely forgot the blond's mom was coming that morning.

Just like that, his cheeks turned dark pink.

Fuck, he wasn't supposed to leave the room. This wasn't supposed to happen. At the very least, if he decided to come down to meet her, he would've done so after changing his clothes, putting some makeup on, and taking another shower.

But here he was, wearing Dream's sweatpants and t-shirt, the shirt being so loose that it exposed part of his bruised shoulder, his neck and arms covered in marks as well, and still smelling heavily as the mix that the boy and him had created because of the number of times they scented since he took the collar off.

“I-” Words were stuck in his throat, unsure of how to behave without the alpha there with them and in the shameful state he was currently in. “Um, I... Good morning, uh, miss-”

“Oh, you can call me Grace,” the lady interrupted him, offering him a warm smile. “No need to be so formal with me.”

The blonde smiled at him for a couple more seconds, then looked down at the rest of him, quickly examining him with them. The brunet shifted awkwardly on his spot, self-consciousness hitting him and making his cheeks even redder. But soon enough, her eyes were back on his face, offering him an understanding smile.

“Come on, let’s sit down shall we? You shouldn’t be up right now,” she mumbled, with a caring tone, before placing her hand on the boy’s shoulder and inviting him to walk with her to the couch.

To be completely honest, sitting down to chit chat wasn’t exactly what he wanted to do, especially if it was just the two of them, and especially considering the circumstances. But he didn’t want to be rude and say no. Plus he would be lying if he said his legs weren’t starting to feel too weak already.

God, he just wanted to go back upstairs, but he couldn’t exactly say that. He couldn’t exactly admit he wanted to go back to bed with her son. So, he followed her, awkwardly taking the spot next to her.

“How are you feeling, sweetie?” The woman instantly asked as soon as they were sitting. “Are you hungry? I can make you some breakfast if you’d like.”

The boy hurried to shake his head, holding his own hands to give himself some comfort.

“M fine,” he mumbled, his friend’s mom humming in response.

“You sure?” He nodded again to her words. The lady nodded as well, then grabbed her purse. “Alright, well, I brought some things for you just in case” she said, taking out some kind of ointment and some pills. “The best of the best for after rut’s care.”

The brunet looked down at the things that were offered to him, doubting for a moment before taking them and examining the packages. He had no idea what either of those things were, and a part of him was thankful that his partner’s mom decided to bring the items. It was his first rut, after all, and he had to admit he was a little more clueless than he should when it came to aftercare.

“Do you know how to apply it?” She asked. The Brit shook his head. “Okay, let me.”

The lady carefully opened the ointment, taking some with her fingers before her other hand grabbed George’s arm. She looked at him, as if to ask for permission, and the boy awkwardly nodded. Grace applied the cold substance over one of his more notorious bruises, then removed her fingers.

“You have to let it rest for fifteen seconds,” she mumbled, and the brunet watched with curious eyes as the substance changed color slightly, more white-ish looking now instead of almost transparent. “Then you rub it over the wound, until it’s fully covered.” She proceeded to do just that, letting the ointment mix with his skin in a similar way that make up would.

The Brit hummed when he noticed how much it hid the mark, and also made his skin feel less sore. The feeling was nice, and it made him feel somewhat relieved.

“There you go,” the blonde said, offering him a smile before closing the small jar and giving it

back to him. "The pills are just, very strong painkillers." She giggled.

"Thank you," he mumbled, still looking at his arm.

"If you have any marks that you can't reach, I can help you with them."

George hummed to the offer, his first instinct being to nod his head. But instantly, he realized what he was doing, his eyes widening and snapping back to the woman, as if remembering who he was talking to and why that wasn't something he could really accept.

He couldn't just, casually talk about just how fucked up her son left him.

She was a very nice person and he appreciated how caring she was being towards him, but that didn't make the situation any less awkward.

"It's- It's fine, I can do it myself," he decided to say, looking away for just a second before glancing back at her. The older omega seemed to be about to say something, but then, her eyes fell on the younger one's shoulder again. She examined the zone with her eyes more attentively now. The brunet felt his blood rush to his cheeks, cursing himself mentally and trying to come up with something to say to divert the attention from his neck and how badly bruised it was.

"You didn't wear a collar?" The woman said before he could think of anything.

Fuck, that was bad. There was surprise and confusion in her voice, and something else he couldn't put a name on but made anxiety quickly fill his whole body.

"I took it off the last day," he hurried to justify, as if that somehow made it better. "He just..." But he couldn't finish the sentence.

It was too much, any real answer he could give would only make things worse. Because if he admitted he did it because Dream wanted more of his scent and wanted to claim him somehow, he would be admitting to being purposely irresponsible. Because the last thing you're supposed to do when an alpha is admitting to being tempted by your smell, is to give them what they wanted. Unless you're not worried about them possibly marking you, that was.

But he allegedly was; worried about that. Because they weren't supposed to let that happen and therefore taking his collar off was too much of a risk, one he shouldn't have taken just under the premise of trusting his friend. And now, he was scared.

Scared because the boy's mom was looking at him like she could see right through him and knew that he put his partner and himself in danger of accidentally mating just because he wasn't strong enough to say no to him. And not only that made him worried of being judged, but also made him terrified that she could react badly to it. Dream was his son after all, and she probably wouldn't be too happy with the idea of him getting a mate because of an irresponsible act instead of free will as he should have.

He wanted to find an excuse, try and convince her that the alpha just needed to scent him. But he knew he shouldn't have agreed to it, there was no reasoning to support his choice. However, whatever upset words he imagined he could get, never came. Instead, the lady simply sniffed the air.

"Caramel ice-cream and... Blueberries?" She asked. The brunet blinked a few times, then nodded quickly. The blonde hummed, then offered him a warm smile. "It's a nice mix, I like it."

The storm of emotions inside him faded so quickly he almost felt faint, his inner cheering so loudly

he couldn't stop himself from smiling.

Grace liked their mix. She liked the aroma his son and him had created.

The alpha's mom approved their scents together.

It was irrational, how a simple sentence made him feel excited. It was instinctual, how validated he felt by the head omega of the family, as if to welcoming him to it.

The smile disappeared as fast as it appeared.

... He shouldn't be happy about that.

He shouldn't be happy about his partner's mom being okay with them scenting, because his partner wasn't actually his partner. Not in the way that he wanted, anyways. And any approval he could get was just as a platonic member of the family, there's nothing more he could ask for because that's all the boy wanted for them.

And maybe the woman hadn't gotten mad knowing they could've done something stupid out of impulse, but maybe that made it twice as bad. Because maybe she was okay with the possibility of his son and him getting together, but that didn't make it any more real, any more possible.

Dream didn't like him that way.

He didn't love him.

"You okay?" The soft voice took him out of his thoughts.

His body was tense, his scent tinted with sadness.

"Yeah," he said anyway, trying to snap out of it and go back to normal.

The lady raised an eyebrow, offering him a weird look. She stared at him for a few moments, before shifting on her spot, getting into a more comfortable position and closer to him as well.

"You know if you ever need to talk about anything... I'm always here for you, right?" The blonde asked, offering him an understanding smile and reaching to take his hand. "I imagine it wasn't too easy to move here on your own, and change your whole life. But you have a family here now too. We're your family, and I'm always there for my family," she assured him.

The brunet couldn't help but smile at those words, yet in a way, that made it worse. Because it sounded like his friend's mom had gotten to the same conclusions the rest of the boy's family got to, and the same conclusion his inner had assumed as well. One that wasn't real, and only made things more confusing for everyone.

"Even if it's about that silly son of mine, you can still call me if you need to talk," she added, squeezing his hand. "There's no one that will understand better than me, and I'll still listen the same way."

George looked at her, opening his mouth to talk. However, nothing came out.

He could leave it at that. He could nod and pretend he didn't understand the implications in her words and live happily faking ignorance. But that didn't feel right, nothing felt right. And he felt the need to do what he's been doing for years now.

Deny, deny, deny.

“We’re not like...” He stopped himself, an uncomfortable feeling on his stomach as he thought about the words he was about to say. Because it was one thing to think about it, and another to say it out loud. Plus, he was still talking about it with his best friend’s mom, and that was simply awkward. He took a deep breath, then tried again. “We’re not like, mates. If that’s what you’re- It’s not like that.”

The older omega raised an eyebrow, giving him a funny look. Her eyes were too knowing, his look too questioning. The brunet felt his cheeks burning.

Okay, yeah, maybe that wasn’t completely true.

From an instinctual point of view, they probably were. His inner saw the boy as his mate, at least, and after the rut, he was pretty sure his friend’s instincts weren’t immune to the confusion. But despite what their inners could feel for each other, that didn’t change what their rational minds had decided. What the blond had decided.

“We’re- It’s just... W-We’re not dating,” he corrected himself. But the moment those words left his mouth, he again felt like he was lying. Even if he wasn’t.

Gatekeeping each other, going out together, having sex and kissing outside their heats... And all the behaviors they’ve had for years. He couldn’t pretend they didn’t act like they were dating.

But again, that didn’t make it any more real.

“We’re not a couple,” he ended up saying, the most truthful and objective statement he could say.

Grace stared at him, her expression softening even further. The brunet felt like she could read his soul with her eyes.

George took a shaky breath, suddenly feeling like he could start crying any second now. The woman offered him a sympathetic smile, looking at him in a way only a person wiser and more experienced can. Then, she squeezed his hand, in a both soothing and reassuring gesture.

“He’ll figure it out,” she affirmed, words that somewhat felt like a promise.

The younger omega blinked a few times, confusion filling his features and tilting his head. But before he could ask anything, another voice interrupted theirs.

“George...?”

His head snapped in the raspy voice’s direction, eyes widening as he watched a sleepy blond rub his eyes with one hand while holding the blanket the omega had been hugging on his sleep with the other. The boy almost seemed disoriented, clearly had just woken up, and was slow as he finished walking down the stairs, looking around for something.

Or well, someone.

“Dream,” the Brit instantly let out, standing up before he realized what he was doing; his friend calling for him being enough for him to react and want to go to his side.

Green eyes instantly fell on him. But right after, he noticed the person sitting on the couch.

“Mom,” he mumbled, and he could tell he had been too asleep to remember she was supposed to come. The scent patch she was wearing also helped to make her presence less obvious and unannounced.

The woman stood up as well, making her way to his son's side and giving him a tight hug.

"Clay, you look terrible." The tall one scoffed to the greeting, wrapping his arms around her as well until she pulled away, cupping the boy's cheeks with her hands. "How are you feeling? Are you hungry?"

"A little bit," the boy mumbled, smiling to his mother. She smiled back, nodding a few times before letting go of him completely.

"Alright, I'm going to make you two some breakfast then, okay?" She asked, but it sounded more like a statement. "Go back to bed, I'll bring it to you once it's ready."

The alpha nodded to his words, then looked at the brunet. The lady also glanced in his direction, winking at him before turning around to head to the kitchen. The omega hesitated for a second, before walking closer to the boy. The blond instantly wrapped his arms around him, burying his head on his shoulder and inhaling deeply before picking him in his arms without warning.

George's eyes widened, wrapping his arms around his neck out of instinct.

"What are you-"

"You're tired, let me carry you," his friend interrupted, kissing his head before walking up the stairs to go back to their room.

As soon as they got there, the boy placed him on the bed, then crawled to his side, half of his body over him. He placed a soft kiss over his cheek, covering him with the blanket he had been carrying.

"You left me," he mumbled, kissing his cheek again.

The omega's heart raced quite quickly, yet somehow the beats felt weak.

"I heard a noise, I forgot your mom was coming," he replied quietly, getting a hum in response. Then, his friend's eyes drifted to his hand, to the object he was holding.

"What's that?"

The brunet followed his eyes, having forgotten about the small jar already.

"Ointment, for my wounds."

The boy hummed, taking the small container from him and examining it with his eyes, before looking back at him.

"Do you want me to help you with it?" He offered, glancing down to the exposed skin of his shoulder and chest, to all the marks visible there. The Brit stared at his face for a moment, then sighed.

Yeah, he wanted that.

"Not right now," he mumbled, shaking his head.

The last thing he needed was to feel his friend's hands all over his body, kissing his wounds as he did the night before, whispering loving words out of guilt and regret.

Dream pouted to his words, moving a hand to cup his cheek. He glanced at his marks again, bringing his free hand to touch the bites and bruises with his fingertips, very carefully. He traced

every single one of the healing wounds, taking his time to give attention to each of them. And then, he sighed, glancing at the omega's face again.

"M sorry," he mumbled. Just further proving he had made the right choice by not letting him see more of his body right now.

"Ts fine," the smaller boy said, but his friend shook his head right away.

"It's not," he said, eyes staring directly into the brown orbs. "I don't like hurting you, I... I wish I never did," he whispered.

George's stomach twisted, chest suddenly feeling tight. The guilt on the green eyes was a little too strong. He truly hoped he would never see those eyes in another context.

"You didn't mean to," he whispered back, voice suddenly a bit raspy and throat feeling sore. "You don't do it on purpose," he added right after. And if the tense changed mid-sentence, it wasn't his intention.

The blond stared at him as he heard him. He stared at him for seconds that felt longer than that. Then, he looked away.

"Yeah, but... I *did* decide to do what I did," he mumbled, only glancing back at him once he had finished his sentence. As if the admission was too much to let him face him. As if that changed anything. "I *wanted* to make you mine, to *claim* you-"

Suddenly, the boy shut his mouth. His eyes widened slightly, a soft blush taking over his cheeks. George felt his cheeks reddening as well.

In all honesty, saying that wasn't that bad. The words weren't as terrible as some others he could say. Yet he still understood the reaction, he still understood why it was embarrassing. Talking about what they desired during their most instinctual moments wasn't something they normally did, as if it had been an unspoken agreement ever since the brunet's heat.

And maybe the words weren't that bad, and maybe they had said similar things here and there over the course of the past two months. But right now, it felt different. Because all those desires of ownership were still all too recent.

The alpha cleared his throat, letting out an awkward chuckle.

"Sorry, I-"

"It's okay," he hurried to say. "It doesn't bother- I don't mind it." And he was being honest, he truly didn't mind.

In all honesty, it upset him more that he had reacted as if he did something bad and was about to justify it, than the fact that he had said those words in the first place. Because it only showed he saw those things as forbidden for their relationship. And yeah, maybe it made things so much more confusing for him. But at the same time, he truly, desperately needed to understand how the blond felt about things.

So he couldn't stop him from speaking his mind, he needed him to do the opposite from stopping.

"You don't?" The boy questioned. The brunet shook his head in response.

Green eyes fell over him.

Dream stared at his face like the secrets of the universe were hidden there, and he could somehow find them by looking. George wanted to look away, he wanted to protect any emotion that could be reflected on his expression. But he didn't. He stared back, with as much intensity as he could as well.

The blond hummed, then moved down, placing a tentative kiss on his lips. The brunet let him, barely responding to the gesture but still enough to let him know that he could. His friend brought his hand to his face, cupping it softly and caressing to his skin with his thumb. He looked at him in a way that made his stomach twist. His eyes seemed doubtful, way too doubtful.

But soon enough, he was glancing at wounds again, his other hand drawing soothing patterns over them again as he sighed.

"I... I don't want to hurt you anymore," the boy whispered, before meeting his eyes once again.

George swallowed hard, lungs stuck on his throat. His skin didn't even hurt that much. His body could handle that kind of pain.

"Then don't," he whispered back, holding his glaze.

Dream moved down again, pressing their lips together. The kiss grew deeper all too soon.

And he hated it. He hated how many things it made him feel.

But he couldn't bring himself to stop it.

Brown eyes stared at the light coming through the window, silently watching as a new day began. The spot next to him was oddly empty, the bed suddenly too big for his small frame and the sheets getting cold.

He didn't get it. He didn't understand the absence. Waking up alone wasn't something he had feared, he didn't think he had a reason to even think about it. Everything had been just fine.

They kissed for a while, ate meals together, took a bunch of naps, and stayed in each other's presence not doing anything but resting from the rut. The boy kept his arms around him most of the time, as if scared the brunet would leave him in his sleep again if he didn't hold tightly into him.

Was that it? Was this some sort of revenge? It didn't make sense.

Maybe he was overreacting.

But it felt weird, too weird. To wake up alone in a bed that wasn't even his. It made him way more anxious than it realistically should.

Perhaps because a part of him was anticipating that outcome, maybe because he feared that would be how things ended for them. Even if he had no reasons to believe it would happen now, that heaviness in the air still made him feel uneasy.

He took a deep breath, kept staring at the window. Dream wouldn't leave him alone in his own room for no reason. He needed to stop being paranoid about everything he did and didn't do or he would drive himself insane. But it was hard not to question everything, when you didn't understand why he acted like he did.

Maybe he should go look for him, maybe he should go downstairs and ask why he left him without a warning.

He couldn't bring himself to move.

If there was any possibility the reason was something bad, he didn't want to know it.

The door opening soon put an end to his thoughts.

In retrospect, seeing his friend with a tray full of food wasn't all that surprising. He should've seen it coming, he should've guessed that's what he left to do.

"You're awake," the boy instantly pointed out. George slowly pushed himself up, sitting up in the bed.

"Why did you get up? You're supposed to be resting," he let out right away, hoping his tone wouldn't show how anxious he had been feeling until just two seconds ago.

The blond smiled at him, closing the door behind him before walking to the bed and sitting next to him, being careful as he placed the tray down. Then, he kissed the omega's forehead.

"You need the rest more than I do, it's fine," he assured, moving closer again to press a soft peck on his lips. "You did like, *a lot*, for me. I wanted to do something for you too."

George would never get used to the rapid way his chest warmed up and his heart rate increased. He would never get used to addressing it for what it was. He looked at the food, trying to distract himself from his own thoughts.

"Did your mom make this?" He asked, examining their breakfast.

"She helped, yeah, but I was the one cooking first," the alpha replied, kissing his head. "She left, by the way, she needed to go back to make lunch for my siblings."

"Is she coming back?"

"Maybe tonight if she had anything left to do, I don't- I didn't ask her, actually."

The brunet hummed to his words. A part of him wished he had the chance to speak to her more, a part of him felt like it was probably for the best that they didn't. He wasn't sure she truly got what he tried to explain during the last conversation. But also, he feared she might've understood a little more than he hoped for.

A hand softly placed on his jaw suddenly forced him to look back at the blond. The alpha offered him a smile, then pressed their lips together again.

"Let's eat before it gets cold," he mumbled, grabbing the fork after. He got some eggs with it and moved it closer to the Brit's mouth. "Here."

George raised an eyebrow, giving him a weird look. But the American didn't react to his confusion, so he sighed, and accepted the food. Dream seemed a little too pleased with himself for that. He took another bite, repeating his previous actions. The omega accepted it again, hesitant but compliant. And as soon as he finished eating that one, the boy offered him some juice.

Okay, maybe doing that wasn't the strangest thing in the world. They've been doing that for days now. But it was still odd, it was still different this time. Because the blond's rut was over, he

shouldn't be feeling the need to take care of him to that extent.

His friend offered him yet another bite. The brunet looked at it, then back to the boy.

"You're an idiot," he let out.

Dream blinked to his words, notoriously confused by the statement. Then, he scoffed.

"I'm not-"

"Yes you are," he said right away, interrupting whatever excuse he was about to give him. "You're feeding me, in bed. Your rut is over but you're still babying me," he pointed out, crossing his arms as if to emphasize. "So yes, you're an idiot."

The alpha blinked again, humming softly as he processed his words. A smirk appeared on his face right after, amusement on his features making the omega confused.

"Well, maybe *you* make me an idiot."

Blood rushed to his face right away.

Realistically, there was no reason why such a simple sentence made his stomach fill with bubbles and stupid bugs, heart feeling weak all of the sudden. There was no reason to take that sentence as nothing but playful flirting, the kind he should be used to by now. But God, as everything since the boy's rut wore off, that felt different. It felt different in ways he didn't want to read into but couldn't help but do so.

"Shut up," he mumbled, rolling his eyes as if that way he could hide the growing blush in his cheeks.

The blond let out a soft laugh, shaking his head.

"You're always so demanding, George" the boy let out, sighing next. His voice sounded like a complaint but he could tell the tone was fake. "You need to start doing things yourself, you know? If you want me to shut up, then shut me up-"

His lips found his friend's before he could stop himself.

God, he was infuriating sometimes. And he allowed himself to fall for his tricks more often than he should.

An arm wrapped around him, pulling him closer as the boy deepened the kiss. Yet it was still soft, still gentle. More sweet than needy and keeping it slow. It made the feeling on his stomach even worse.

The tall one pulled apart after a few seconds, giving him one more soft peck before picking the fork again and getting more food for him.

"Come on, let's finish this first," he mumbled, offering him a smile.

The smaller boy raised an eyebrow, giving him an amused expression before smirking.

"Oh, *now* you want me to eat," he let out, shaking his head. "Dream, Dream, Dream..."

"Yes, I want you to eat, George," the boy interrupted, cheeks slightly blushed to his tone. "So just shut up and-"

“You’re always so demanding, Dream,” he said in a mocking tone. “You need to start doing things yourself. If you want me to shut up-” The fork with food found its way to his mouth before he could finish his sentence.

His eyes instantly widened to the unexpected action, barely chewing the food as an instinctive response before swallowing it quickly. He began to cough right after, hitting his own chest as if to help his lungs start working again and get some air in.

“Oh my god you *idiot*, what the- I could’ve choked!” He immediately complained.

And the alpha didn’t find anything better than wheezing at him for it. As if he wasn’t in literal tears. The boy laughed loudly and unapologetically, holding his own stomach as he did, taking his time to do so for a couple of moments before slowly calming down.

He looked at him with a playful grin, all too happy with himself.

“Oh yeah? Well, you probably would’ve liked that,” he said in response, shrugging and letting out a soft chuckle. And George’s cheeks immediately turned red, predicting what was coming next. “I don’t hear you complaining when you’re choking on my-”

The brunet filled his mouth with a piece of bread before he could finish his sentence, face completely on fire and embarrassment hitting him all too quickly.

“Shut *up*,” he let out, watching as his friend removed the toast from his mouth just to wheeze again.

The omega grabbed the fork, getting some food and eating it as if to finish the conversation that way. He ate quietly while the boy kept laughing, trying his best to ignore him and how hot his face felt after hearing him say that. Eventually, the alpha’s giggles died down, and he took the fork from him to continue to be the one to feed him. He offered him a soft smile, allowing silence to fall over him for a moment and finally eating too as well.

They enjoyed the meal for a couple minutes, no words being shared and just focusing on that. But once they were done with it, the blond finally spoke again.

“Hey,” he mumbled, placing the tray aside before getting more comfortable by George’s side. “Do you wanna- Do you wanna watch some movies in the living room? Like, do you wanna have a movie marathon? We haven’t had one in a while.”

The brunet tried to ignore just how soft his friend’s voice had suddenly gotten, humming before looking at him more directly.

“You’re not tired anymore?” He asked, nothing but real curiosity in those words. “I thought you’d want to nap more.”

“No, yeah, I *am* tired. I might fall asleep at some point during it,” the boy admitted, nodding a few times. “But, um... I just- I wanna spend some time with you, I guess,” he mumbled, letting out a soft giggle that sounded somewhat embarrassed. “I mean, doing something other than... You know.” He shrugged, then glanced at him. “I kinda miss it, just being with you. So I thought... A movie date could be fun, and, like, we don’t have to leave the house for that.”

The scoff that left his mouth was completely involuntary.

“Movie *date*.”

As soon as that sentence came out of him, he instantly froze. He didn't mean to say that out loud. He didn't mean to put his focus on that one specific word and point it out to him. He didn't mean to address it or acknowledge it, he didn't mean to make that the most important part of everything he said.

Because it was sweet. What he said was sweet. It made him feel good and it brought more hope to his heart than he wanted to admit. But it was hard not to pick on the wording.

Dream, however, didn't seem to take his words as disbelief and an impulsive response to the bittersweet feeling they brought him. His cheeks blushed lightly and he looked away, letting him know that he had taken it as mockery instead.

"That's- Yeah, a- yeah. A movie date," he mumbled, stumbling over his words. "What? Am I not allowed to call it that? You're- You're an idiot. Why are you even- You're an idiot. It's a movie night. We're- Do you want to watch movies or not?"

George blinked a few times.

He wasn't even sure what to focus on now. If the fact that he got so nervous over his own wording, or if he tried to correct himself and call it a movie night when the day had just started just so the brunet wouldn't make fun of him.

It was kind of amusing. It also made his heartbeat faster.

"Yeah," he whispered, his voice sounding softer than he expected. "That- That sounds nice."

He could feel his face heating up as he processed what just happened. The blond's red cheeks matched his own this time. He kind of wanted to read into it. He wasn't sure if he should allow himself to do so.

A part of him wanted to ask, why did he mean by that when he chose to use that word. A part of him was afraid of the answer.

He hesitated, shifted on his spot, then opened his mouth.

"Okay, let me take a shower first and then we can go downstairs, sounds good?" The boy spoke before he could. "Or you can take a shower after me too and then we go, whatever you prefer."

"We're not showering together anymore?" His thoughts left his mouth before he realized what he was doing, the alpha's sentences instantly alerting his inner despite the fact of that decision being a good thing for his conscious brain.

"No, I- Not *anymore*, just not this time," his friend instantly explained. "I mean, we can't- We agreed to no sex this week, so, I think it's for the best if we don't shower together either."

He brunet stared at him, then hummed.

"So what you're saying is you can't be around me when I'm naked or you'll want to fuck me." This time, the teasing tone was a little more intentional.

The blush on the boy's face grew darker.

"N-No, *no*. That's- to be fair, that's not what I *said*," he instantly let out. The omega raised an eyebrow in response. "... But you're not exactly *wrong*. Like- It would just- It would just be easier. To like, not want you, if you're not showing me your ass or whatever."

The Brit scoffed to his words, rolling his eyes.

“I never show you my ass,” he mumbled. And now it was the alpha’s turn to give him an unconvinced look.

“*Never?*” He questioned. “Then what were you doing the other day when you got on all fours and-”

“Okay, shut up,” George quickly cut him off, getting a loud laugh in response. “You’re so- Go shower already, oh my God.”

The American laughed again, moving closer to press a quick kiss on his lips before nodding and getting up, mumbling a quiet ‘I’ll be right back’ before heading to the bathroom. The brunet sighed, laying on the bed again and trying to relax as he waited for him to come back. Soon enough, he had fallen asleep again. But soon after, the blond was waking him up.

They made their way downstairs with a couple of the omega’s blankets, and the alpha waited until the boy was settled on the couch before heading to the kitchen to get some drinks and snacks for them.

He returned just a couple minutes later, sitting by his side and taking a moment to choose a few films so they wouldn’t waste time later on choosing them. They could be too good sometimes at arguing over unnecessary things so the sooner they agreed on something the better.

Once they had made a list of films, the blond finally pressed play.

Dream was right. It had been way too long since they sat down to watch movies with no other intentions than to enjoy each other’s company. It was nice, really nice. Even if it was a film they’ve already watched before. Because this time, they were doing it in person.

They had planned, long ago, to re-watch every single movie they’ve ever watched on discord, once they were finally living together. But somewhere between first kisses and sloppy blowjobs, they had forgotten about their mission and stopped. It was nice to start again.

At some point, though, just as his friend had predicted, the boy ended up falling asleep. And with his soft breathing right by his ear and an arm eventually wrapping around him, it didn’t take long for George to follow him into sleepy land. They fell asleep and woke up again a couple times, their short naps making them have to rewind the scenes they had missed. But neither of them complained about it, they simply laughed it off and ate snacks in between.

They finished their food a couple hours later, and the blond went to get them more before they started yet another film. And even as the hours passed by, they didn’t get tired of it. Maybe a little bored, of doing the same thing for so long, but not of being together, hanging in the living room.

The alpha yawned as the credits rolled for their fourth movie, rubbing his eyes for a moment before letting his arm fall onto the omega’s shoulders, wrapping it around them and pulling him closer to him. The boy slowly moved down, until he was laying on the couch, and by the default the brunet ended up laying as well, slightly over him but with half of his body by his side.

“What if we do a discord podcast?” His friend then suggested, yawning again. Because again, they didn’t really want to stop their quality time together, but their eyes were getting tired of staring at a screen.

The brunet glanced at him, thinking for a second before nodding.

“Sure,” he hummed, reaching to get his phone out of his pocket. But before he could get it, the boy

stopped his hand from moving.

“Wait, no. I don’t- Maybe we shouldn’t do it right now,” he suddenly said. And the Brit could only raise his eyebrow, confused by the backtracking to his own idea.

“Why not?”

“Because,” the blond mumbled, letting out a soft chuckle. “Because like, what would we even talk about? All that’s in my mind right now... I mean, the most *recent* thing that’s happened in our lives isn’t something we can talk about.”

George couldn’t help but snort to those words. Well, he wasn’t exactly wrong, but obviously that wasn’t something he would’ve even considered mentioning.

“We don’t need to have something to talk about to do a podcast, we never have anything planned.”

“Well, yeah. But like, what if- Okay, I know it sounds dumb, but what if I like, slip up or something?”

“Slip up?” He questioned, giving him a confused look. “Why would you slip up?”

“I don’t know, like, I just think I could,” the boy reasoned. However, that explanation wasn’t good enough, and it only took one glance to the omega to know he needed to explain further. “Just... I don’t know. Someone’s gonna make a DNF joke or some simp comment about you, and I’m gonna be like, oh yeah, George is *such* a good kisser, or, whatever.”

Just like before, the brunet couldn’t help but snort. Way more amused this time, looking at his friend with incredulous eyes.

He wanted to make fun of him for admitting he was good at kissing, but the urge to tease him for not being able to keep a secret because he gets jealous too fast was way more appealing.

“Now why would you say that?” He questioned, keeping a smirk on his face. “Am I like, that good that you have to tell everyone?”

“Shut- Shut up.” The brunet let out a soft laugh to his reaction, watching his cheeks grow pink.

“That’s not even- I just think I could slip up somehow, I think I need more time to recover first. I guess.”

It was funny. Making fun of the ways he was acting was funny. Mocking him for the way he was getting flustered and admitting to the lack of strength to keep quiet was way too funny. And focusing on that was better than admitting the other feelings he was causing with it.

It was easier to not take it seriously and turn it into a joke, than admit it was making him more confused about how the boy truly felt about him.

“Would it even be that bad if you said something like that?” The brunet mumbled, shifting on his spot to be a little less over his friend and look at his face better. “We would like, trend on twitter, Dream, and get so many new followers.”

The blond snorted to his words, rolling his eyes. In all honesty, he wasn’t trying to convince him about doing the podcast. He couldn’t care less if they didn’t. But for some reason that he didn’t want to address right now, he didn’t want to let the topic go. He wanted to keep ranting about all the reasons why he couldn’t talk to people yet after everything they did for the past week.

“You’re an idiot.” The boy huffed, yet his tone was a little too endearing and didn’t match his words.

He looked at him for a couple of seconds, then rolled his eyes again. He averted his eyes as if that hid the blush still present on his face and huffed once more.

“Okay, yeah, maybe they wouldn’t take it seriously, like- They would just, clip it like everything else we say,” he agreed. Although George never really said any of that. “But I just- I don’t- I don’t know. I feel like I could say something way too weird, or like, share more than I should.”

“Weird like what?” The omega questioned, intrigue in his tone.

“I don’t- I don’t know George,” the alpha instantly said, glancing at him for just a second before looking at a random spot by his shoulder so their eyes wouldn’t meet. “Sometimes I just- I don’t know. Feel the urge to tell people that like, they’re never gonna have you or whatever, because you’re... Because I have you, right now.”

He was doing a good job at playing around. He was doing a good job at treating everything as a game and not reading between the lines. But that. That’s not something he could easily ignore.

The way his heart was screaming to be acknowledged was too fucking loud. The cheers of his inner were impossible to repress either. The warmth that took over his chest was melting him from the inside out. The bubbly feeling on his stomach was almost making him dizzy.

‘Because I’m what?’ He wanted to ask.

His throat felt dry, his hands were sweaty.

“You *have* me?” He asked instead, too scared to be direct but still needing an answer. Because this was the best opening he’s had so far, because despite his fears he would literally die if he didn’t say something right now. “What does that mean?”

The blond stared at him. His gaze felt like an invitation and a warning at the same time.

He cleared his throat, then huffed, shaking his hand as if the answer to his question was obvious.

“Well, I can’t exactly call you my sex helper in front of people, can I?” He let out. And that didn’t actually answer his question, that wasn’t actually what he was referring to and wasn’t a logical continuation to their conversation.

And how evasive that felt only made his anxiety grow.

“No,” he agreed. And maybe it was the tone he used, or maybe it was that for once, the American seemed to be the nervous one. Or maybe it was that he was tired, or maybe he was just desperate. But a new question escaped his lips before he could stop himself. “So what would you call me, then?”

The alpha stared at him again. And then, lips were pressed against his own. Dream kissed him like the world would end if he didn’t get a taste of him right that instant.

A surprised gasp escaped him to the unexpected gesture. A clever tongue found his way inside his mouth with that small opening. Before he could even react, strong arms were wrapped around him, pulling him closer.

The kiss grew deeper, needier, greedier. His head was spinning, he felt dizzy.

The blond gave him so much, yet it didn't feel like enough. And God, he wanted it. He wanted so much more. He wanted *him* .

He wanted him so fucking bad every cell of his body was screaming his name, until the burning feeling took his breath away and ripped his soul into a million pieces. Every movement of their lips got him craving more and more and he knew if he gave in, his stupid heart would explode. And there's nothing he could do but beg himself to not give in because he fucking wanted it. He wanted Dream, and he needed him to want him too.

He was so deeply in love there was no turning back anymore. He fucking loved him and needed him to love him too.

George broke apart in a heartbeat, moving to sit up and take some distance.

"I can't- I can't do this," he blurted out, chest visibly moving with how heavily he was moving. The alpha's eyes widened to his words, eyebrows furrowing with confusion.

And fuck, he didn't want that. He didn't want to be saying that. But he needed to. Because it felt like every time he was brave enough to ask what was in his mind, the boy would kiss him just to shut him up.

Or maybe it was to show him something, but all he got from it was how physically attracted to him he was. And he didn't need that right now. He couldn't take that right now. Yet he still didn't want his friend to feel rejected, he still didn't want to hurt his inner and cause trouble between them no matter how messy things felt right now.

"I mean, I don't... I don't think we should kiss so much, for now," he hurried to correct himself, taking deep breaths.

The confusion on the blond's face seemed to fade off, but he still offered him a questioning look.

"Why?" He asked.

"It makes me want things that I can't have," he offered him as a response. And he knew he would probably take it in a sexual way, but he was speaking from a completely different place.

The boy looked at him for a moment, then his expression softened, nodding his head in agreement.

"Yeah, I... I went too far, I'm sorry," he mumbled. And his tone was sweet, his tone was honest. "Let's just... Keep watching movies, if you want?"

The brunet nodded to his offer, and his friend smiled at him. He slowly sat up, until he was right by the omega's side. He leaned into his side, George allowed himself to rest his head on his shoulder. Then another film started, and they were quiet.

The omega tried to focus on the movie, tried to clear his head. A warm hand grabbing his own instantly stole his attention, eyes glancing down to watch the boy interlock their fingers and hold his hand softly.

He looked at him right after, Dream looking at him as well. His cheeks were pink, he seemed nervous.

"Is this okay...?"

"Yeah," he let out without giving him a single thought. His voice was weak, a little too vulnerable.

Dream didn't comment on it.

For that, he was thankful.

It was hard to focus on the stream at first, all of his senses too high alert by a simple gesture they've shared before but for some reason felt all too new and different. He was weirdly nervous, and his stomach wouldn't stop twisting. But eventually, the plot of the film and some lighthearted jokes from his friend got him to relax. At some point, he closed his eyes to rest for just a second. At some point, he stopped paying attention to everything and let his body calm down.

He didn't even notice when he fell asleep, until a pair of arms wrapping around him to pick him up got him to slowly wake up again. He wrapped his arms around the boy's neck as well out of instinct, but he was still too disoriented to be conscious of his own actions, still lost on what was going on and when the room had gotten so dark.

It took him a few seconds to be awake enough to understand where he was, and with who, and by that time, the blond already had him in his arms and was approaching the stairs.

"Dream," he mumbled, but more than trying to call for him, he was saying it to ground himself and focus on reality. "What're you doin'...?"

"Moving us to our room," the boy said right away, in a quiet voice as if to not to alert him. "It's late, we fell asleep."

The brunet groaned to those words, shifting to be closer to him and bury his face in his chest.

"Don't wanna move," he mumbled; the blond let out a soft chuckle.

"It's okay baby, I'm carrying you there." He kissed his head softly, the hand on his back caressing his skin over his clothes. "You can go back to sleep."

But he couldn't take that offer anymore. Suddenly, he was wide awake.

Widened eyes flew to seek the alpha's, ignoring his own fast beating as confusion and disbelief tinted his face.

"What did you just call me?" He instantly questioned.

The boy stopped walking in the middle of the stairs. His eyes went to him as well right away, blinking a few times as his cheeks quickly turned red.

"What?" He still asked, but he could tell he knew what he was referring to.

"You called me baby," he replied anyways. Maybe because he had just woken up, maybe because something inside him was screaming and he felt unable to stop himself anymore.

Dream stared at him in complete silence, a thousand different emotions crossing his face but none staying long enough for him to be able to name them.

"I-I did," he finally said, an awkward chuckle escaping his lips. "Sorry," he added next, but more than guilt in his tone he could only distinguish embarrassment.

George couldn't help but feel a little sad, he couldn't help but feel a little disappointed. He couldn't help but dislike whenever he apologized for doing something he wished he did on purpose. He tried to push those thoughts away, he tried to focus on the present again and tell his friend that it

was fine and he didn't mind that he made that mistake. But before he could say anything, the American spoke again.

"... Does it bother you?" He asked. The Brit looked at him, blinking a few times.

"What?"

"Does it bother you?" He repeated. "Is it- Do you like, hate it?" He added then, a hint of nervousness in the rapid way his words left his mouth. "Because I- Well, it kinda fits you, so... I might- I might *slip up* again, sometimes."

George felt his whole world stopping abruptly. Everything was going too fast, at the same time.

"It doesn't bother me," he whispered, his voice holding a kind of hope he didn't want to have. But how could he not, when he said things like that?

"Okay."

"Okay," he repeated.

His heart was a mess. His head was as well. They went quiet. Dream began to walk again. Soon enough, they were back at their room. The blond carefully placed him on the bed, before laying by his side and pulling him into a cuddling position.

It was nice, it was comfy, it was just how he liked it. But he didn't think he could sleep like that. Not when so many thoughts kept running through his head.

"Dream," he let out, in a barely audible tone. The boy gave him a soft 'hm?' in response.

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and tried to use the little bravery he had left to ask just one last question before the night could be over.

"Why do we sleep together if we're not having sex?"

His words felt like daggers, killing an unspoken agreement they've never actually addressed. Because it wasn't the first time they've done that, and he's never dared to question it. But actions usually had meaning, and he needed to understand what drove theirs.

The blond was quiet at first, he stayed still as well. But then, he pulled apart. Just enough to look at him.

"Because I want you here," he declared. And how certain he sounded filled his body with relief. However, not ten seconds later, his determined face shifted to a more hesitant one, a sense of anxiety showing on his features. "Do you not- Do you want to go to your room? I thought-"

"No," the brunet hurried to say, shaking his head. "I want to stay," he assured. His partner relaxed to his words, a shy smile appearing on his face.

"I sleep better when you're with me," the boy mumbled, seemingly doubting for a moment before moving a hand to cup his cheek with it. "I'm always better when you're with me," he added. And if his previous words weren't enough to make him hopeful, there was no way to shut his screaming heart now. "Is that... Is that okay?"

"Yeah," he instantly whispered. All too eager, too full of love.

He could tell his scent had shifted, gotten sweeter and stinking of increased fondness. The boy's

scent showed excitement in return, yet he still didn't mention the change in the omega's.

For that, he was thankful. But he still wondered why he didn't bring it up.

How do you know when someone is in love with you?

It wasn't a question he's ever asked himself before. It wasn't a question he's ever needed an answer to. People who pursued him usually made their intentions very clear. And he never had to worry about people's feelings for him beyond friendship.

He's never been in love with someone that didn't make their feelings obvious. He's never fallen first before.

So how do you know when someone is in love with you? How can you tell their love for you goes beyond simple platonic affection?

Was it through fond and caring gestures other people pointed out, despite other friends doing them with him as well? Was it through possessiveness and gatekeeping, despite being present since the beginning of their relationship? Was it through questions of a test and percentages that increased with the years, despite never reaching a hundred unlike his own results?

What were the signs he should be looking for? Which actions should he be paying attention to?

To hands reaching for his own, strong arms pulling him closer, and soft kisses on his forehead? To breakfast in bed, shared mattress when they slept, and the demand of his attention? Was the need of showing physical affection outside sexual interactions enough to believe what he was feeling was reciprocated?

George spent a long time reaffirming himself that there was no chance Dream saw him as more than a friend, back when he still hadn't seen his face. Too many words assuring their fans that was the case, too many promises of lack of plans to change their relationship status. Too many silly jokes and never taking anything seriously.

Not like he cared, back then. Not like he allowed himself to be affected by it. His secrets were still safely contained in the box, denying to himself that he felt in the way he felt.

Then, he took his time to accept the fact that the boy was sexually attracted to him, between the moment he first offered to help him and the first time he felt him growing hard under him. But it wasn't a big deal, it was lust and pent-up emotions and not getting laid in way too many years. But that had been about it.

The systematic denial of romantic intentions, and whispered confessions of wanting him that only occurred before or after getting his dick wet, lead him to believe this was nothing more than what they said it was: an arrangement out of convenience to take care of each other's needs based on trust and the closeness they've built.

Because even when some of their interactions didn't seem too platonic, and the boy behaved towards him in ways that could seem a little too suspicious to the outside world, they were more of the kind they had when they were just friends and hadn't even kissed yet.

He couldn't take them as anything but normal things that happened in their friendship, he couldn't take them and put them together with the sex to jump to conclusions about possible feelings growing. They were best friends that were also fucking, and their interactions shifted from friendly

to lustful without anything more nor a middle ground.

Or that's how it was until a few days ago. That's how it was until his friend's rut ended.

... But now. Oh, but now.

Now they weren't having sex, and they weren't kissing either. And things had gotten weird.

Now the question was there, present in his mind twenty-four seven.

Was the need of showing affection outside sexual interactions enough to believe what he was feeling was reciprocated?

Dream had always been clingy, he was quite touchy from the moment they first met in person too. But not like this, something was different. It started with the afternoon watching movies, and holding hands, and then asking for his permission to keep using a pet name on him. But it didn't stop there.

Breakfast in bed wasn't something too weird for them at this point, but eating from the same big bowl was something they only started doing during the alpha's rut and for some reason they hadn't stopped. Insisting on drying and combing his hair for him while keeping the omega sitting on his lap was quite new as well. Interlocking their fingers while laying on the bed doing nothing felt like a desperate attempt to still feel him physically close as if hugs weren't enough, just like discretely sniffing at his scent gland when he thought the brunet wasn't paying attention.

It was almost... Domestic. Like an old married couple would act, or a recently mated one.

Giving bad excuses to why he hadn't called Sapnap to tell him he could go back made it feel more like the second option, the boy acting like he still wanted to preserve and prolong his alone time with the Brit despite his hormones being back to normal already and not being at risk of getting upset by other alphas' scents. And sharing a bed and sleeping together wasn't a strange thing either, even with the lack of sex.

He wasn't sure if that was completely a new thing, though, if he was being honest; the intensity in his stare or the need to keep his hands on him. He wasn't completely sure if it was something that had recently shifted into a more noticeable and profound, or he simply hadn't noticed until then.

His friend continued with his actions the next day as well. And this time he insisted on helping to apply the ointment his mom had gifted the omega.

The gentle way he took care of his wounds and didn't touch him more than necessary to respect his wishes could've been taken as friendly, but the couple kisses on his shoulders and the whispered reminders of how good he had been and how much of a strong, capable and perfect omega he was didn't feel like the kind of praise you tell a friend, or even a fuck buddy.

And maybe it was a bunch of little things, but it felt like so much. So many small details put together grew into an overwhelming mess of ignored signs. Because the more he thought about it, the more he felt he's seen those behaviors towards him before. But the sexual nature surrounded them made him unable to pay attention into them before. So now his head went over and over every single gesture again and again.

It had to mean something, he was almost convinced of it. At moments it felt like it meant everything. But was that really enough to be sure or was he getting his hopes up over nothing?

A part of him was still telling him to not read into things so much. Another part felt like he hadn't

been reading into things enough.

“George.” The needy tone took him abruptly out of his thoughts, head snapping back into the present as he felt the arm around him tightening its embrace. “Why are you ignoring us?” The blond complained.

“I’m not,” he instantly replied, as if he hadn’t zoomed out for the past several minutes. He completely forgot where he was and what he was doing, he completely forgot about the audience listening to their every move.

Audience that would freak out if they only knew the position the two boys were in, laying on the couch together with the alpha pretty much over him and head casually resting by his neck, one hand shamelessly caressing his abdomen under his shirt. They would probably jump into believing the same things the brunet wanted to believe in.

“Yes you are,” his friend whined again, burying his nose on the boy’s shoulder. “You’re too quiet.”

“I’m talking right now.”

The boy scoffed to his words, shifting on his spot to hug him tighter. Like a kid throwing a tantrum and demanding attention. As if he didn’t care how he was sounding right now, as if having a public meant nothing. Which was kind of amusing, considering all the back and forth he did the past couple of days between if they should do a podcast or not because he was still concerned he could say something weird.

“You’re an idiot, you’ve- you weren’t talking. You were ignoring us.”

“Why are you in your clingy arc?” He questioned. Because no matter all the thoughts he might have in his head and how confused he might feel, he had a role to play, and the lack of teasing and mocking wouldn’t go unnoticed by their fans.

“M not.”

“Yes you are. You’ve been so clingy lately, I could- I could expose you right now.”

The alpha scoffed again, raising his head just slightly to look at him. He stared into his eyes like trying to figure out if he was serious or not. George kept a blank expression.

“Yeah? Well, I could expose you more.”

“Not without exposing yourself too.”

“That’s the same with you- No, *no*. We’re not being sus guys, he’s just- he’s being an idiot, this isn’t-”

“You *are* being sus,” the omega interrupted, smirking lightly.

“No I’m not, that’s not- Okay stop, I just wanted you to talk,” the boy protested, cheeks growing pink.

“M too tired,” the brunet excused, despite only being two in the morning. But the couch wasn’t too comfortable after three hours in the same position, and he didn’t really feel like keeping a conversation right now.

“Do you wanna go to bed?” His friend asked, voice instantly going softer. Fact that, of course, the fans noticed. “Not *together*, that’s not- You’re all being dumb today, what?”

“Yeah,” the Brit mumbled, to bring the American’s attention back to him. “Let’s go to sleep.”

The boy looked at him, nodding a few times before reaching for his phone, mumbling his typical ‘alright’ before ending the podcast and slowly moving to stand up. He offered him a hand next to help him do the same, which the brunet quietly accepted.

Dream didn’t let go of his hand as he walked up the stairs, he kept their fingers interlocked until they were already in the room, and he headed to his mini fridge to get a bottle of water. George went straight to sit on his bed and reached for his phone, clicking on twitter right away and scrolling down the trending topics they’ve caused. He read a few tweets, then clicked on a video.

He couldn’t help but snort.

“There’s already edits,” he let out, laughing softly as he watched the video play. “How are they so fast?”

“What?” The boy instantly asked, turning around to look at him.

“Yeah, the ‘Clingy Dream’ tag is full of edits,” he mumbled. Then, he paused. He thought for a moment, doubting, before quietly talking again. “They’re calling you out on being in love with me, or something.”

He glanced up at the boy, brown eyes starting into green ones. The alpha hummed, holding his gaze.

“Let me see,” he replied in a calm tone. Not a denial. Not a confirmation either.

The boy walked to his side, sitting down next to him and looking at his phone. He clicked on the video again, turning the volume on this time.

“I know this song.” Was the first thing his friend said, watching as the edit played for them.

He stayed quiet for the next thirty seconds, until the video started again. Then, he glanced at him. The blond looked at his face for a couple of moments, before standing up, taking the brunet’s hand to make him do the same.

“Let’s dance,” he blurted out next, completely out of nowhere.

The omega instantly blinked, a snort escaping him to those words.

“What?”

“I wanna dance with you,” he replied, a smirk appearing on his face as he watched confusion fill the Brit’s expression. “The edit is making me look all sappy or whatever, so now I feel sappy,” he offered as an explanation.

“What are you talking about?” He immediately let out, feeling as blood was already rushing to his cheeks. He rolled his eyes next, pulling his arm to take his hand away. “You’re such an idiot-”

“I’m being serious, George,” the boy interrupted, tightening the grip on his hand and pulling him closer again, moving the brunet’s arm to place it around the blond’s neck. “I wanna dance with you.”

He grabbed his other hand next, to take his phone away from him, quickly looking for something before placing it aside. The song of the edit began to play right after. He placed his hands on his waist then, and again, pulled him closer.

The omega's face instantly set on fire.

The rhythm was calm, the voice was soft, Dream's body was warm. He moved so slowly it barely felt like dancing at all. But the way he was holding him, the way he rested his head on his shoulder, the way he pulled them to move together... He could barely breathe, he could barely think. And his partner's low and deep voice singing alone only made his rapidly beating heart go faster.

He closed his eyes, inhaled deeply. He heard the lyrics, his head began spinning.

I can't understand why I feel this way, but I do.

George pulled away before he could think of what was doing.

"Sto- Stop," he let out, face bright red and hands too sweaty.

The boy instantly chuckled to his reaction.

"Why? It's such a good song."

"It's dumb, I-" He tried to step back, the blond pulled him closer. And the sudden shift made him lose his balance.

His eyes widened as he felt his body falling, quickly holding onto his friend, pulling him in the process. In a blink of an eye, they were laying on the bed, the alpha's body half over him and their legs hanging off the edge of the mattress.

"George-"

"It's *your* fault, you pulled at me!"

Dream's wheezing instantly filled the room. It was so loud, and bright, so raw and sincere. He couldn't help but start laughing as well just a couple seconds later.

The boy wrapped his arms around them, making them roll on the bed until they were fully laying over it, still pushing the brunet to be the one laying on the mattress so he could stay over him. The omega groaned in response to his actions, a way of complaining for the way he manhandled him without a care in the world, even if he didn't actually mind it.

And they continued to laugh for a couple more minutes, until the lack of air made their giggles die down. They took a second to breathe, trying to calm down. And then, their eyes met.

The moment their irises started into each other, their expressions slowly shifted.

He could feel his smile fading into something else, watching the boy react in a similar way. Suddenly, the air was too heavy to breathe. Suddenly, there was tension hanging there. Green eyes glanced down to pink lips, before meeting his gaze again. George felt his body heating up, heart beating faster again.

The boy moved down, slowly and unsure. Their forehead touches, hot air mixing as they exhaled. Big hands found his smaller ones, interlocking their fingers again and holding him tight.

Everywhere their bodies touched, fire consumed him, burning his chest and melting his heart. And he couldn't help but want more.

He looked into his partner's eyes again, the blond stared right back. He could tell he wanted it to.

Dream lowered himself again, then stopped right before his lips touched. He inhaled deeply, before burying his head on the boy's shoulder instead, pressing a kiss right by his hand. It didn't make anything better, it didn't make anything easier. The tension in the air only got heavier.

Silence fell over them as the boy stilled, and he could almost feel his hesitation. He could sense the need for more, he could hear a million questions. He didn't know what the alpha wanted, not exactly. But he was sure he wanted it too. That, until he felt him move his neck, just a little closer.

George froze on his spot, instinctively holding his breath.

But the boy didn't move again, staying right where he was. So, the brunet moved instead, tilting his head ever so slightly. The blond's heart was beating so fast he could feel it against his own chest. It matched his own rate, both keeping a similar rhythm.

And then the blond squeezed his hand. A silent request.

He squeezed his hand in response. A silent agreement.

Dream moved his head again, until their glands were right next to each other. He held his hand tighter. The brunet nodded. And without a single word, the alpha began to rub their glands together.

Creating a new fragrance with their own personal ones in the middle of a lustful moment and with their heats clouding their minds, was a frantic experience. Ectasis, overwhelming pleasure, a deeper connection than what he's ever experienced.

But without hormones in between and heads completely clear, brown sugar melting into caramel and plain snow turning into ice cream, then mixing together into a sweet new flavor, while oak and blueberries grew new plants together, was even better.

Devotion, overwhelming affection, a sense of purely belonging. Like the world suddenly made sense, like he's always been waiting for that moment.

It was easy, it was simple. It was a 'you and me', an 'us' and both together.

His heart felt fuller and fuller, and his chest was so tight it would break at any moment. And even if he had tried, he couldn't have stopped the soft pleased sounds that escaped him. Because everything was too much, but he still wanted all of it.

The motion of their necks rubbing against the other continued for what felt like a lifetime, but in reality it was mere seconds. It only lasted a couple moments before the alpha had stilled again, chest moving heavily as they breathed, bodies suddenly too relaxed.

He stayed in that same position for a while longer, maybe a couple minutes, before slowly pulling away and letting himself fall next to the omega, still keeping one of their hands intertwined. He wrapped his other arm around him, to pull him closer and invite him to nuzzle against his side. And then, they took a moment to calm down and just breathe.

Silence fell over them as they came down from the high of what they just did, and as reality began to settle again, he heard the boy let out a somewhat embarrassed chuckle. The brunet giggled in a

similar way, yet they still didn't say a word, staying right as they were and simply allowing the moment to continue for a while longer.

The more time passed and more conscious he became, though, the more George's head filled with a million thoughts. And he was still confused, there were still too many things he needed to ask. But, at the same time, he didn't feel in such a hurry to do so as before. Maybe because scenting had gotten him to relax a little too much. Or maybe because scenting wasn't something you did with your friends.

He didn't take much time thinking about it. Relaxation and the comfortable position he was in betraying him and pulling him into sleep before he could even notice.

He slept deeper than he had in a long time. He felt calmer than he had been in months. The next time he opened his eyes, though, it wasn't in a peaceful way at all.

The bedroom's door abruptly and loudly opening forcefully took him out of his sleep.

"George!"

The omega almost jumped out of the bed, between the rowdy noise and the boy's voice his body reacted before his mind was completely awake. His eyes snapped open, as widened as possible as he looked around completely disoriented, just to find the alpha running to his side and grabbing him from his shoulder to make him stay up.

"George, I did it!"

"What?" He instantly let out, confused out of his mind and still trying to understand where he was or what was going on. "What are you?"

"I'm so cracked, I'm a genius," the boy interrupted, letting out a loud laugh before grabbing his arm and pulling him to walk with him. "I did it, I got you what you wanted!"

The brunet had never felt so lost in his life, rubbing his eyes with his free hand as if to force himself to fully wake up and process whatever was happening. Before he could react, though, he suddenly felt himself being picked up, eyes widening again as he held onto the blond as an instinctive response.

"Dream-"

"Close your eyes," his friend demanded, kissing his head.

"Why?"

"Just do it! You're gonna love this, I promise."

It made no sense, nothing made sense at all. He wasn't even sure that was really happening, a part of his brain still too out of it to be convinced he wasn't sleeping. But he still did what he was told, closing his eyes as the American carried him downstairs.

It only took them a few moments to get to the first floor, and a few more before the boy stopped his steps, carefully placing him to stand then covering his eyes with one hand.

"Wait a second," he mumbled, and the Brit heard him as he opened the door. "Here, now you can look!" He let out next, removing his hand.

The brunet blinked a few times, then rubbed his eyes, taking a couple seconds to adapt to the change of light before finally looking out the door as his friend wanted it. And the moment that he did, his brown eyes instantly widened.

He froze in his spot, surprise filling him full. His eyes scanned the view in front of him in complete disbelief, a quiet yet persistent sound he was too familiar with invading his ear.

He couldn't believe it. He still felt like he was dreaming. But a hand in his arm, squeezing it softly, grounded him enough to let him know he was wide awake.

"I did it!" Dream let out again, shaking the boy softly with excitement. "I got you a rainy day!"

And a distant conversation that took place two months and a half ago quickly rushed to his brain.

'Alright, we needed some groceries anyways... Want anything else?'

'A rainy day.'

'Don't think I can give you that, but I'll try.'

His heart raced on his chest, suddenly feeling too warm, suddenly feeling too full. He took a step forward, then another one. He walked slowly to leave the house and head outside, raising his hands to feel the small drops falling directly on his skin.

Rain.

It was rain.

George took a deep breath, then laughed, walking again to get fully under them and not stopping until he was actually in the streets. He heard his friend calling for him, but he ignored him, too focused on the feeling of water slowly hitting his face and dampening his hair.

And he laughed again, and raised his hands some more, and everything felt surreal. Because he was finally in Florida, and there were clouds in the sky, and his best friend still remembered the conversation they had right before everything started and they got into their confusing mess.

Mess that didn't feel like such a big one anymore. Because he still smelled like him, and he was wearing his clothes, and the alpha had woken him up so he wouldn't miss what he had been wishing for.

"It's raining!" He finally reacted, laughing again as he turned around on his spot, raising his head and closing his eyes as he inhaled deeply. God, he had missed that smell. "Dream, it's raining!"

"I know!" The boy instantly replied, grabbing his hand. The brunet realized just then that the blond had followed him, standing right next to him. "I got you rain like you asked!"

He was an idiot, God, he was an idiot. An idiot that looked so proud of himself as if he had actually been the one to change the weather.

At this point, he almost believed that he did. He was starting to believe that Dream would move the earth, heaven and hell for him.

"It's raining!" He said again, getting a chuckle in response.

"It is! It's raining!"

The alpha grabbed both of their hands, and just like that, they were now jumping around, repeating the same words over and over. Behaving like the childhood friends life didn't allow them to be, acting like they would have if they met on the streets of the same neighborhood instead of behind a screen.

Strong arms wrapped around him next, and then, he was being lifted in the air, the boy making them spin around on their spot like those old cheesy movies they used to laugh about. He laughed, he laughed like he hadn't in weeks. He laughed and he hugged him back and let him do whatever he wanted with him without complaining this time.

It only lasted a moment, his feet hitting the ground again soon after. But their giggles didn't stop, and they still kept their arms around each other. Until big hands moved to his face, cupping his cheeks, and making him look at him.

And the fondness in those green eyes grew bigger every day. And it was too fucking hard not to see it as the same his own gaze held when he looked at the blond.

"I love it when you laugh like that," the boy whispered, with a smile painted on his face. He rubbed his thumbs on his skin, caressing his cheeks with them. "I love when you're happy like this."

George's breath got stuck in his throat. His body was cold and shivering, but everything inside him felt hot. And his head was spinning and his heart racing and he was soaking wet.

An overwhelming feeling was flooding him. He wanted to drown in it. His lips found Dream's before he could stop himself. But the familiar feeling didn't last, feeling the boy pull away as quickly as he had connected them together.

At first, the brunet felt nothing but confusion, especially seeing the blond's widened eyes. But then, he realized, reality hitting him.

Shit. They were in the middle of the street.

He just kissed him in the middle of the street, right outside their house.

His eyes widened as well, guilty instantly feeling him and opening his mouth to apologize. But before he could, the alpha pulled him closer again, kissing him deeply this time and wrapping his arms around him. And just like that, time froze. And just like that, the world stopped existing.

The whole universe ceased to exist.

There was nothing but them, Dream and him. There was nothing but mouths dancing together, eager hands holding each other, and hearts racing.

And his stomach filled with known bubbles and the familiar warmth of love filled his whole body. And everything felt like too much and he couldn't breathe yet he still wanted more, so much more.

The alpha kissed him almost desperately. The omega was just as eager, keeping the gesture going. He didn't care where they were, or if they were seen, or that it was still raining, and they were shivering with the cold water. All it mattered was him. Dream. Dream and how fucking in love he was with him.

And he could feel the drops almost as soft as drizzle turning into pouring rain, he could feel the intensity of the dripping growing stronger and hitting harder against their skin. He could feel water falling down his hair and onto his face, he could feel everything soaking and filling with water and

maybe there was a storm coming, after all.

Everything was flooding, he was flooding too.

Too many thoughts and feelings poured inside him as well, his brain getting clouded and heart awash and the torrential wouldn't stop just like the one outside himself. It kept filling him, and filling him, washing away unstable barriers and hitting all the weak spots he had cultivated over the past few weeks. And the rainfall kept going, and going, and he was flooded even more.

His partner broke apart, stopping the kiss but keeping him just as close. But the gesture being over didn't put an end to everything else.

To all the emotions, to how overwhelmed he felt. To how fucking much everything was. To the storm forming outside and the one growing inside him. A storm he knew for a long time it was coming. One that he tried to prevent and ignore, but had been drowning him slowly for years now.

And he fought, and fought harder, until he had no strength left. He was weak, and tired, and he was soaking wet. And there's so much he could hold inside before it eventually leaked.

It had been leaking slowly for so fucking long despite his best attempts to ignore the cracks in his act, drop after drop getting out until everything broke and now it was pouring everywhere and there nothing he could do anymore to stop it.

So he didn't.

He let the rain break loose, he let himself break apart.

"I love you."

The world was still frozen, yet everything was going too fast.

Dream's eyes snapped in his direction, uninvited words not going unheard.

"What?" He questioned right away, as if unsure the boy had said what he thought he said. But he did. He finally did. The secret he had been holding under as many padlocks as he could was finally out.

Water kept falling down his cheeks, but he wasn't sure it was rain anymore.

The alpha stared at him, then he finally took it in.

"George," he let out in a choked-out voice, a grin appearing right after. "George!" He said again, then a prideful laugh escaped. "Oh my god you said it, you said it and it's not my birthday!"

The omega pursed his lips, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath. That reaction was enough to know the blond hadn't actually understood.

He opened his eyes just in time to see the boy moving closer to kiss him, taking a step back and shaking his head to stop him.

"I love you," he tried again, desperate eyes looking for green eyes.

The American met his gaze with a confused expression, furrowed his brows.

"Yeah, I—"

"I love you," he tried one more time, voice breaking and more water clouding his vision. He was shaking, he could feel his body shaking. But it wasn't because he was cold this time.

Dream blinked, and then, it happened.

It clicked.

"You love me," he mumbled. George barely nodded once, as regret began to ask him to run away. But it was too late, it was too late to escape.

The blond stared at him, face completely blank.

His panic grew stronger, he felt his chest compressing, making him unable to breathe. But right after, the boy was laughing again, and his feet weren't touching the ground and he couldn't help but yelp as the alpha began to spin him around like before.

Familiar lips found his own before he could react.

He didn't even notice when he was placed down to stand again, nor did he notice as arms wrapped around his waist. All he could think of was the alpha's mouth, and the eager way his lips moved against his own. Needy, greedy, with passion and intention. Dream kissed him like he meant it. And God, he completely melted into it.

His heart was suddenly bursting in flames again and he kissed the boy back in a heartbeat. His arms found their way around the taller one's shoulders, and his partner pulled him closer as he deepened the gesture. And he kept kissing him, over and over again. He kept pressing their lips together and demanding more of him, his tongue finding its way inside the omega's mouth and claiming it.

He felt like in a movie, he felt like he was floating. He felt like time stopped again and all he could think of was how sweet Dream's lips were and the comforting way brown sugar and oak filled his nose.

The American pulled away abruptly, cupping his cheeks again.

"Say it again," he instantly demanded. The Brit felt his face heating up.

"No."

"Please," he begged, pulling him a little closer. "Say it again."

God, George was a weak man.

Everyone always said the blond did everything the brunet asked for, but they failed to notice how he, too, would do anything for him.

"I love you, Dream."

His partner's smile was as bright as he's ever seen it. The boy let out a soft laugh, pulling him into a hug and kissing his head.

"You love me!" He yelled, taking some distance just to kiss him on the lips again. The omega let out a nervous laugh as well as soon as he broke apart, still feeling water running down his face.

The alpha looked at him with a fondness that wasn't new, using his thumbs to dry away his tears before giving him one more peck on his lips. And then, he turned around, looking everywhere

around them.

“George loves me!” The boy suddenly yelled, as loud as he could.

The Brit’s eyes widened right away, grabbing his arm and using it to pull him closer so he could cover his mouth with his hand.

“Shut up!”

The American wheezed to his reaction, wrapping his arms around him again before kissing him as before. For just a brief moment this time, then moving to kiss his face. He placed gentle kisses all over his cheek, taking his time to show him his affection. Then, he reached for his hand, carefully holding it with his own before inviting him to walk in their house’s direction.

“Come on, let’s- let’s get inside before we get sick,” he mumbled. George could only nod, still feeling too overwhelmed to react properly and simply letting the boy guide him.

As soon as they got into the house, the alpha reached for some towels conveniently placed right by the door. The omega instantly noticed the change of clothes that were over the small table as well, humming as he took the information in.

So the blond had known the brunet would go outside, or was planning on getting them out himself. He always thought ahead of things, always carefully planned things. Except, of course, when he did it.

The boy handed him one of the towels, offering him a soft smile before starting to use his own to dry himself. The Brit looked at the towel, but he didn’t move nor attempted to mimic his friend’s actions. He just stared at it, taking a few seconds to calm down.

He felt dizzy, his stomach felt weird.

“Do you want some hot chocolate?” He heard the alpha ask him, but he didn’t look at him to respond. He simply kept his eyes fixed on the towel.

It felt weird, he felt weird.

He felt weirdly empty, but not in the ‘relieved after taking a huge weight off you’ kind of way.

“I can make some for us,” the boy then added. “We could take a bath, and then we could watch movies on the couch or something.”

As before, he didn’t respond. As before, he didn’t look at him.

This... This wasn’t how he expected to feel.

Not after the conclusions he had gotten the night before, not after kissing under the rain. This wasn’t how it was supposed to feel.

It took him a moment to understand why.

“Dream,” he whispered, his voice sounding all too shaky.

A new storm was quickly forming inside him and the overwhelming sensation of being overflowed was catching up to him again.

“Hm?”

“You didn’t say it,” he instantly let out. And just then, he dared to look at the alpha again.

The blond blinked, furrowing his brows with confusion. That only made him more upset.

“What?”

“I told you- You didn’t say it back,” he pointed out.

His chest was tight again, his heart was racing in a completely different way. He held the towel tightly as if to ground himself, and kept his eyes glued to his friend.

Dream’s face twisted. The brunet felt himself skip a beat.

“George.”

He didn’t like that tone. He really didn’t like it.

He immediately took a step away, hugging the towel in front of himself as it was a shield. His breathing was getting faster, but not enough air was getting to his lungs.

“No.” He shook his head, not wanting to hear whatever half-ass excuse the boy could offer him thinking what he did was fine and things would be okay. “You didn’t- You didn’t say it.”

“I say it *all* the time,” the boy defended himself, tone a little too harsh. The brunet shook his head again, suddenly feeling dizzy.

“No, that’s not true,” he insisted, gripping at the towel again and taking another step to take some distance from him. “You didn’t say it back.”

He felt sick, he felt like he could throw up right that instant.

It was wrong, it was all wrong. Expect him, and what he thought, and that’s the only thing he didn’t want to be right about.

The blond looked at him with an emotion he couldn’t name. Something between the lines of frustration or disappointment or guilt... Or maybe none of the above, it was something he couldn’t read.

“George, you *know* how I feel about you.”

To that, the omega could only scoff.

“No I don’t,” he instantly said, voice all too bitter. “I love you George, you’re my *best friend*,” he let out next, copying words he’s heard one too many times in the past two months, ever since his heat. Because at some point when they started messing around, the boy had stopped saying those words alone, always adding something right after.

‘Alpha loves me.’

‘... Yeah. You’re so important to me... You’re my best friend.’

He took a deep breath, pursing his lips as he felt tears threatening to come out.

‘Why are you so sure?’

‘Because I love you... And you’re my best friend.’

He closed his eyes, shaking his head again, then took another step further.

'I love you too, George. You're my best friend... And I really want to fuck you.'

His head was spinning. His body was cold. Everything fucking hurts.

He wanted to run away.

"You *are* my best friend, George."

And he felt as his world crumbled down.

The brunet opened his eyes, disappointed written all over his face to not show any other more compromising feeling. The pain, the fear, the panic, the guilt. The heartbreak.

"That's not what I mean," he mumbled, his voice suddenly sounding weak and vulnerable. "That's not how *I* meant it."

Dream's face twisted with what he could only read as guilt.

"George-"

"Oh my god."

He instantly turned around, not waiting to hear another word before heading to the stairs.

He couldn't do it. He couldn't fucking do it. He needed to go away. He needed to disappear.

"George, wait!" The boy hurried to yell, and just for a moment, the omega obeyed. He ceased his steps, heart on his sleeve and the last glimpse of hope begging for him to hold onto it. "Your clothes- Let's change first and then-"

The bitter scoff that came out of him was completely involuntary. But if it had been his choice, he would've chosen an even more poisonous tone.

He couldn't believe him. He couldn't believe that's what he chose to say.

He turned just enough to look at him, in complete disbelief and never feeling more let down.

"What? Scared I'll make a mess?" He accused, louder and angrier than he expected himself to sound and voice cracking as his body shook with frustration. "'Cause it seems to me like I already did!"

The boy's eyes widened to his words, or maybe his behavior, but he didn't wait for long enough to get a response. He quickly turned around again, hurrying to head upstairs. His legs were too weak to carry him, he had no strength left in his muscles. Yet he still managed to run, a burning feeling growing in his chest and tears threatening to come out. But he wouldn't cry. Not yet. Not in front of him.

"George, stop!" He heard the blond calling him, his footsteps letting him know he was following now. He hurried even more, holding onto the walls as he walked to prevent himself from tripping. "Come on, hear me out!"

The brunet wanted to laugh. Didn't he try to do that already? But it was *him* who didn't speak.

The omega reached his room's knob, opening the door as fast as he could and quickly getting

inside. He closed the door behind him just as quickly, locking it before turning to face his scent neutralizers and turning them on.

“Stop, please, let’s just talk!” He heard the boy screaming from the end of the stairs, and he shook his head to his words.

He tried to do that too. But again, the alpha was the one that didn’t do the talking. He could’ve said it back when the omega finally spoke his mind. He could’ve said something when he called him out on not doing so. He could’ve said something before he ran up the stairs. He could be saying it now.

His door handle abruptly moving almost made him jump, the sudden movement of his own body making him lose his balance and falling onto the floor. He stared at the door with fear in his eyes, before remembering he had locked it already. The knock on his door further proved that the boy couldn’t let himself inside.

“George, open up,” the American demanded, knocking again. “Let me in.”

But again, that was also something he already did. He already fucking did.

He opened up, poured his feelings and exposed them to him. He let him in, into his heart, and now everything was ruined.

“George!”

The alpha knocked harder. The omega covered his ears, closing his eyes and taking a shaky breath as he shook his head again. He couldn’t do it. He couldn’t do this. He wanted him to go away. Even if a part of him wanted to hear him out, even if a part of him wanted to give him a chance to make it right, he couldn’t do it.

Because he could be saying it now. He could be saying it back and everything would be fixed. But nothing was happening yet everything was crumbling. And he was frozen, terrified, in need of the safety he had lost just minutes ago. Now it was fly or fight, and he could only do what he’s been doing his whole life.

Retreat, retreat, retreat.

Go back, hide, and never show anything again.

“George, open up!” Dream was almost screaming, his shaky voice matching the increasing tremble of the brunet’s body. And the knocking got harder, the loud noise resonating in his room and filling his eyes with tears. “George!” He sounded in a panic. The omega was panicking as well.

And he knew the neutralizers were making it worse, the lack of his scent to reassure the alpha he was still there only intensifying whatever he might be feeling. But he couldn’t care about that. He couldn’t protect him right now.

He couldn’t even protect himself. He couldn’t even think straight.

He could feel himself breaking and his inner sobbing in agonizing pain. His chest was burning from how tight it was and he couldn’t breathe, nausea only getting worse and begging him to crawl to the bathroom and lay over the cold floor.

“George, please, come back!” The blond’s voice broke again. It almost sounded like he was crying. “Just open the door, let me-let me in, *please*, just- please let me talk!”

Dream shook the handle brusquely, then hit at his door in a violent manner. So fucking hard the brunet feared he would tear it down or break it to get his way inside.

A pathetic whimper escaped the omega's mouth, head too dizzy to stay sitting anymore. His body moved down against his will, and he curled up next to the door as he hugged the towel in his hands, the faint trace of the boy's scent in it making his stomach twist.

“George!”

And as he heard his roommate call his name again, the storm inside him finally broke loose again, water running down his cheek without rain to blame this time.

Chapter End Notes

um, so im gonna start by saying... im sorry? ☺

anyways-

finally, after waiting for so long to write it, RAIN SCENE WAS HERE
WOOOOOOOO!!!!!! a scene we can all agree was beautiful and then collectively agree to pretend nothing happened after it ahahah am i right-

guys im not gonna lie, i made myself sad. i promise there a happy ending okay, i promise. i hope all the dream apologists are doing well btw

so, the twitter spoilers without context! the emojis meant: george is confused so he stops the adult activities, dream's mom visits then dream feels guilty about the wounds. they eat breakfast together and have a movies marathon, they hold hands and dream calls george baby. george gets his hopes up then rain scene, george says his feelings out loud but dream doesnt say it back.
shout out to ky for guessing george would question everything, breakfast in bed and rain scene + confession, to bunn for guessing dream's mom would cook for them... and especial honorable mention to dream for guessing in his podcast that he would be begging for george to come back to him /hj LMAO. also just to everyone trying to guess, so many of you were close!! <3

wow, i actually dont know what else to say, i feel like half of you must be hating me right now. hopefully you have some faith that the story will end with a good ending and not completely cancel me for this- but anyways ahaha.

i wanted to take a moment to thank you guys for all the support, i talked about this on twitter but if you let me is officially (from all the dnf fics first published on 2022) the 4th most kudo'd one, follwed by tolerate it as the firth, or 3th and 4th if you only count the E rating, and honestly? thats absolutely insane and i cried for hours seeing all your messages congratulating me. the amount of interactions ive been getting lately keeps growing and growing and i really dont know how to cope with it. its overwhelming in the best way possible. so thank you, just thank you. you guys are amazing, the best, and i appreciate every single one of you :]

well, i think thats all for today. thank you again and i'll be waiting for all your comments <3 plus i'll be replying to them + the chapter 12 ones on my stream

tomorrow at 8 pm est, hope to see some of you there <3

have a great night/day and see you soon!!!

EDIT: I FORGOT TO SAY. THE SONG THEY SLOW DANCE TO IS "I DO" BY
SUSIE SUH

[twitter](#)

[tumblr](#)

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

As a London boy, George wasn't too fond of hot days.

Used to clouds and rainy days, he found comfort in slightly colder zones and warm and cozy clothes. Never having to deal with sweating like a pig, or one layer of clothes feeling like one too many.

The quiet sound of pouring rain wasn't as comforting anymore. Clothes over clothes weren't enough for his freezing body.

He was used to gray and clouded skies and little to no light, but he always had the sun with him, by his side. Making his days seem bright even in the middle of the darkest winter nights, and keeping his heart warm despite the low temperatures.

It was a privilege, one that he no longer had. One that he had lost. And the familiar noise that he had been missing just a few months ago, was now a constant reminder of how easily happiness can be ripped away from you.

He took a deep breath, lungs hurting slightly with the intake, then shifted on his spot, turning around in the bed trying to get comfortable. He wasn't even sure when he crawled into it. He wasn't even sure if the rain he was hearing was the same of hours ago or had started again recently. He wasn't sure if it had been just hours ago, or if it was nighttime already, or even a new day.

He couldn't say he cared a lot, either.

Nothing seemed too important right now, he was too tired to think of anything. Hours spent crying were more exhausting than his body could handle. Trying to ignore loud banging and screams was for his mind, too.

The room was quiet now. He was freezing.

A soft sigh escaped his lips, tugging at his sheets and trying to wrap himself with his blankets some more. Then, he closed his eyes again. The next time he opened them again, the surface under him wasn't as soft anymore.

It took him a moment to understand why, not knowing when he had moved or how.

He let out a small whine, carefully and slowly lifting his body so his numb arm wouldn't be pressing against the hard floor anymore and he could turn around.

"George?"

His body instantly froze. Lips pressed tightly into a thin line to prevent himself from making another sound, eyes flying to the door as if he could see the person at the other side. He stayed completely still, trying to hold his breath as he waited.

The voice didn't try to talk again. George relaxed with relief.

Well, kind of. As much relief as you can feel when the presence you're trying to avoid was still right behind your door.

His eyes looked at the slightly twisted knob, pursing his lips. At least he had managed to convince him to stop trying to break in, even if he had to use threats to do so. And it wasn't as upsetting to have him there, now that he wasn't screaming at him anymore. Still, he couldn't help but wish he would leave him alone.

He wasn't sure if the boy had been there the whole time or had left at some point of the night then returned to the same spot, but either way, his roommate was there every time he opened his eyes. Which was probably the reason why he was laying on the floor now. He probably subconsciously crawled there to be closer to the scent his instincts craved to feel better.

A horrible reason, truly. He was only making things worse for himself in the long term. But short-term satisfaction was something his inner would always seek, apparently. He had learned that the hard way.

He sighed to himself, carefully getting into a more comfortable position. He knew that he needed to go back to the bed, he needed to take some distance from the rotten wood smell. But his muscles were tired, his body too weak to try and stand up.

He just needed to rest some more first, he needed to regain his strength after passing out from sobbing for too long and throwing up a couple times. He just needed to rest, that was all. Even if the pressure on his chest and the bitterness on his stomach would get worse as the hours passed, even if he felt more and more lightheaded and his breathing became too faint.

He closed his eyes again, letting sleep claim him and trying to pretend a part of him wasn't wishing it was all just a bad dream. Falling asleep again was easy. Waking up once more was too.

He was cold. He was too cold. The floor was uncomfortable. Nothing was different. It wasn't a nightmare.

And despite knowing that finding his way back to his bed was something he needed and probably for the best, it felt kind of pointless. Because the comfort of a mattress wouldn't heal his broken heart, minimizing the discomfort of his body wouldn't make his head any less of a mess.

God, he wanted to roll his eyes at his own thoughts. Self-pity wasn't deserved when things were nothing but his fault.

He allowed himself to indulge in a fantasy he knew wasn't possible. He wasn't wanted, not like he wanted it.

A tired groan came out of his lips as he turned to his side, curling up and wrapping himself with his blankets to try and get comfortable once again. A soft noise made him instantly still. Movement on the other side of his door.

He held his breath as he pressed his blankets closer to himself. Had he woken him up? Was he going to try and talk to him again?

The brunet stayed quiet, waiting and alert. But no voice broke the silence. He heard as the boy shifted, probably resting his body against the door, then the noises stopped.

After a couple of seconds, he finally sighed and closed his eyes, despite still feeling just as tense. He was glad there wasn't more begging, more demands to get in. Yet the silence felt weirdly empty. And how pathetic was that? The fact that a part of him was still waiting.

But he knew the words he wanted would never come. Whatever he needed so things could be good again wasn't something he would ever get. Because he wasn't wanted, not like he wanted to be.

He didn't even notice when he dozed off this time, only realizing he had managed to fall asleep once more when his eyes suddenly snapped open, body jumping to the sound of a loud noise. It took him a moment to understand what was happening, where he was, and remembering why he was on the floor. It took him a moment to realize the noise wasn't as loud, but felt that way after hours without a single sound reaching his ear. It took him a moment to notice it came from his door, and he finally identified it as someone knocking.

That was all it took for him to be high alert, all his muscles tensing up and hands grabbing at his blankets as if to protect himself.

Another knock. He stayed quiet, weak heart beating faster.

"George?" And his heart rate increased even more, eyes slightly widening. But not out of fear this time.

That wasn't Dream's voice.

The familiar tone made his body instantly relax, vision clouding as he took a shaky breath, a mix of relief and shame hitting him all too quickly.

Sapnap.

His friend was back.

And that was simultaneously a blessing and the worst possible scenario he could think of. Because knowing he wasn't alone anymore in a house he didn't want to be in, forced to stay locked in his room to avoid his other roommate, was something he truly needed right now. Yet now the brown-haired boy would know too, of just how much of a fool George had managed to turn himself into.

He didn't think he could take any more humiliation, any more of being vulnerable. He didn't think Sapnap would mock him for it, though.

"Hey," the boy called for him again, taking him out of his thoughts, his voice seeming doubtful. Maybe unsure if the brunet was awake or not, maybe unsure if his presence was wanted. "Can you let me in?"

Weak legs moved before he could truly process what he was doing, taking shaky steps towards the door. But right before reaching it, he stopped.

Something... Something was off.

... Why was he asking him to get in like that?

If his friend had just gotten back, why was he asking to get in his room, sounding so unsure, instead of simply telling him he was back? And why wasn't Dream trying to stop him? Or saying anything at all.

The brunet glanced at the door, sniffing at the air. Yeah, he could tell he was still there. So the youngest of them had to see him there, laying by his door. He had to know George had purposely locked himself in, he had to know something was wrong. But again, the blond was as quiet as he could be. He wasn't trying to stop the other alpha.

... Was it a trick?

Had the tall one convinced their mutual best friend to be the decoy so he could get in himself?

The omega pursed his lips, taking a step back. He didn't like that. He didn't like that at all.

He didn't know what Dream could've told him to convince him, he didn't know what story he might've heard. He didn't know if he could trust he was less alone now, or more trapped than before.

"George?" The boy called again. The brunet didn't move. "I... I brought someone with me" he heard him adding. "Karl came with me, to see you."

"Hey there, buddy, can I come in?"

His eyes instantly widened hearing that voice.

In a blink of an eye, he found himself opening the door, looking at the other omega standing right there and grabbing his arm to pull him inside.

He caught a glimpse of Sapnap standing there as well, slightly behind his mate, while one hand gripped tightly at the arm of the third person there. His orbs barely fell on the third party, quickly taking in the swollen and reddened face staring at him before retrieving to his room and closing the door again, not giving time for the blond to even attempt to take a step in his direction.

And as soon as the door was closed and the lock had been secured, he felt his legs failing him, having used all the left strength their weakened state allowed them to. A pair of hands quickly placed on his arms, preventing him from falling and pulling him to rest his body against the taller one.

"It's okay, I got you," the boy instantly said, wrapping an arm around his waist next to offer him extra support. "I got you." George took a shaky breath, holding onto his friend's arms as he nodded.

Yeah, he did. He got him.

They stayed in that same position for a couple of seconds, as if to make sure his legs wouldn't betray him again, before Karl carefully helped guide him to the bed, helping him lay down on it as well.

He left him there as he hurriedly went back to their previous spot to pick up the blankets laying on the floor, carrying them to the bed and covering the brunet with them. Then, he sat down by his side, placing one hand on the shorter one's hair and petting softly, offering him a soft and reassuring smile before finally speaking again.

"Do you want me to get Sapnap too?" He asked. The Brit glanced at him, thinking for a moment before shaking his head.

A part of him wanted the familiarity of his presence, and the comfort of his scent. But another part felt sick just with the thought of bringing another alpha to his nest.

"No? Wanna stay just with me?" The boy asked next, getting a nod in response this time. "Alright, we stay together then, just the two of us" he agreed, nodding as if to emphasize the support to his decision. "Can I lay with you? For some omega-cuddles with the homie?"

George glanced at him again, doubting for a second before slowly moving a little to the side to give him some room. The brown-haired quickly lowered himself, laying by his side and wrapping an arm around him to pull him a little closer. The warmth his body provided him was nice, but something felt off. It wasn't as comforting as he knew it could be.

Brown eyes drifted from his friend's face to his neck, glancing at the patch over his gland, then looking back at him.

"Want me to take it off?" Karl asked, understanding right away what his eyes were telling him. The brunet nodded again, getting a soft 'okay' in response before the boy did as he was asked, placing the patch over the nightstand then wrapping his arms around him again.

The citrusy yet somewhat sweet scent was familiar enough for his body to relax rather quickly, not feeling as tense anymore. He closed his eyes, humming with content to the aroma he had learned to associate with understanding and comfort.

"Better?" His friend asked, and once again, he simply nodded. The boy looked at him, examining him with his eyes for a moment before moving a hand to pet his hair again. "Not feeling too talkative today, are we?"

He didn't respond. He didn't even try to open his eyes again. His inner finally seemed less on edge and was slowly calming his relentless sobbing, so his tired body was already asking him to try and get some sleep again, thinking this time he might actually rest.

And maybe he shouldn't go straight back to sleep just yet, maybe he should ask his friend what he was doing there or what did he know. But quite honestly, he didn't feel like having that conversation. He didn't want to talk about it, not right now. He just wanted to feel at peace.

Falling asleep again was ridiculously easy, and his mind got deeper into unconsciousness this time around, completely disconnecting from the world around him.

He barely registered when Karl tried to wake him up, barely taking in his words when he said something about going to get him food. And the only reason why it had been 'barely' and not a 'completely unaware of it' situation, was because he didn't like the idea of him leaving him so soon after just getting there, but the boy had taken off his hoodie and left it by his side so he could keep his scent.

The comforting item was enough to keep him asleep for a while longer, but as minutes passed and with the presence being gone, the heavy sleep turned into a lighter one. Light enough for him to catch the voices outside his door, light enough for him to understand them.

"What do you mean he's not saying anything?" A familiar low voice filled his ears, discomfort taking over his features to the frustration in his tone.

"He's not talking right now, so I have nothing to tell you," Karl's quiet voice was a nice contrast.

"You're *supposed* to talk to him, you're supposed to be *helping*-"

"Watch it." Sapnap's tone was sharper, warning in his tone to stop the defensive one.

"It's fine." The soft voice interfered, followed by an equally soft sigh. "I am here to help. To help *him*," his friend stated. And for a moment, things were quiet again. But then, he heard another sigh. "Do you know what a heat drop is, Clay?"

Silence came back right away.

George felt his body tense up, slowly shifting on his spot to cover himself with his blankets some more.

He didn't like that word. He didn't like that topic. But he didn't want to stand up and stop them. He didn't want them to know he was listening.

"He... He wasn't in heat, that's..." The taller one cleared his throat, voice clearly holding more fear than annoyance now. "No, that's not-"

"A compensatory heat counts too," the other omega interrupted.

"That was *days* ago."

"You know our hormones take longer to regulate and go back to normal than yours." No response from the blond. The silence felt tense. "Heat drop isn't really a good name for it, though. You don't need to be in heat for your inner to react to go into that state, that's just the most usual case because of-"

"I need to get in," Dream cut him off this time, with a more decisive tone.

"You can't."

"Please," he insisted. "You have to let me in."

"I can't, not without George's permission." He could almost hear his friend shaking his head.

"But he *needs* me."

"It's his decision, I can't let you in if he doesn't want you to."

"You just said he's going through a drop!" Exasperation, frustration too, and louder than before. "He's- He can't be making decisions right now, that's-"

"I didn't say he was going through it yet, but it seems like he's getting to that point," the omega corrected. "But a drop doesn't make him unable to think for himself..."

"No, I know how drops are. I'm- I've read about it, I-I know he can't."

George pursed his lips, shifting uncomfortably with a bitter feeling making his stomach hurt. The growing desperation in his roommate's voice was making his inner more upset.

"He isn't even responding and-"

"That's just physically," Karl interrupted, once again. "We get numb, yeah, and can't react or respond to the outside world too well, but that's just the physical effect of too much going on inside. *The visible signs of depression*, and all that," he explained. "His instincts are freaking out, and his mind is overthinking everything, so his body can't handle it..."

"And he's supposed to be able to make good decisions in that state?"

"He can for now, yes," the boy affirmed. "But if that changes-"

"I need to get in," Dream abruptly demanded, seemingly taking some step forward if the footsteps sounds were anything to go by. "Karl, please-"

"Clay." Sappnap's voice made an appearance again, as sharp as before. "Chill," the younger alpha

mumbled, yet his tone made it clear it was an order. “We made a deal, so you either behave or we take him away.”

Silence fell over them once again. Then, a quiet sob.

He could hear movement, and whispers too, and the wooden floor cracking like when weight is applied directly to it. Then, he heard some footsteps again, slowly getting closer. He heard his door’s knob next, and quickly changed his position, relaxing his body and calming his breathing to look like he was asleep.

Karl got back in seconds later, and the door was shut right after. The brunet kept his eyes closed as his friend walked to his side, still not reacting when he sat down next to him, keeping his sleeping act.

“George?” He heard the boy say then, placing a hand over his shoulder. “I brought you some dinner.”

Just then, the Brit allowed himself to slowly open his eyes, looking at the other omega as he shifted to sit up. He wasn’t sure he had successfully pretended he was just waking up or not, but if he didn’t, the brown-haired boy was nice enough not to make any comments about it. He simply moved closer, placing a tray with food over his lap and offering him a sympathetic smile.

The brunet looked down to his meal, staring at the quite large plate. He wasn’t really hungry.

“It’s okay if you can’t eat it all,” Karl suddenly said, as if reading his thoughts. “But a little bird told me you’ve been locked here since yesterday’s morning, so...”

George glanced at his friend for a second, slightly surprised by his words. Not because of the sentence itself, he had a feeling over a day had passed already, but more taken back by the admission that they were aware of what was going on.

Well, it shouldn’t be too shocking. It made sense, considering how both Sapnap and him had behaved since they got there and the conversation that he heard. But still, he didn’t expect any of them to admit it to him.

He looked back to the food, examining it with his eyes for a moment. And then, his eyes widened. He recognized the meal. He had watched when it was cooked.

His eyes flew back to the other omega, a question drawn in them.

“Yeah, it’s Dream’s,” the boy answered right away, understanding despite his lack of words. “He asked us to get you some of the meals you had ready in the freezer” he added, although he had guessed that part already with the first sentence.

His eyes glued to the homemade dish, looking as delicious as the blond’s cooking always looked. It made his stomach twist with hunger. It made his heart feel empty as well.

The brown-haired placed a hand on his shoulder again, squeezing it lightly.

“He needs to feel like he’s taking care of you somehow, you know.”

His stomach twisted again, chest feeling tight. And that’s when he knew, right there and then, that things were worse than he thought.

Middle points were worse than all or nothing.

Because it was one thing to get your instincts freaking out over not getting a mate, when the chances of getting one seemed low and he couldn't satisfy himself. But it was a completely different one to feel that way because the mate you found doesn't want you as one, to be triggered by actual rejection.

And maybe even if it was as simple as that, he would've eventually been fine anyways. He would've eventually gotten his shit together, locked his feelings away and moved on. But as it had been stated already, things weren't simple anymore.

Because Dream didn't love him back, and he had to face that rejection. Yet the boy was still treating him like an alpha would to his omega, his instincts probably still saw him as a mate as well, and that made everything so fucking complicated.

Dream would never stop being caring and attentive, he knew him enough to know that. And as long as rejection wasn't mixed with abandonment, as long as the boy refused to leave him alone, a part of him would always be hopeful for something that wouldn't come.

So how was he supposed to move on?

George had experienced a heat drop before, so he could tell he wasn't quite in that state just yet, not fully at least. But once he did... Oh, once he did. It wouldn't be as simple nor as easy as to simply give it time to go away. It would get worse, and worse, and the empty feeling of being unworthy of love would mess with his head in ways he probably wasn't ready to.

So what was he supposed to do?

He wasn't awake enough to think about it. He didn't want to think at all.

He got his fork, taking a bite of food before moving the tray away and placing it on his nightstand. The other omega stared at him, giving him a questioning look.

"You're not going to eat more?"

The brunet shook his head in response, then quickly turned around and curled up on his spot. The familiar taste only made him miss what he's lost even more.

His eyes were too tired to risk crying again. He wasn't ready to face the forming storm inside him.

He could feel Karl's stare, he could tell he wanted to ask about it. Thankfully for him, he didn't.

It was a little harder to fall asleep again, but it felt as if he slept for longer this time. That, until voices caught his attention again, slowly pulling him back to consciousness.

He tried to ignore it at first, not wanting to accidentally eardrop and hear things he wasn't meant to like before. But the distress was palpable in the air, and it didn't take him long to realize that he was wrong, it wasn't the conversation that woke him but the strong smell instead.

The alpha was in pain, and instincts were instincts. He couldn't help but react to it. So no matter how much he tried to relax, focus on his sleeping friend's scent by his side and close his eyes again, he couldn't take his attention off the voices.

"Sap, please." Hearing the broken plea did nothing to the bitterness on his stomach. "I need to get in, h-he needs me with him."

"I can't, dude, my answer is not gonna change just because you asked again."

"Please." His chest felt tighter with the way his voice broke as he spoke. "How would you feel if it was Karl the one in there? If he was going through a drop and there was nothing you could do?"

"Well, that would never happen, because I'm not a fucking idiot." Despite the harsh words, Sapnap's tone was soft and gentle. There wasn't any anger or resentment, nor sounded like putting blame or an accusation. He sounded just as patient and compassionate as he usually was with the brunet too.

A part of him wished he was a part of the conversation, wished he could tell him the situations couldn't be compared because their friends were actually mates, and they weren't, and call him out for the implications of it. But for the most part, it hurt him to know this was hurting Dream too, and he wished none of it was happening, so both of them could feel at peace.

"I need to see him, Sap." The blond's voice was quieter this time. He sounded tired. "I need to- I need to talk to him."

"I know," the boy assured in response. "Believe me, I want that too. I want you two to talk."

George couldn't help but purse his lips, guilt hitting him hard because, yeah, he was the one that didn't let his roommate speak when he asked to. But could he really be blamed for being scared of what he could hear? Especially when the silence and lack of answer had been louder than any words he could've said.

"But let's give it time, he needs to be ready first," he mumbled next. He sounded kind of tired too.

"I don't even know if he's- I can't- I don't know if he's okay, or if he- if he's ever gonna want to talk or- if... If he hates me now, and- I can't. I can't. Sapnap, I need to-"

"He's fine, we'll make sure he's fine," Sapnap was quick to interrupt. "We would never let anything happen to him, you know that" he assured. "And he could never hate you, not seriously. You know that too." And he was right, George couldn't. No matter what, under any circumstances. That was kind of the problem. "So let's get you some food and see if you can sleep more than one hour this time, okay?"

"Sap..."

"You're gonna get sick too, Clay," the younger alpha interrupted him, with a little more determination on his voice this time. Showing it wasn't a suggestion, as his wording could've made it sound like. "Just wait here, I'll be right back."

There was no noise but footsteps after that. The brunet stayed still, as if waiting for something else to come. The distress in the air was just as heavy, sadness mixing in it as well.

He closed his eyes, sighed, then turned around to try and sleep. He opened them again just seconds later, sighing again as he carefully sat up. He couldn't stand it.

The smell was too strong, his presence was too strong. Dream was upset, and scared, and filled with guilt.

He couldn't take it.

Before he could think twice, his legs had moved on their own. And before he could realize what he was doing, he was standing next to the door, turning the scent neutralizers off. The effect was pretty much instant, hearing an abrupt movement on the other side of the door.

“George?” His voice was just a whisper, and it sounded just as broken as before, but there was an eagerness to it that he could only associate with being hopeful. The omega looked at the door, doubting for a moment. He opened his mouth to talk, but quickly closed it again when nothing came out.

He didn’t know what to say. He didn’t want to talk, not like this, not yet.

The boy stayed silent for a moment, the eagerness on his scent letting him know he was still waiting for a response. But when it never came, the blond quietly sighed. He could tell he was disappointed at the lack of an answer, but he could also tell his rotten scent was already calming down, even if just slightly. And that was enough to calm his own, as well.

Because maybe he wasn’t ready to see him again yet, and maybe he was still upset himself, and hurting too. But... Dream was his best friend. And he couldn’t see him in pain, not because of him.

So he did the only thing he felt capable of doing right now.

He allowed him to know he was there, and how he was feeling, and that Sapnap wasn’t lying, and they would make sure he was okay. At least physically. He allowed him to smell him again, to have that part of him available.

Because his inner was screaming to help the alpha, *his* alpha, and George was too weak to not give into his instincts.

He heard movement again, his roommate seemingly shifting his position. And then, a small bump on the door. He probably hit his head by trying to lean on it, or maybe his elbow, or something. The brunet stared at the door for a few more seconds, hesitating for a moment before taking a step closer. He took a deep breath, then let his knuckles hit the wood once. A small sound, mimicking the one the alpha made.

The shifting noises ceased immediately. He could almost see the boy going completely still at the other side of the door, he could almost feel him holding his breath.

There was nothing but silence for a moment, and then, two quick knocks on the door. And God, it was stupid. It was stupid and pathetic, and he shouldn’t be doing that, not when everything was so confusing and new and painful.

Yet his lips couldn’t help but curve up slightly, knocking twice as well in response.

Dream didn’t try to call for him again. In a way, it felt like a way to pay him back for his nice gesture.

The omega waited for a few seconds just in case, but when the silence continued and nothing bad happened, he finally turned around, crawling back to his bed. A pair of arms wrapping around him took him completely off guard, freezing on his spot. Shit, he didn’t mean to wake Karl up. But soon enough, he was relaxing again. The boy’s scent was calming and the way he rubbed at his back was soothing enough, making him sigh tiredly and close his eyes.

He wasn’t used to the comfort an omega could naturally offer, he hadn’t experienced that kind of reassurance and support before, not like that. So clearly, the effect of the soft touches and being surrounded by the faint familiar aroma was bigger, stronger, and quicker, on him.

“You okay?” His friend asked. The brunet nodded quietly.

Karl hummed in response, and he could feel his eyes on him despite having his own closed. He

stayed like that for a while, until finally, he spoke what was on his mind.

“You know we can talk about it, at any point, right? I’m here to listen whenever you’re ready.”

A part of him wanted to sigh to that, roll his eyes and turn around. Avoiding was always his first natural reaction and response to things. Another part wanted to take the offer, speak his mind and share his side of the story. His mind was still too full of shit and the urge to cry was all too present. But at last, he simply shook his head.

“There’s nothing to say,” he managed to say, and despite only being a whisper, his words felt loud.

The first time he had gone through a heat drop, he hadn’t been expecting it. In all honesty, he didn’t even know much about it, not until he was forced to learn it the hard way.

Wanting to be mated was one of the most basic omega instincts. It was linked to the primitive need to reproduce and preserve the species, and to the primitive need to submit too. But those were never things George felt strongly about, he never even felt the need of courting someone. So he never thought spending his heats alone in his mid-twenties would affect him that badly.

That’s where he had been ignorant. Because his most basic instinctual needs not being met involved more aspects than just proving they could be good for others.

Feeling cared for, getting satisfied, having someone around to help them out... To feel like others also wanted to be good to them, was a part of feeling worthy of being mated.

So realizing no one was there for him when he needed it the most, was enough to trigger that state.

A heat drop was called that because the previously high hormone levels would suddenly drop, a dysregulation caused by their inners inability to cope with not being nursed properly. And the hormonal imbalance would have chemical effects as well, directly affecting the serotonin and dopamine production and leaving them submerged into a deeply depressive state.

It had him feeling useless and unwanted, that first time. He had no desire to do anything but be in bed, the three A’s of depression plus feeling numb leaving him completely empty and wanting to be alone. He had hated himself and the world and he would cry even if he wasn’t sure why.

Everything felt awful, he didn’t even want to move. It was like existing felt like too much effort and he didn’t see the point of trying.

It only lasted for a couple weeks, and the intensity varied during it. But the experience had been traumatizing enough to decide to get a heat partner and prevent it from ever happening again.

The first time that he went through that state, he hadn’t been expecting it. And he truly tried to do whatever he could so that could be the last time too. But here he was, body feeling cold despite his elevated temperature and too weak to even want to eat or do anything other than sleep.

And maybe he hadn’t been expecting it now either, but this second time was completely his fault. He should’ve seen it coming. He should’ve known. Losing something was always worse than never having it.

The brunet sighed, shaking his head as if to get rid of his thoughts that way. Then, he tried to focus on the glass of water that was being offered to him, and the pill on his friend’s other hand. He didn’t even care that he had gotten physically ill this time, to be honest. He knew eventually his

body would calm down. All he wanted was to stop feeling so fucking stupid.

Stupid for falling in love, for giving in, for admitting it out loud.

He took the meds the boy was giving him, drank the water slowly, then laid down again, turning around to get comfortable and go back to sleep. Before he could throw another blanket over himself, though, a gentle hand stopped him.

“Don’t cover yourself too much, your fever could get worse,” Karl mumbled.

The Brit hummed in acknowledgment, giving him a single nod before turning to curl on his spot. But as before, he was stopped before he could do so.

“Wait.” He vaguely glanced at the boy as he spoke. “I know you wanna sleep, but I think it’s time for us to talk.”

“There’s nothing to say,” he let out right away, but his friend shook his head this time.

“I think there’s a lot to say, actually,” the brown-haired boy said, offering him a sympathetic smile. “And I think you need to, or you’ll keep getting sicker.”

Brown eyes fell onto similar colored ones. He stared at the other omega’s friend for a couple of seconds, before looking away, shifting to his side.

“I’m hungry,” he declared.

At first, the American was quiet. But after a moment or two, he finally heard him standing up.

“Okay,” the boy mumbled, and he could almost feel him nodding. “Okay, yeah, that’s great. I’ll get you some food then, and we’ll talk after you eat.”

George didn’t respond, simply listening as his friend left the room. And as soon as he did, he sighed, closing his eyes and mentally counting to try and get himself to fall asleep faster.

Maybe if he was asleep when he came back, he could buy himself some time. Because talking about it would make it feel more real, and he was barely holding on. Emptiness and a broken heart were easier to deal with when you didn’t have to say that’s how you felt.

Somehow, he managed to sleep as he wanted. But that’s as far as things went according to plan. The next time he opened his eyes, the next time he was forced to wake up, he wasn’t met with the image of the taller omega. Instead, a way more familiar face was the first thing he saw.

The Brit blinked a few times, then quickly sat up, eyes widening slightly.

“Sapnap-”

“It’s okay,” the boy instantly said, raising his hands in a surrendering gesture. “I’m not gonna get in your bed, I promise.”

The omega stared at him, body relaxing slightly to those words. Yet he still kept a defensive posture, examining him with his eyes. That, until he realized one important detail.

He sniffed the air a couple of times, then glanced at his friend, first taking in the clothes that were clearly too big on him before looking at his neck. He blinked again, then his eyes widened some more.

“You’re-”

“What? You thought I would bring my unwanted scent to your room just like that?” The young one offered him a smirk. “Come on, George, have a little faith in me.”

This time, the brunet couldn’t help but smile faintly.

Wearing a scent patch and their other roommate’s clothes, just so his inner wouldn’t panic over the presence of another alpha so close to his nest, was quite a nice gesture. Moving his gaming chair closer to the bed to sit there instead of on the mattress was one, too.

The brown-haired reached for the tray on his nightstand, carefully placing it on the omega’s lap. George looked at the food, then glanced back at Sapnap. His friend raised an eyebrow, leaning onto the chair and crossing his arms.

Yeah, his plan definitely wouldn’t work now.

He hesitated for a second, before taking the fork and getting a bite of his meal. The boy kept his eyes on him the whole time, making sure he actually ate the food. Then, he relaxed his posture.

“So...” He began, and the brunet almost wanted to roll his eyes. Getting out of a conversation with his roommate would be ten times harder than with the other omega. “Can we address the elephant in the room now?”

“No.”

“No?” His friend raised an eyebrow again, then sighed. “George, I really need you to talk to me,” he said. The brunet didn’t respond, focusing on his food instead. “I want you to tell me what happened.” The boy moved his chair closer, and now it was his time to sigh.

“You already know. Dream told you,” he accused. Because it was hard to believe they hadn’t talked about it between them already.

“Whether he did or not doesn’t matter. I want *you* to tell me what happened.”

He couldn’t help but roll his eyes this time.

Sapnap seemed as determined as he could get, and he knew he wouldn’t stop pressing until he got some kind of an answer. They let him stay quiet and not respond at all for three whole days, after all, maybe even longer. They tried to do it on his own time, but it was clear that wasn’t working.

His patience was running out, especially considering the omega would fluctuate between moments of small responses and hours where he wouldn’t react to anything they did no matter how hard they tried. He probably knew it meant his mental state was getting worse, and wanted to use this moment of clarity to demand what they needed from here.

He understood the reasoning, but he still didn’t like it. The mere idea of talking about it made his stomach twist and made him want to sleep for another ten consecutive hours.

He tried to stay quiet, tried to keep his eyes on his meal. His friend kept staring at him, waiting. The brunet sighed.

“Fine.” He gave up, finally looking at him again. “I said I love you, he didn’t. End of the story.”

The alpha looked at him for a moment, as if taking in his words, poker face impossible to read.

Then, he nodded, humming as he shifted on his spot and moved closer again.

“Okay... But like- I mean, don’t take me wrong, I’m not defending him,” he instantly clarified, raising his hands again as before. “What he did was definitely an asshole move,” he added. “But... You know, it used to be the other way around for a long time. Him saying it first, and you not answering...”

“That’s different,” the omega defended right away. “He didn’t- He didn’t mean it like I did, that’s not-”

“I know, I know. It’s not the same situation,” his friend interrupted. “But what I mean is, sometimes people don’t say it right away, and I’m guessing it wasn’t easy for you to say it in that moment either, was it?”

The Brit opened his mouth to talk, but quickly closed it in a way. In a way, it had been. The words came out way too easily, just like the pouring rain. But at the same time... It took him years of repressed emotions and months of behaving like mates.

He didn’t respond. The boy offered him a sympathetic smile.

“All I’m saying is... Maybe hear him out, before jumping to conclusions?”

Again, he stayed quiet. He tried to process his sentence, tried not to immediately shut him off. But it was hard not to think it was pointless, it was hard not to think he was wrong by trying to keep his hopes up.

He sighed, shaking his head.

“I tried that, and he called me his friend.”

“Well, you *are* his friend, Gogy,” his roommate mumbled in response, giving him a half smile. “But maybe he had more things to say, maybe he might say more if you give him time to do so... Or maybe he didn’t get what you meant or why that was upsetting, maybe he got it wrong.” He shrugged. “You can’t know unless you sit down and have an actual conversation.”

“But I-”

“You two talk a lot,” Sapnap interrupted. “But sometimes neither of you listen.”

The omega went silent again. He... Couldn’t say that was wrong.

Dream understood him better than anyone, and the same could be said the other way around. At some point in their relationship, they realized the connection they had was so big they knew what the other meant without the need of words. But maybe they got too used to that, maybe they relied on the fact that they got each other a little too much, and stopped saying some things out loud.

Maybe they got too confident that they would always understand the meaning of each other's words, and between the assumptions and lack of communication, something got lost. Maybe there was still a chance it was all a big misunderstanding. But maybe it was not.

“I get you’re scared.” His friend’s voice took him out of his thoughts, making him look at him again. “But what’s the worst thing he can really say, if you talk?”

George felt like that was the stupidest question he could have asked him. Yet at the same time, he wasn’t sure he had an answer. The one that seemed obvious, actually wasn’t so much.

“That he doesn’t love you? You already assumed that, so it wouldn’t make anything worse,” the boy mumbled, as if reading his own thoughts and conclusions.

Yeah, if he actually said it, the difference wouldn’t be that big. It was what he expected, after all. It didn’t mean he wanted to hear it, though, he wanted to avoid that if he could. But it was true that he would be prepared for it, if that was the case.

“Like, seriously, what could he say that would make things worse than they are right now?” The alpha questioned, and once again, he didn’t have an answer.

Staying away from each other, not talking, getting sick from it... There weren’t many scenarios he could think of that could top that. Maybe if the blond said he hated him, and tried to kick him out, but his behavior had made it clear that wasn’t a possibility at all.

He truly couldn’t think of anything worse than what they were going through right now. They had already lost each other. If they didn’t talk, their friendship would be at risk. Probably more than with whatever conversation they could have.

“He was full on panicking when he called me, you know?” Sapnap’s voice got his attention once again.

George blinked, surprise and confusion taking over his features. Dream called him...?

That... That’s not something he had expected, at all.

He had assumed his friend had come back because Dream’s was over, and he accidentally ended up in the middle of their mess... Although now that he thought about it, that didn’t make much sense. He wasn’t supposed to return until their roommate told him that he could.

So in order for him to be there...

He blinked again, disbelief written all over his face.

Why would the tall one do that?

“You’re both scared of losing each other,” the brown-haired boy concluded, getting his focus one last time. “So talk it out, you idiots.”

The omega stared at the alpha for a few seconds, then, his eyes drifted to the tray on his lap. He gave him a single nod, before taking the tray and placing it on his nightstand, lowering himself next to lay down again.

Sapnap blinked a few times at his actions, glancing at the food before looking at him again.

“You’re not eating anymore?” He questioned, the brunet shook his head in response.

The boy examined him with his eyes for a few seconds, his expression changing from confusion to some other kind of hesitation he couldn’t put a name to.

“You’re... Wanting to sleep again?” The Brit shifted on his spot, curling up with his blankets before nodding again. His friend shifted on his spot as well. “Do you- Should I call Karl? Do you want him to come back?”

George glanced at his roommate again, doubting just for a second before shaking his head again. Then, he closed his eyes, too tired from thinking and feeling a little lightheaded again.

“Okay, right, then... We’ll be right outside, if you need anything.”

He didn’t bother to answer, simply covering himself with his blankets some more and letting his body relax. He waited until he heard the alpha walk out the door, then let sleep claim him once more. He had gotten surprisingly exhausted, surprisingly fast, and really needed the rest.

It didn’t take him more than a couple of minutes to fall deeply asleep. Or at least, it felt like it was deep at first. That until his brain proved to him he could no longer ignore outside noises, and could only stay asleep for so long.

“It’s getting bad, it’s- it’s getting so fucking bad,” the distressed voice was enough to get a part of his mind focused on reality again, quickly pulling him off unconsciousness. “We were just *talking-*”

“I know.”

“And he just, he *shut down-*”

“I know, babe, I know.” Karl’s voice was sweet, he was gentle. “It’s gonna keep happening randomly until his hormones are balanced again, it wasn’t your fault.”

The frustrated sigh the alpha let out was so loud he was able to hear it despite his door being closed. He sounded upset, really upset.

“And Clay too, he’s- He’s not even answering when I knock at his door anymore. If it wasn’t for his scent...” Another sigh, and footsteps indicating nervous pacing. “Maybe we should call his mom,” the boy suddenly let out. “I think- Maybe we need more help. If they both keep getting sick...”

“Yeah, we can do that. We can call her in the morning, alright? And things are gonna be okay.”

The brunet felt his stomach twist, his chest tightening and shifting uncomfortably in his bed. Hearing how the situation was affecting his friends, knowing the blond was in pain too, seeing everything he was causing...

He took a sharp breath, closing his eyes. Why did they have to talk about it right outside his door?

Well, probably because they had promised to stay close, in case he needed them. And maybe because if they left, Dream would use the chance to get in.

... No. That didn’t seem to be the case anymore. He hadn’t heard the boy’s voice nor felt his scent in over a day. So if Sapnap’s words were anything to go by, he could assume his roommate was now locked in his own room as well.

A bitter feeling instantly took over his lower abdomen.

Was that it? Had Dream given up? Was he done with him and his bullshit, and finally decided to leave him for good? No, he was being a selfish ass. This wasn’t about him. It was his fault, but not the victim.

The blond was sick too. He was making him sick. He was making him suffer as much as he was.

He was ruining everything.

The brunet turned around, arm reaching for his nightstand, quickly looking for his phone. One text,

maybe he should send one text. Just to make sure the boy was alright. He turned his phone on, quickly checking all the messages he ignored for the past four days... The missed calls too. But right before he could click on Dream's contact, something else caught his attention.

He furrowed his brows as his eyes fell over his Gmail icon. Why did he have unread emails? He only had his personal account linked there, and not many people had it to send him anything.

Doubting for a second, he clicked on the app.

Seeing his roommate's mail shouldn't have been half as surprising as it was. Confusion took over his features, hesitating again before opening the first one. But as soon as he saw the file attached to it, everything was ten times clearer.

A soft scoff escaped his lips, disbelief filling him as he closed the mail to check a second one. Then the third, and a fourth.

The brunet stared at his cellphone, as if suddenly he would wake up and realize that wasn't real. But it was, it really was, and he could only shake his head as a quiet laugh escaped him.

Oh my god.

Did Dream actually spend the past twelve hours editing different versions of the same video for him to choose from?

Another giggle escaped his lips, rolling his eyes as he clicked on one of the videos. He was an idiot. He was an actual idiot.

Of course he would choose to distract himself by getting busy with work. And of course he would prioritize George's videos over his own because no matter how much he tried to act like that wasn't the case, he always did whatever the brunet asked him for.

And he always put George first. No matter what, regardless of the circumstances.

'Dream, oh my god wait- Stop! Dream, stop!' His younger self resonated in his ears, followed by the loud laughter he was so used to hearing.

The blond's wheezing was always so freaking contagious, a sound he could never get tired of and soon had him laughing too. The silly jokes, the purposely bad flirting, the playful banter. It was so natural, it was so *them*.

His giggles increased as he watched the hearts on the screen go down. Another joke, faked annoyance, calling for each other. And all the little gestures and words that were always clipped and spread to the internet. More giggles, his hand reaching his chest, gripping at his shirt as he tried to take some air in.

It was funny, it was nice. It was them, it was just them. And that hurt so fucking bad.

It was gone. It was all gone now. The happy version of them on his screen was no longer who they were.

He had successfully managed to ruin it. He replaced laughing as he played together for crying while locked in their own rooms.

The trust, the need for each other, the belonging. None of it was there anymore. They couldn't even be in the same room. And it was because of him.

Because he was greedy, because he had wanted more. And because when he didn't get it, he pushed him away and ran and hid and now he was all alone. He ruined it. Everything they built over the years, he ruined it.

A small hand gripped at his shirt again, chest feeling tighter.

He ruined it. He ruined it all.

He couldn't hear the boy's laughter without getting sad, without feeling lost and empty inside. His favorite sound in the world, now only reminded him of water over his head and spinning around and words that shouldn't have left his mouth. And if he couldn't hear him laugh, and if he refused to see him because he knew every second spent together would only make him fall for him more... How were they supposed to exist together in the same house?

How were they supposed to be friends?

If he wanted to move on, if he wanted to stop being in love, he couldn't be around him anymore. But this was his home, he was his home, so what was he supposed to do with that?

A sharp breath, weight leaving his hand.

He couldn't leave, not after everything they went through, not after everything they did. He didn't want to leave, he didn't want to lose him. Even if the boy couldn't love him the way he wanted, he didn't want to lose the love he already had. So how could he enjoy his laughter again? How could he be happy like they were?

He didn't want to lose him. He didn't want to believe everything was lost. He ruined it all, he messed everything up. But he didn't want that to be true.

He wanted him back. He wanted his best friend back. Because everything in the world can change, even between them, except for that.

He so desperately wanted to believe it was true. He so desperately wanted to believe Sappan was right, too, and all they needed was to talk.

He needed to fix it, he needed to make things right. He didn't want to stay away anymore.

No matter the pain, no matter his fears. He couldn't do it anymore.

He couldn't breathe. He couldn't focus with the painful noise of broken screams filling his ear.

His bedroom's door snapped open abruptly.

"George!?" His friends' voices were loud and clear, but he couldn't really see them. His eyes were too blurry to distinguish the silhouettes entering his room. "George!"

A pair of arms were around him in an instant, citrusy yet sweet scent wrapping him right away. He watched as the second person stopped right before reaching his nest and could sense the panic on his own particular smell.

"George, what's wrong!?" The boy next to him asked, almost yelling by his ear. The brunet tried to focus, tried to figure out where the persistent noise he was hearing was coming from. His friend's hands cupped his face, thumbs wiping at the tears falling down his face.

Tears.

Oh.

He was crying.

He was crying. The screams were his.

“It’s okay, you’re okay, hey, look at me.” The hands on his face tried to make him focus on the omega in front of him, but his eyes kept getting clouded, loud sobs escaping his lips against his will. “You’re okay, alright? We’re here with you, you’re okay.”

No, he wasn’t. He wasn’t okay.

He would never be okay again. None of it was fucking okay.

He messed up, and he was alone, and nothing would ever be the same. But he needed it to be.

He needed things to work again. He needed his friend. God, he fucking missed him. He missed Dream so fucking bad everything inside him was screaming and burning.

And tears kept falling, hands shaking and mouth wide open, desperate to get some air. And he was breathing too fast, yet couldn’t get anything in.

Nothing was working, not inside him. Every single part he had managed to keep together was now completely broken.

He missed him. He missed him so fucking much. He needed him. He couldn’t do it.

He needed to fix things, he needed to get him back. He needed to know not everything was lost. He needed him. He needed Dream.

And he could tell words were being said, he could tell someone was slightly shaking him. But he didn’t feel a thing, he couldn’t understand any of it.

Nothing made sense, nothing felt real. His whole world had crumbled to pieces and he was just now catching up to it.

A louder sob, tears falling into his mouth. His head was spinning, his body too weak, and feeling faint.

A cracking noise, a loud dump, then a desperate call.

“George!”

His eyes flew to his door right away. A whimper, more water filling his vision.

“*Dream.*”

Silence. Shadows moving, smaller body trying to stop bigger one. Then too much noise at once.

‘Hey, it’s okay, stay calm-’

‘Get away from me!’

‘Wait, George, don’t- you can’t stand’

‘George!’

“Dream,” he whined again, barely registering pushing the boy holding him to get free and his legs moving as he tried to walk over the bed, trying to get to the edge.

The blond’s steps quickened as he watched him, same desperation written over his face as the distance between them disappeared.

“Dream,” he called again, completely dismissing the fact that the mattress and the floor weren’t at the same level as he tried to take one more step forward.

Big hands flew to his hips in an instant, and before he knew it, he was being held in a tight embrace. And the whole world disappeared, and everything ceased to exist.

“Dream,” he called one more time. The arms around him tightened.

“George.” A broken tone, low and raspy voice.

Another sob escaped him, tears falling again as he wrapped his arms around the alpha’s neck.

“Dream-”

“I’m here,” the boy instantly said, face burying on his shoulder as he was slowly placed to lay down again. *“I’m here, George, I’m here.”*

And the wetness by his neck was enough to know he wasn’t the only one crying. The blond’s muffled cries held the same anguish as his own.

“Please,” he begged, tightening his arms around him. *“Please, let me stay, I- Please-”*

“Want you here,” the omega cut him off, hugging him just as tightly.

And it hurt. God, it fucking hurt. Allowing himself to be held, being seen in that state, the ambivalence in his emotions and the confusion of his inner. But not having him hurt worse.

The sound of footsteps caught his attention, then, quiet whispers at the other side of the room.

“It’s okay, let them,” he heard Karl mumbling. *“This is good.”* And not ten seconds later, the door closed.

The blond carefully shifted their positions then, moving to the side slightly to not crash him while still holding him close. Then, there was silence. Nothing but the quiet sound of soft crying and slow breathing.

And as his muscles relaxed, and his mind calmed down, his chest felt colder. Dream’s presence was comforting, yet it was painful.

Maybe that’s how it would be from now. Maybe he still preferred this over nothing.

A big hand reached for his own, holding it gently and interlocking their fingers. George let him, closing his eyes and focusing on calming down. His friend’s other hand moved to his hair, carefully removing the wet strands stuck to his face with his tears, then petting it softly.

“M sorry,” he whispered next, but the brunet instantly shook his head.

“I don’t wanna talk,” he hurried to say. *“Not yet.”*

They had to, he had accepted that. And he wanted to, in order to make things right. He had weighed

his options and a life without him, even as a friend, was worse than whatever could come from their conversation. But he realized this wasn't the right time to have it.

He was in no condition to have any kind of emotional talk right now.

He could barely feel his legs, his heart felt weak, and he was too tired. Small tears kept falling slowly. But there was something he could say, a spoiler he could give that he knew the boy needed to hear.

"Dream," he whispered, squeezing his hand. "I don't hate you."

The way the alpha tensed up, then immediately relaxed and inhaled deeply, was all he needed to confirm that had been the right choice. The blond pulled him closer, being careful in the way he pressed him against him in a hug. He could tell he was holding back, and paying attention to where he touched to not cross a line.

He appreciated that, even if it hurt. He had never wanted to walk on eggshells around each other, but in this case... It was a good sign.

Dream still cared for him, still wanted to make him feel comfortable around him. He could tell that much. And he could work with that. Maybe things weren't lost, maybe he could make it right.

"George," the boy called him this time, pulling away ever so slightly to look directly at his eyes. "I'm sorry," he whispered, moving a hand to cup his face, caressing his skin with his thumb. "I... You are, and will always, be the best thing that's ever happened to me."

The brunet's heart sank on his chest.

He felt suddenly too warm, yet ten times colder.

He understood why he was doing that, he could tell he, too, wanted to give him the reassurance he needed. Yet he couldn't take it as such, not fully.

"I'm your best friend," he said in response, in a quiet tone. But right after the words left his mouth, he instantly regretted it.

He didn't want to talk about it, he just said that. He wasn't ready to address it, he wasn't ready to get his heart broken again.

Brown eyes widened slightly, and he opened his mouth to fix his mistake. However, before he could say a word, the blond spoke first.

"Yeah," he agreed, nodding slowly. "And so much more than that, too," he added right after, offering him a faint smile.

The brunet froze on his spot, his heart skipping a beat. He could feel his stomach twisting, he could feel the fear raising and his hopes getting high again as well. He took a deep breath, trying to not read too much into it.

But maybe he should, maybe this time he should.

His reaction didn't go unnoticed, green eyes staring into his own. Dream caressed his cheek again, then lowered his face, moving a little closer.

"George." His voice was low and confident, sounding like a statement despite only being his name.

“George, you’re *everything* to me,” he declared, not a trace of doubt in his voice. “You’re... You’re my everything.”

A sharp breath, eyes quickly clouding. God, he didn’t want to cry again. He didn’t want to react that way. But here he was, tears already falling as before and small crying noises leaving his mouth. However, it wasn’t for the same reasons as before this time, it didn’t feel the same either. It wasn’t despair bringing him to tears this time, but the complete opposite.

The alpha pulled him closer again, holding him tight and placing the brunet’s head on his chest so he could let it all out as he petted his hair softly. And God, he didn’t want to keep crying. He didn’t want to keep trembling and sobbing. But he was too tired to stop himself, he was too comfortable in those strong arms.

Exhaustion soon granted him his wish, though, his eyes eventually closing and body giving up.

He didn’t notice when he fell asleep this time, and he didn’t need his blankets to keep him warm.

He slept calmer than he had so far.

Gentle fingers ran through his hair, petting it softly. Soft breathing by his side, warm body pressed against his, arm wrapped around him. Brown sugar and oak kept him comfortable and content.

He hummed quietly, the light touches slowly pulling him out of his sleep and bringing him back to reality, shifting slightly to his side as he began to regain consciousness. The hand petting him instantly stilled, yet the arm around him tightened his grip.

Brown eyes opened slowly, body still feeling tired but mind more rested.

“Good morning.” Low voice met him with particular softness.

“Morning,” he mumbled back, rubbing his eyes and letting out a soft yawn before looking at the boy next to him.

Dream offered him a smile right away, face looking equally as tired and with puffy eyes. He couldn’t help but smile as well, inner purring loudly to the sight. Waking together had been a need for days now.

But the more he gave his brain time to wake up, and he took in his surroundings, the more reality began to hit and click in.

He couldn’t be calm and at ease, not fully, not yet. He couldn’t take their moment last night as a sign that everything was okay and forget about everything else that happened and made him get apart in the first place. They still needed to talk, to make everything right. But at least he felt a little calmer, knowing that Dream wanted to be there with him, and remembering the words he said to him before they fell asleep.

He didn’t want to be a fool, but he was a little more hopeful about the outcome now.

“How did you sleep?” The boy’s voice took him out of his thoughts. “Do you want me to make you some breakfast? You look like you could use a good meal.”

The brunet looked at him, then slowly shook his head. If he let himself get distracted, he would get comfortable in the affection and chicken out from doing what he knew he needed to do.

“No, not yet,” he replied, shaking his head again. “I... We should talk first.”

The blond’s demeanor instantly changed, his smile fading for a moment and body seeming tenser. He stared at him for a second, then nodded.

“Yeah,” he whispered. “We should talk.”

He could tell the idea made him anxious, and he felt that way too. But nothing would get resolved if they didn’t, that was more than clear now.

The boy sat up slowly, and he mimicked his actions, until they were face to face. The omega shifted on his spot, unsure of how to start. He wasn’t too confident on what he wanted to say, or ask, or how to go about The Events that took place a few days ago. But before he could make up his mind and figure it out, his friend spoke first.

“I just, I don’t understand what happened,” he blurted out, nervousness written all over his face. “I mean, I- We were fine, and happy, right? And then... I just, I don’t understand what went wrong.”

The Brit blinked to his words. He opened his mouth to talk, but closed it right after. He stared at him for a couple of seconds, then sighed.

“I... I told you how I felt, Dream, and you didn’t say it back.” The words felt heavy in his mouth. He watched as the alpha tensed up again, and an expression similar to the one he had that day appeared again. “And... When I tried to confront you about it, you called me your best friend.”

“You *are* my best friend,” the boy instantly let out.

George froze in his spot. His heart skipped a beat, fear and anxiety quickly filling him because he could *not* do this again.

But no, he couldn’t react the same way as that time. He couldn’t allow himself to freak out. Because when he did, everything went to shit. He needed to stay calm, and... Hear him out.

He had told him he was more than just that the night before, and he needed to believe the blond wouldn’t lie to his face.

“Okay,” he mumbled, taking a deep breath to try to keep himself contained. “But what does that mean? Why did- Why did you say it?”

“Because it’s true, George,” the alpha said right away. “I- You were talking about how I always say that, and how I say both things together. But it’s because they’re both true, George. One doesn’t make the other any less real, and I wanted you to understand that.”

The American reached to take his hands, squeezing them lightly. The Brit looked down to the union, then back to his friend, taking a few moments to assimilate his words.

“... Okay,” he mumbled, hesitant. He could see his point, he got that both things could coexist. However... “But that’s just- When you say it together I just... It’s confusing.”

“How is it confusing?” Dream hurried to question.

“I don’t know in which way you mean it,” he let out, in a quiet tone. “When you say both things, I don’t- I didn’t mean it as friends, and I don’t know if you- I don’t know how you mean it.”

“George.” The boy squeezed his hands again, giving him a sympathetic look. “You’re everything

to me, I told you that already,” he stated, offering him a smile next. “I could never mean it in only one way, it wouldn’t be enough.”

The brunet looked at their hands again, then stared at him. He waited for a moment, to see if he added anything else. And when nothing came, he shifted awkwardly on his spot.

“But... But that’s confusing, Dream. I just- You’re still not saying in which ways, so I can’t-”

“George,” his friend said again, cutting him off. “Do you like spending time with me? Do you- Do you like going out to places together, just the two of us?”

The omega blinked to his question.

“Yeah-”

“Do you like kissing me? And cuddling, and sleeping together?”

“... Yeah? But-”

“And do you like when I fuck you?”

His face turned bright red in an instant, looking away and scoffing with embarrassment.

“Dream-”

“Do you?”

“You know the answer to that.” He rolled his eyes, watching a prideful grin forming on the alpha’s lips. “But what does that-”

“And you wouldn’t do that with someone else, would you?” He questioned. The Brit glanced at him again, shaking his head. “Okay, and me neither, I only want that with you. So it’s like, exclusive,” he declared. The omega blinked. “We both like each other, and have something good going on we’re both happy with. So what’s confusing?”

As before, the brunet stared at the blond, trying to take in his words. He was making it sound simpler than he felt things actually were, but he wasn’t sure how to explain that.

Was it really that simple? Was he really the one making a mess out of things that didn’t need to be so messy?

If that was the case... Then why did it feel like something was missing?

“Hey.” Dream squeezed his hands again, to get his attention. “I like being with you, and I want to kiss you, and scent you, and call you mine... And my inner wants yours, too,” the boy said, a light blush in his cheeks. “Do you- Is it like that for you?”

George glanced at him, doubting for a second before nodding. The blond moved closer, letting go of one his hands to cup his face.

“Then we both know we want this, we both know how we feel,” he concluded, offering him a smile. “So can we just, be okay again?”

He stared at him once more, then opened his mouth, just to close it again. He hesitated, then nodded as before. A part of him was still feeling weird, but his mind was a little clouded and he was tired after all the emotions he went through, so his lack of a more enthusiastic response was

probably because of that.

The boy liked him, they liked each other. That's all he needed to hear. And his inner was screaming at him to take the alpha back, so... Things could be okay again.

Dream moved closer right away, cupping his face with both hands now. Then, his eyes fixed on his lips, licking his own before staring at him again.

"Can I?" He asked, in a soft tone. The omega nodded one more time.

And after five long days, their lips finally met again. And it was gentle, it was sweet, and everything he's been missing. The familiar bubbly feeling filled his stomach, his chest feeling warm, arms wrapping around the boy's neck as an instinctive reaction.

The blond pulled him closer, holding him as if he was the most precious thing in the world. And he melted, oh he completely surrendered to the feeling.

Yeah, things would be okay. As long as he had this, they would be okay.

Strong hands found his waist, drawing soothing patterns over his clothes before carefully pushing him to lay down. The brunet allowed him to move him without complaint, pulling him with him to get him to lay over him. And God, he's missed that. He's missed him so fucking bad.

His inner purred to the touch, and the feeling of a tongue finding its way inside his mouth. His head felt light, and everything inside him begged him to show the alpha how much he liked all of it. How much he liked him.

His instincts wanted nothing more than to prove to him that he could be a good mate. That he was ready, and willing, and wanted him.

The blond squeezed at his waist, his body felt ten times warmer. His heart was beating really fast, and he craved more of his touch. He craved so much more.

George instantly broke the kiss, pushing his partner away slightly. The American gave him a confused look, which quickly turned into concern. And he could almost read his thoughts and know he was worried he had crossed a line. So he shook his head right away, taking a few seconds to breathe before quickly talking to clarify.

"I just- We shouldn't be kissing like this right now."

Dream blinked to his words, then, he tilted his head with confusion again.

"Why not?" He asked. And he could tell it wasn't an attempt to convince him otherwise, but genuine curiosity for his reasons.

The brunet felt blood rush to his cheeks, looking to the side to avoid his gaze.

"Because, I'm- My hormones are still messed up, and all over the place," he mumbled. "And my inner is too happy right now and making me think weird things."

"*Weird things?*"

"You know exactly what I mean," he accused, because the boy could be slow sometimes but never that dumb. "I'm just- I'm too sensitive I guess, so even kissing... We need to be careful, for a while."

The blond stared at him for a second, processing his words, then hummed quietly.

“Would it be too bad, though?” He questioned, and the omega looked at him again, confusion in his face. “If I turned you on right now, would it be too bad?”

His face reddened more to the question, heat pooling in his stomach to the thought and feeling weirdly nervous all the sudden. The alpha smirked at his reaction, lowering himself again and pressing a soft kiss on his lips before moving closer to his ear.

“I can take care of you, George, you know that,” he whispered. “I mean, if you want me to.”

A sharp breath, his body shivering against his will. He couldn’t exactly say he didn’t want it. But his rational side was still trying to fight his instincts.

“I’m still too weak,” he let out in a quiet voice, breathing deeply to keep himself focused. “I can’t- I can’t have sex right now, my body isn’t- I’m not strong enough to take you.”

“I don’t need to fuck you to take care of you,” the boy instantly replied, the hand on his waist slowly moving down to his thigh, squeezing it lightly. “There’s many ways to have sex, isn’t it? I have hands, and a tongue, if you would rather that.”

The memories that sentence brought him only made him feel warmer, his inner all too eager to accept the offer and his body reacting just as enthusiastically. His partner pressed a gentle kiss on his mouth again, caressing his leg slowly.

“I wanna make love to you, George,” he whispered against his lips. His whole self was set on fire, heart racing to his choice of words. “Would you like that?”

It was almost embarrassing how fast he nodded, getting a soft chuckle in response.

“Can I, then?” The omega nodded again. “I’m gonna need words, George. I can’t do it if you don’t tell me to.”

“Just touch me already.”

Dream let out an amused laugh to his eagerness, then wrapped his arms around the boy’s waist, carefully shifting their positions until he was sitting on the bed with the brunet on his lap. One hand was placed on the back of his head, pulling him into a kiss again as the other hand kept caressing his thigh, slowly moving to in between his legs.

Long fingers soon found his growing hardness, gently rubbing it over his clothes. And God, it all felt too familiar. Sitting on his lap, making out, while being touched over his sweatpants.

It was like their first time together, all again. In a way, that’s exactly what it was.

Dream was just as gentle as that time, too, stroking him over his clothes in the way he had learned the brunet liked the most. He kept their lips connected the whole time, even when his pleased sounds threatened with breaking the gesture. And he didn’t try to stop him when the omega began to rock his hips, letting him get the friction he wanted and picking up the pace; even knowing that the wetness on the Brit’s pants of his leaking slick would get even more over him that way.

It felt good, it felt so fucking good. And when the boy’s other hand found his way to his ass, squeezing him lightly and spreading his cheeks apart, the mix of the memories and the current actions suddenly felt like too much.

He came embarrassingly fast, not even having time to give a warning.

It wasn't too surprising, considering how his hormones were still unbalanced. But his face still turned dark red to his own reaction, panting heavily as the boy carefully stopped his movements and moved him to lay him on the bed again. He didn't mock him for it, though. He never did.

The blond wrapped his arms around him, pulling him into a gentler kiss before giving him time to recover, opting for light touches on his arms and affectionate words of how beautiful he looked after sex. How beautiful he was, in general. And his mind still felt clouded, and his body was even more tired now, but he felt at peace.

His inner felt at peace.

The boy continued to place soft kisses over his face, caressing his arms in a soothing manner, helping him relax again. The Brit closed his eyes, taking deep breaths as he calmed down. But then, a sudden noise made him snap them open again.

Both of them instantly sat up again when they heard the knock on the door, the blond hurrying to grab some of the blankets and cover the brunet's lower region with them then quickly taking some distance. But before they could do anything else or tell the person to wait, his door opened.

His eyes instantly fell over his friend, watching as Karl found his way inside with a tray of food in his hands.

"Good morning sunshine number two, I brought you some-" But the rest of his words died in his mouth the moment he saw the two boys.

Blood rushed to his cheeks once again. The alpha quickly stood up, looking equally as embarrassed as he cleared his throat and walked away from the bed.

"Breakfast? That's great," he immediately said, acting as casually as possible. "I'll- I should get some breakfast too, yeah?" The blond looked at his omega, as if to make sure it was okay to fly away from the scene, trying to confirm that's what he wanted him to do.

It was. He very much didn't want to be interrogated right now after clearly being caught, and he knew the chances of that happening were higher with the 'can't-keep-a-secret-for-his-life' alpha being there.

His partner gave him an apologetic smile, then began to walk to the door, to where the other omega still stood with an eyebrow raised and disbelief in his face.

"Seriously, dude?" The brown-haired boy instantly asked, as soon as the blond was close enough. "He's *sick*, man, couldn't the reconciliation sex wait for a day?"

"We didn't-"

"Save it," he interrupted him. And his voice held some kind of judgment towards the tall one that was almost amusing to witness. "Sapnap is waiting for you downstairs." Dream nodded quickly, glancing at the brunet one more time before leaving the room.

Karl's gaze fell on him then. George blushed even harder.

His glance lacked the judgment he had offered their friend, but he still felt just as embarrassed, making sure he was covered properly as the boy walked to his side so he wouldn't see his ruined clothes. Because maybe the heavy smell of their aroused scents was enough to give away what

happened, but he didn't need him to see the evidence of exactly what they did.

The taller omega left the tray on his nightstand, looking at him for a second before letting out an amused chuckle and shaking his head. He began to walk away from the bed right after, probably understanding that wasn't the right time to have a little chat. Yet he still stopped before reaching the door, turning around to look at him one more time.

"I'm guessing things went well, then?" He asked. And for some reason that simple question made him feel even more embarrassed. He awkwardly nodded, letting out a quiet 'yeah'. Karl stared at him for a moment, looking weirdly unconvinced, before relaxing and nodding as well. "Call me if you need anything" he said next, offering him one last smile before turning around again and leaving the room, closing the door behind him.

And as soon as he was done, he sighed.

God, he had forgotten their friends were in the house too.

The humiliation didn't last long, though, exhaustion barely giving him enough time to change his clothes and eat some of his food before making him fall asleep. By the time he woke up again, half of the day had passed already. No one had tried to wake him up, all of his friends understanding that he needed the rest after his drop. So somehow he managed to nap for almost six hours.

Leaving his room for the first time in five days felt strange. Walking for the first time in five days wasn't too easy. But he still managed to get downstairs, where the rest of the boys already had some food ready for him.

Dream was sleeping on the couch, and the other two were cleaning the kitchen. He sat down to eat while hearing his friends talk, both asking not-so-subtle questions that still tried to not seem too intrusive about what had happened the night before. After a couple of vague answers, though, they stopped insisting, giving him his space instead.

Karl asked for permission to clean his room and change his sheets, now that he was finally up, and he agreed with not much interest, simply warning him not to look through his stuff. Then, Sapnap headed to do the same with the blond's room.

He never imagined his roommate would be offering himself to do someone else's chores. He guessed due the circumstances they were really trying to be as helpful as possible so they could focus on getting their shit together.

He headed to the living room as soon as he was done with his dinner, and as if his partner had some kind of radar, he woke up the minute he felt him walking in. He was pulled onto the couch seconds later, finding himself on his partner's lap as he kissed him softly.

The boy took his time to caress his arms and make sure he was alright, before pulling him into a hug and laying down together. And they stayed like that for a while, simply holding each other, until he began to feel tired again. The blond carried him upstairs then, preparing a bath for him and helping to clean him up before dressing him up in his sleeping clothes and carrying him to the bed.

He did exactly what he said he would that morning. He took care of him, in any way he could. And even after all that, he still asked if he could spend the night with him before joining him in the bed. Always attentive, always respectful.

The alpha wrapped his arms around him, pulling him closer as he placed soft kisses over his face.

"I love sleeping together," he whispered against his skin, hands slowly caressing his back. "I don't

rest when you're not with me," he admitted in a quiet tone.

The brunet hummed in agreement, nodding as he moved closer to nuzzle against his chest and closed his eyes. He felt too tired to respond verbally, his body demanding him more sleeping time to regain all the energy spent and recover fully. The American moved his hand to pet his hair, kissing his head softly.

"I love when we're close like this," he whispered next, kissing his head again. "I love it when you hold me like you don't want me to ever leave."

The Brit hummed again, nodding a couple of times as before and gripping at the boy's shirt as if to confirm his words. His partner chuckled to his actions, seemingly amused.

"I love when you're clingy, I love being together again..."

"I love you," George mumbled in response; voice tinted with sleepiness. Dream tightened the arm still around him, pulling him a little closer. Then, he used his other hand to grab his chin, lifting it softly to make him look at him and press a kiss against his lips.

He kissed him for a couple of seconds, then carefully pulled away, placing his hand on the back of the brunet's head and guiding him to rest it against his chest again.

"We should sleep," he mumbled. "You need the rest to get better."

For a moment, the omega was quiet. He didn't move either, staying in the same position for a second or two. But after a short while, he nodded in agreement. And when he woke up the next morning, he finally felt less out of it.

He wasn't tired anymore, nor was a cloud in his brain making him feel foggy. The last few days weren't a blur anymore either, and his emotions weren't all over the place. He felt normal, overall, his inner being calmer and less in control of his thought process as well.

The day went similar to the previous one. Karl and Sapnap still checked on him, and took over the cooking duties. They hung out in the living room for a while, the four of them, and spent quality time doing nothing but relaxing and watching boring movies.

The alpha kept him by his side the whole time, an arm wrapped around him and resting his head on his shoulder. And, whenever the others weren't looking, he would caress his thigh subtly under their blanket, or squeeze at his waist playfully, or place discrete kisses on his neck.

Dream was touchy, just like he was before everything went down. He behaved pretty much the same, actually, as he had been ever since they agreed to *practice* together.

They ate dinner together as well, before their friends declared they were too tired to stay with them, and left to Sapnap's room. They didn't stay downstairs for long either, soon heading to the blond's room and going straight to the bed, with the boy laying over him. And just like that, they were kissing.

They kissed slowly, gently, softly. But soon enough, the gesture grew hungrier.

Hands gripped at each other's clothes and explored exposed skin, legs tangled together and bodies pressed against the other. Before he could even realize, their hips were rocking together, and soft sounds and panting were filling the room. The alpha broke the kiss just to attach his lips to the omega's neck, nipping and sucking at it with need. The brunet could only let out more and more sounds, holding tightly onto the boy as the movement of their bodies intensified.

The pace kept getting faster, desperation evident in the ways their erections rubbed together. And they kept rocking their hips and seeking the pleasant contact until both of them were trembling and moaning, underwear getting sticky and uncomfortable.

The motions slowly ceased, leaving them panting. Then, his partner fell onto his side, laying next to him, and let out a soft giggle. And that reaction felt so familiar, the whole scene did. It was just how it had been, for the past two months and a half.

He couldn't see one difference, between before the events that took place and how they were now. But, for some reason... He thought it would be. He thought it would feel different.

He stayed quiet as the boy stood up to get them some clean clothes, and quiet as he helped clean him up and change his clothes as well. He didn't say a word when he laid next to him again, simply... Thinking.

Thinking about the previous days, thinking about their conversation. Thinking about what was said, and what it wasn't. He went over his chats with Karl, too, and Sapnap as well, processing all the words his depressed mind didn't let him assimilate. And then, he thought of something.

"Dream," he mumbled, his friend instantly looked at him. "Why did you call Sapnap?"

"What?"

"I know you told him to come back," he explained. "So why did you?"

The blond blinked a few times, clearly taken back by the topic, before looking away and shifting awkwardly on his spot.

"You were upset, really upset," he said quietly, staring at the ceiling. "And I know you go to him when you need comfort now, or to Karl."

"What?" And now, he was the confused one. "No I don't."

"You go to his room whenever you're feeling bad, George," the boy pointed out, sighing after. "I mean- It's fine, I get it. You can't exactly complain or talk about me with... Well, me."

The brunet opened his mouth to talk, but closed it again right after. Okay, yeah, he's done that. But at the same time... That wasn't really true, was it? Or it shouldn't be, at least. He shouldn't have let it be that way.

"Why not?" He questioned. The alpha looked at him again, raising an eyebrow. "Isn't that how it's supposed to work? Shouldn't I talk to you when I'm upset with you?"

"I- Yeah, but..." Dream hesitated, then shook his head, sighing again. "Yeah, I guess. But you still... I don't know, I guess I just thought you'd want him to come."

"You could've asked me."

"You could've talked to me."

The omega went quiet.

He... Wasn't wrong this time. But neither was he.

Fuck. When did they get so bad at communicating?

And as that thought crossed his mind, his roommate's words resonated in his head. God, the brown-haired boy was right, wasn't it? They talked a lot sometimes, but they didn't really listen. And sometimes, too, the things they said weren't what had been asked. They were having conversations, but they weren't talking.

The weird feeling on his stomach suddenly caught his attention. That odd sensation that made him feel like something was still missing. Because something was, wasn't it?

He wanted things to be okay, but he didn't feel okay. Everything they said and did should've made him happy, but he was just... Empty. Because everything he said he needed wasn't heard, and the words offered to him said a lot yet didn't say enough.

A soft scoff took him out of his thoughts. He glanced at his friend, watching him as he looked at his phone. The boy noticed his stare, shaking his head and offering him the mobile so he could see what caused the reaction, rolling his eyes.

"Some fans are really something, huh?" He mumbled. The brunet took the phone, looking at the tweet the blond had been tagged in, of someone asking him to help him get a date with George. Quite a few people had commented under, asking similar things.

A part of him found it funny, that the alpha could get jealous over random people on the internet. A part of him felt weird about it. Because getting possessive over him also hadn't changed. It had always been that way too. So if half of the things they did and how they acted had always been like that, and the other newer half hadn't changed since they started interacting in those ways... Then what was different?

What had their conversation really accomplished?

He still didn't understand. He still was just as confused. He still didn't know what they were doing. He still didn't know if they were courting or not. He didn't know anything, not like he needed to. And that's what was bothering him.

"What would you do if someone asked you this in person?" He suddenly blurted out. And as before, the boy's eyes were instantly on him, seemingly taken back again.

"What?"

"What would you do if, I don't know, one of our friends asked you for help to court me?"

The blond blinked a few times, then, he frowned.

"That's- I would tell them no, obviously."

"Obviously," the brunet repeated, then turned to his side, to look at him directly. "Why not?"

Again, the boy blinked. He furrowed his brows more, quickly moving to sit up.

"George- What? What do you mean why not?" He let out right away. The omega didn't answer, simply sitting up as well and waiting for an actual answer. "Because you're... We said this was exclusive, I- Because we have each other."

"This," he repeated again, processing his words. "What does that mean?" He asked then. "When you say we have each other, what does that mean?"

Dream's mouth opened instantly, yet nothing came out. He closed it after, seemingly hesitant,

before shifting awkwardly on his spot.

“George...”

“What are we, Dream?” He pressed, just in case he wasn’t being clear enough.

The boy went quiet. He looked away, then sighed.

“You know the answer to that.”

“No I don’t.”

“We talked about this, George, we agreed-”

“We talked, yeah. But I don’t think you’ve been listening to me,” he cut him off. Because the last thing he needed was for him to go on a rant that would make him more confused. He needed an answer, not for him to repeat words he didn’t understand the first time. “And you didn’t explain anything, or say how you felt either,” he added then “We like each other, I got that part... But what does that make us?”

“George,” the alpha said. In a way, it felt like a plea. “George we know how we feel about each other, and we’re happy together and-”

“I know you think I know how you feel, but I don’t,” he interrupted again. “I told you that, I told you I needed clarification. I can’t- I’m not as good with feelings and words as you are.”

Dream went silent again. George waited for a moment, giving him time to think and maybe give him a response.

When nothing came, he sighed.

He wasn’t good at saying things. He wasn’t good at expressing what he felt. But he had to try, if he wanted to be listened to.

“You... Still haven’t said it back,” he whispered, the words feeling bitter in his mouth. “I know you want to be with me, but I just... I don’t understand in what way, I’m still confused,” he added. “Are we still just helping each other out?”

“No.”

“Then what are we?” He asked again. His friend shifted uncomfortably in his spot. “Are we together, like, officially? Are we mates?”

“Do we have to put a name to it?” The blond replied right away. “We like each other, isn’t that what matters?”

This time, it was the brunet who went quiet. The alpha seemed tense, and his tone held a desperation he didn’t fully understand. Yet at the same time... He felt like he knew it too well.

It was like he was still holding onto something, onto something familiar and known. Just like he himself did for years, by refusing to address his feelings with himself and would only see him as his friend. But... This was different. The situation was different, too.

They were past the friendship limits by now, and if the boy had been scared of crossing it, he wouldn’t have offered to be his heat partner in the first place. That wasn’t what he was scared of. But he could tell there was something that frightened him.

“... I don’t like not knowing. I don’t like feeling unsure,” he finally whispered, after a couple of seconds. “It’s not about putting a name to it, it’s about understanding what it means. I... I don’t like feeling like this means nothing.”

“It doesn’t,” the American was quick to answer. “This means *everything*.”

“And that’s too vague for me to get it,” he replied right after, then sighed. “It’s fine if you can’t say it back, you don’t have to- I can’t pressure you into saying it. But I need to know what we are, Dream. I need to know what all of this means.”

“We’re us, George.” The boy sighed as well, anxiety written all over his face. “We’re best friends, and partners, and we like each other,” he said, voice trembling as he spoke. And God, he wished he could take that and be okay with it. He really wanted to. But it felt like they were going in circles.

He still wasn’t telling him anything.

He knew in a way the boy was right, liking each other was the important part. But they wouldn’t have been fucking for a long as they did if they weren’t attracted to each other. That didn’t make things clearer for him, he still didn’t know what he needed.

“So if someone tries to court me, what should I tell them?” He questioned, looking directly into his eyes. “Do I tell them that I’m taken, or not?”

“We’re exclusive, George.”

“So I’m your mate?” He asked next. “Or like, your boyfriend?”

The boy went quiet again. He didn’t say a word.

That felt like an answer on its own.

George sighed, closing his eyes for a second to try to ignore the burning feeling in his chest and how badly he wanted to stand up and go to his room to cry.

“I’m yours, but I’m not. You want me, but not fully,” he whispered, then took a deep breath. “I can’t do this middle point.” He opened his eyes again, looking at his friend. “I love you, Dream. And I like what we have, I do.” A bitter smile appeared on his lips, taking another deep breath. “But it’s just... Not enough.”

The blond’s face fell to his words.

In an instant, panic took over his features and small tears appeared in the corner of his eyes.

“Don’t say that,” he whispered, in a broken tone.

The omega hurried to reach for his hands, squeezing it in a reassuring gesture.

“Not you, Dream. This” he tried to clarify. “This relationship isn’t enough.”

The alpha’s expression stayed the same. The brunet tried his best to keep himself calm and collected, ignoring the way his inner sobbed to the shift on his friend’s scent.

“Dream, I would do anything for you” he whispered. Because he would, he always did. Change his whole life, cross an ocean, open up and... Say things he’s even been afraid of saying. Even agreeing to things that I knew would hurt him in the end. “But I can’t do this, not like this.”

“So what?” The boy suddenly let out, looking at him with a mix of regret and disbelief. “We’re over now? You’re breaking up- You’re leaving me?”

And there was something in his tone, and how quickly he was correcting his words. There was something in the way his eyes slightly widened as he pronounced his sentence, and suddenly seemed more nervous, that George couldn’t not pick on.

“We can’t break up if we’re not together,” he mumbled, but it sounded more like a statement. “That’s... That’s part of it, isn’t it?” He then questioned, looking at the boy again. “Dream, is that it? Is that what you’re scared of?”

The boy didn’t respond, instead, he looked away. But this was the closest he’s been so far to get any kind of answer, any kind of understanding. So, he pressed again.

“Dream.”

“I can’t lose you,” the alpha blurted out, in barely a whisper.

“You could never lose me,” he instantly assured.

“It feels like I already did.”

“Then find me again.”

Throughout their friendship, hunting each other had been a recurring theme. There was always one of them running, and the other would have to seek him. Sometimes, it felt as if it was like that outside the screen, too.

Always chasing each other, always just barely catching up to the other.

Dream stared at him, with an expression he couldn’t read. George squeezed his hand, the same gesture the blond always offered him.

“I’m not leaving you, I would never leave you,” he assured again, because he didn’t feel the boy had enough of it.

“But you don’t want me anymore.”

“I want you too much,” he corrected, shaking his head. “And that’s why I need to know if you want me the same way.”

“I do,” the alpha whispered. “I do want you, George. But just... This was working, why can’t we-”

“It wasn’t for me,” he interrupted him, offering him a faint smile. Too full of sadness, holding too many emotions back, but still an honest one. “If you’re not ready to explain how you feel, or just to talk, I... I get it.”

He did. He really did. It took him a long time to be ready to talk, and couldn’t judge him for needing some too. Yet understanding the need of time didn’t make it any less painful. The lack of answers and evasive ones still hurt the same.

“But... Silence hurts, and I need clarity,” he concluded. Because truly, that’s all he needed. He didn’t need long explanations, or for him to say words he wasn’t ready to say. He just needed clarity, to know they weren’t just friends with benefits, or if that was still the case. “So just... Find me when you’re ready. And I’ll listen.”

Green eyes instantly widened, a hand reaching for his arm and holding him in place.

“Please, don’t leave,” Dream instantly blurted out, panic in his voice. “Don’t- Please, just stay with me, even if as friends, just-”

“I’ll stay,” the brunet said right away, placing his hand over the boy’s. “I’m not going anywhere” he assured. Despite his own feelings, despite his own needs. He would never leave his best friend when he needed him. And the alpha was right. No matter what happened between them, they would always be best friends.

He could understand that now, how both loves could coexist, and he would always care for him.

He carefully helped the boy to lay down, laying by his side and wrapping an arm around him. The blond immediately pulled him closer, hiding his face on the omega’s chest and taking a deep breath.

“M sorry,” he whispered against his clothes. “I didn’t- This isn’t- I can talk.”

“It’s okay,” he assured, slowly rubbing his back. “It’s- It’s fine. I can wait.” The boy shook his head, taking a deep breath and gripping at his shirt.

“I can talk,” he insisted, keeping him close.

The brunet went quiet, doubting for a second before nodding, then staying silent to give him time to do as he wanted.

“It’s just- I... You’re just... It’s not that I don’t want to be together,” he mumbled, with a shaky voice. “But... You’re not someone I can just date, George.”

The omega froze on his spot. A bitter feeling instantly appeared in his stomach, his inner sobbing to the confession.

He could feel his heart squeezing in his chest, and tears threatening to escape. But he didn’t want to cry, not in front of him, not for the same reason again. He could take rejection, he could.

“No, wait, no, that’s not what I meant,” his friend suddenly said, shaking his head and pulling away to look at him. He brought a hand to his face, cupping it softly, as if sensing his distress. “I mean... I can’t *just* date you, George. If we make it official, then it just... Has to be *official* official,” he tried to explain.

The brunet blinked a few times, then tilted his head. At this point, the Brit wasn’t sure if he was truly a complete idiot when it came to emotions or if they were just, failing at picking the right words. But either way, that only made him more confused.

“I mean, it has to be *forever*,” he clarified. “I can’t- I can’t do breakups, not with you. I can’t have you change your mind” he added. “If we’re together... Then we’re together.”

“I want that, Dream.”

“No, George, you’re not understanding.” He shook his head. “I don’t want to just, *be* mates. I want to mate you.” The brunet blinked again, then opened his mouth to talk. But the blond beat him to it, quickly speaking again. “If I say it back, if we make it official.. There’s no coming back.”

The American stared at him, as if waiting for things to finally click. The Brit stared back at him, then tilted his head again.

“And why is that a bad thing?”

“Because- George.” He sighed with frustration. “I would mate you right now if you let me, I’m- I have to stop myself, every single time,” he explained, exasperation in his voice. “Not even just when we’re having sex, I- it’s *constant*. Whenever we’re together, all I want to do is bite you. I just- I *want* you.”

“And I want *you*,” the omega instantly said. “So what’s the issue?”

The blond stared at him again. The brunet held his gaze. They stayed like that for a moment, simply looking at each other, as if challenging each other to give in and accept the other as the one in the right.

But then, as fast as he could blink, the boy suddenly pushed him to lay on his back, crawling on top of him. George’s eyes widened, heart racing to the unexpected action.

“I don’t think you’re getting it,” his partner let out, lowering his head until their faces were right in front of each other. “I would mark you right now- I *want* to mark you right now.”

“Then do it,” he let out in a whisper.

The alpha glanced at his neck, then back to him. Another challenge.

The omega tilted his head, presenting his gland to him.

The boy lowered himself again, burying his face on the smaller one’s neck and pressing his lips against his scent gland. The Brit didn’t move, simply holding his breath and closing his eyes.

He waited, quietly. He simply waited. But the American pulled away just seconds later, staring at him again.

“Doesn’t it scare you?” He questioned. “This, us... Aren’t you scared?”

“Yeah,” he admitted right away, nodding a few times. He had been scared for a long time. However, he was done letting that stop him. “Are you?” Dream didn’t respond. George knew what that meant. “What are you scared of?” He asked. But it wasn’t an accusation this time, just a genuine question, keeping his voice soft.

Again, the boy didn’t respond. He seemed tired. They both were.

He didn’t want to pressure him any further. He had already said a lot.

“We can talk tomorrow, or, when you’re ready,” he decided, and his partner seemed to relax with that. He felt calmed as well, knowing now that things were mutual enough.

The alpha nodded to his words, shifting his position to go back to hug him as before.

“Can I... Can I still kiss you?” He asked quietly, glancing at him again.

“You can still kiss me,” the omega whispered, moving closer to him.

He pressed their lips together gently, just for a second before pulling away. Dream seemed way calmer now, despite distress still being present in his scent.

The boy seemed to hesitate, then spoke again.

“Are you still mine or- Are we- Are we over?”

“We can’t be over if we’re not together, Dream,” he joked in response, getting a soft scoff as a reaction.

He smirked to the sound, and the boy smiled back at him. They understood each other enough to know joking was a good thing.

The blond tightened his arms around him, pulling him a little closer. The brunet nuzzled into him, trying to get comfortable. And maybe things weren’t exactly perfect, or solved, but... He felt better now. Well enough to sleep, at least, well enough to get some rest.

They would figure it out in the morning. Together, this time.

Chapter End Notes

and finally, chapter 14 is here... just two more left, wow

i am so not ready to say goodbye to this story :[

so, first of all as always... the twitter spoilers without context! woo ahah. the emojis meant: george is locked up but then karlnap arrives, dream begs to get in but they stop him. george gets sick and he breakdowns crying, dream and him go back to each other and they sleep cuddling. they finally talk and try to fix their broken hearts, but george still feels empty and tries to put an end to how things currently are shout out to riniswriting, NOT_AnonymouseD, and starxset27 for being the closest to figure out the whole thing! but also a lot of you got little details, and as always the snowflakes were pretty good detective. it was great to see so many of you get at least one part right<3

second, before saying anything else, i wanted to thank you guys sm for 3k kudos on this story!!! you dont understand how much this mean to me. this whole writng dnf fanfics experience had been surreal in the best way possible and i feel like every day i get more reasons to be grateful. you guys are so supportive and nice and i honestly cant thank you enough. youre srsly the best <3

okay, well, two chapters left... wow. okay

so, basically chapter 15 is the ending, and chapter 16 is the epilogue, so we're really reaching the ending line. i have so many mixed feelings because obviously i want you guys to read the whole story, but at the same time, i dont want it to be over ever ahaha. but anyways, you guys know that writing final chapters is harder for me, and i usually need a little more time to finish them, so the update probably wont be this week but the next one. like, it'll probably take me give it or take around 10 days, most likely. so yeah, i'll probably skip the weekly updates for now but i'll still update as soon as i can :]

god, i dont wanna say goodbyeee. ive enjoyed writing this so freaking much and your reactions gives me life. here, on twitter, just, in general. the experience has been amazing and im super happy you guys have been enjoying it too <3

well, i think thats all i wanted to say ahah, i worked really hard on this update and my

lovely betas (shoutout to them) seemed to really like it, so i hope you all like it too! i'll be reading all of your comments, even if my responses are always lame LMAO but yeah

thank you again for everything!! <3 i hope u have a great night/day and see you in a few days

[twitter](#)

[tumblr](#)

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

hi guys, i have something to ask to all the twitter users. since chapter 15 is officially the last chapter (16 being the epilogue), could you pls add 'TYLM' to any/all tweets you make while and/or after reading so i can easily find them?
aka if you live react, add iylm to the start or end of the tweet, or if you just make one singular tweet about it, that works too. i might not interact with all, especially if you dont want me to, but i wanna at least see them (and you dont need to follow me or anything, i just wanna see all of your reactions). it would mean so much to me and would make the experience so much more especial

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Love was a terrifying feeling.

One that could be beautiful, one that could fill you with happiness. But when you're not ready to embrace it fully, it could be scary as hell.

The first time he realized that what he felt for his best friend wasn't platonic love, but something much stronger, he felt paralyzed. Everything he thought he knew about their friendship, everything he knew he had figured out about what he wanted in life, suddenly was questioned. And as he tried to assimilate the new information, he allowed himself to cry into his pillow to process the unrequired emotion, as his last moment of weakness before pushing the feelings away.

From that moment on, he felt nothing but fear.

Even if at a subconscious level, he was afraid of showing too much. So he couldn't say I love you, not unless it came natural in the situation and it was an important one. He wouldn't be too affectionate either, measuring his own behaviors to match the kind of relationship that they had.

He repressed, yet the uneasiness never truly went away. And when his mental walls finally caved, and all that he locked inside finally came out, he felt nothing but fear again. He was once again terrified.

He never wanted to ruin what he had, he never wanted to lose his best friend. He was scared of his own emotions, and how little control he had over them

Love was a terrifying feeling.

One that he hadn't much understanding of, one that felt all too new. But it was one he had slowly learned to recognize as inevitable and accept as he could, until he was ready to give into it.

It took time, it wasn't easy, and he never fully stopped being afraid. So he couldn't blame Dream for being scared as well.

If that's what he felt for him, and everything that happened wasn't for the lack of reciprocation but because he was also trying to cope with it... He could understand it. It didn't make it any less painful, he was still hurt. But he couldn't judge nor hate him for being in the same situation he was

in.

The door suddenly opening took him out of his thoughts, his eyes instantly flying to look at the blond who was quietly making his way inside the room. At first, when he woke up that morning to an empty bed, the worst possible thoughts invaded his mind and despair tried to take over him. But once he remembered he was actually in his friend's room, and realized the chances of the American leaving him alone there were very low, he quickly calmed down.

This was Dream they were talking about, and the most logical explanation for his absence was probably his need to do something for George as an apologetic gesture. He was glad to see he was right, and he was proud to say he had guessed the reason correctly. That if the tray of food the boy was holding was anything to go by.

Green eyes seemed surprised to see the brown ones, the blond stopping his steps for a moment as he looked at the brunet.

"You're awake," he instantly let out. And in all honesty, he couldn't blame him. It was relatively early for him to be, in George's standards.

"Just woke up," the omega mumbled, carefully moving to the side before sitting up in the bed. The alpha began to walk again right away, getting to the side and placing the tray on the omega's lap.

"I... I made you some breakfast," his partner mumbled.

"I can see that," he said in a quiet tone, getting a shy smile in response. "Thanks."

He glanced at the food, looking at the freshly made blueberry pancakes, orange juice that also seemed to have just been made, and some scrambled eggs with bacon with a few pieces of toast by the side. To be quite honest, he wasn't particularly hungry just yet. He usually wasn't that early in the morning, his appetite normally waking up after noon. But the food looked delicious, and like a lot of work, and he knew it was important to the boy to feel like he was taking care of him. Especially after being sick.

So he took a piece of toast and put some eggs in it, then took a bite, eating it slowly. He looked at the blond next, moving the tray a little closer to him.

"You need to eat too," he mumbled, before taking another bite of his food. The American nodded to his words, mimicking his previous actions and getting a toast for himself as well.

The omega hummed, watching all of his actions as if it was the most interesting thing in the world. Then, he focused on his face. The alpha's eyes were puffy, and a little red as if he had been crying recently. He looked tired, eyebags bigger than the day before, and maybe a little pale as well.

He didn't look good at all.

"Dream," he instantly let out, putting his food down. "Did you sleep at all?"

The boy looked at him, taking a few seconds to swallow his food before nodding.

"Yeah," he mumbled. The brunet raised an eyebrow. "I mean- Okay, maybe not much, but I did. A little."

"Dream," the Brit said again, sounding a bit more like a scold this time. "You need to get more rest."

The American looked at him with just a hint of guilt in his face, yet he still shook his head.

"I'm fine, George, I-"

"No." The brunet shook his head. He knew how stubborn his best friend could be, but he wasn't going to let him compromise his own health to seek after his. "You need to sleep, like, right now."

"But-"

"No buts," he interrupted him. "We're going back to sleep."

"You need to eat, George," the boy instantly said. "You're still recovering, and- and what we just, what happened- You just, you need to eat properly. Full meals to get your energy back," he added, a bit of urgency on his tone and looking at him with pleading eyes. "Please, let me just take care of you right now, then I'll rest-"

"You need caring too, Dream," the omega cut him off again, with a softer tone this time. "You need to look after yourself, not just after me." The alpha looked like he was about to complain, so he hurried to speak again. "And I can take care of you too, sometimes. Like right now, for example."

His partner pursed his lips, clearly unconvinced, before sighing and shaking his head.

"You went through a drop because of me, George," he let out, in an almost accusatory tone. But not so much for him, and more was directed at himself.

"And that freaked you out, you and your instincts. You were affected too," the Brit pointed out. The blond glanced at him, then looked away. The brunet sighed. "Yesterday was a lot, Dream, and you're exhausted too. So let's just, finish the toasts and eggs so they don't get cold, and then we'll go back to sleep. We can finish the rest later."

The American glanced at him again, lips still pursed but tired eyes showing he wanted to give in. He stared at him for a few seconds, before defeatedly nodding.

"Fine," he mumbled. And that was good enough for him.

George picked his toast again, taking another bite. Dream did the same. They quietly ate for a couple of minutes, each getting another toast then simply using a fork to eat what was left of the eggs. They drank a little bit of the juice as well, before putting the tray again and laying down side by side.

The brunet instantly wrapped his arms around the blond, moving closer to him. His partner pulled him even closer, until he was resting his head against his chest. The omega nuzzled into him, then began to caress the alpha's back. The tall one relaxed to his touch, sighing to himself before resting his head over the smaller boy's one.

They stayed quiet for a moment, simply relaxing in each other's arms. But the Brit could tell the American wasn't as calm as he would usually be, he could tell his mind was still overworking and not letting him rest. He sighed, pulling away slightly to look at him.

"I can tell you've been crying," he mumbled then, finally addressing the elephant in the room. His friend tensed up to his words, but then sighed as well, relaxing right after.

"I'm sorry."

“You don’t need to apologize for that,” he assured. The blond looked at him, then nodded, averting his eyes after.

The boy shifted their positions slightly, to be able to bury his head on the brunet’s shoulder. Then, he held him tightly. George returned the hug, understanding he needed the embrace and closeness. Dream stayed quiet, not moving either. So he kept caressing his back, trying to offer him some kind of comfort as he could.

And he could tell he was trying, he was trying to stay calm and relax and enjoy his company. But his scent made it clear he was more upset that he wanted to show, he was more stressed than he was saying out loud.

The alpha buried his head more, taking a deep breath. The omega felt wetness on his shoulder, small tears falling on his skin.

“Dream...”

“I’m sorry,” he instantly let out. “I’m so sorry.”

“It’s fine,” the brunet quickly said, holding him tightly. “You’re okay.”

A sharp breath, then his partner shook his head.

“I’m so sorry.”

And the Brit understood then. It wasn’t just an apology, but also an explanation. To why he had been crying while he was asleep, to why he was upset now, to why he was trying so hard to look after him. He was distressed, because of his own actions.

He knew how much guilt could eat his friend up sometimes, how easily his mistakes would mess with his head. He knew how much he could overthink, and blame himself for everything.

“You’re okay, Dream,” he whispered again, pulling him as close as he could. “We’re fine, everything will be okay.” And this time, he actually believed that.

Maybe things weren’t completely solved just yet, but he believed that they would. Because he trusted his best friend, and he knew they could work on it together.

The boy took another deep breath, trying to calm himself down, then nodded slowly to his words. And they stayed like that for a moment, holding each other and with the brunet still caressing his back, giving him time to silently cry to let his feelings out.

A couple of minutes later, the tears stopped falling, and the blond’s scent wasn’t as charged anymore. Now, he just seemed exhausted again. Dream sighed, then slowly pulled away to rub his eyes and move them into a more comfortable position, with the omega back at resting against his chest.

He placed his hands on the smaller boy’s back, now returning the affectionate gesture.

“Sorry,” he mumbled, and George could tell he was referring to his reaction just now this time around.

He was about to say it was okay once more, to explain why that wasn’t something he should apologize for that either, but the blond spoke again before he could.

“Have you ever been so scared of causing something, that you do everything you can think of to prevent it... But by doing that, you end up fucking up even more?”

The brunet glanced up, to look at his partner's face. The sentence resonated in his mind, flashbacks of past decisions quickly coming back to him.

How he didn't talk about his feelings once he finally came to terms that he felt that way, all the conversations he avoided having despite having doubts about things, all the times he pulled away and hid when he should've asked for help.

And once again, life was proving to him that Karl was right. They *were* more similar than they cared to admit sometimes.

“Yeah,” he whispered, nodding a couple of times.

He offered the boy a faint smile. The blond gave him one in response. Then, the alpha sighed, tightening his arms around him.

“We're gonna be okay,” he mumbled, repeating the words the omega had previously said. George nodded again, lowering his head and trying to relax.

Things would be fine, one way or another. Whatever conclusion they could get to, whatever they decided to do from now on, they would make it work out. Because they were talking now, and they were working together.

It wasn't long before exhaustion took Dream out. The brunet caressed his arms slowly, staying awake for a while longer just to make sure the blond was staying asleep. Then, he allowed himself to rest as well. He was quite tired as well, and soon enough, he had fallen asleep.

He woke up again just in time to catch the boy trying to leave the bed, but after a little bit of insisting he managed to get him to lay down again. They ate the rest of their food then, and he made sure to get the American to agree to use the rest of the day to regain his energy instead of actively trying to do things for him or keep himself busy with work.

They watched some movies in bed, took a few short naps while cuddling, and went to get them both food while the alpha was sleeping.

And despite knowing they had a pending conversation, and both needing and wanting to get things resolved already so he wouldn't have to live with the uncertainty of what would happen next, right now making sure his partner's health wouldn't get compromised was more important. He didn't pressure him to talk, he didn't even bring the topic up. He just let the boy sleep, made sure he ate properly, and stayed in his arms for as long as he wanted him to.

They decided to take a shower as night came, both being gentle as they cleaned each other up. Soft touches with no lust, nothing but care for one another. And then, they went back to the bed to watch one last movie before trying to sleep. The domesticity was nice, and made him feel hopeful. The next morning, though, the resting time was over. The blond was already up and dressed once he woke up, and before he could protest or say anything about it the boy reminded him that he had a zoom meeting that he couldn't skip.

Work was work, and the brunet guesses it was a good enough reason to leave the bed. And that meant, he had to leave as well.

He got dressed in simple sweatpants and one of Dream's hoodies, getting one last hug from the alpha and a kiss on his forehead before having to leave the room so he could be a businessman. He

went downstairs then, thinking of maybe grabbing a snack, and felt a little relieved when he saw his friends cuddling on the couch. He didn't really feel like being alone, so spending time with them sounded pretty nice.

He felt a little guilty too, though. The couple had come to take care of the mess the blond and he created yet he didn't even say hi to them the previous day, nor had he properly thanked them already.

The Brit headed to the kitchen first, quickly grabbing something to eat before walking to the living room and going straight to one of the couches. The two boys instantly looked at him, both laying down on the couch, holding each other.

"Hey there buddy!" Karl let out right away, offering him a smile. "How are you feeling?"

"Better," he mumbled, not feeling the need to go into details about how his improved mood got worse for a moment before speaking up and feeling calmer again. "What are you watching?" He asked then, looking at the tv.

"Some random new anime Netflix just released," Sapnap said this time. "Where's Dream?"

"In his room, he had a meeting."

His roommate hummed in response, then focused on the show again. George let himself relax against the couch, quietly eating his snack as tried to understand what was going on in the show they were watching. But not two minutes later, the other omega spoke again, getting his attention back at him.

"So... Is everything alright between you two?" The boy asked.

"What?" The brunet looked at him, taking a second to process his words before nodding slowly a couple of times. But his friend didn't seem convinced.

"You sure?" He questioned. "You didn't leave the room at all yesterday, and when Sapnap tried to text Clay he gave a pretty vague answer."

"We're fine," the Brit quickly let out. The brown-haired boy raised an eyebrow, as if he could sense something was off just by him trying to brush the topic off. George sighed, glancing at the screen again for just a second before looking at his friend. "We're... Working on it."

Karl hummed to his words, seemingly more pleased with that answer. He didn't press any further, and Sapnap didn't try to add anything either, simply giving the brunet a reassuring look before focusing on the show.

The omega tried his best to pay attention, having some small talk here and there with the couple as well whenever a new episode was loading. But after three episodes passed, he couldn't bring himself to keep pretending he was even remotely interested in that anime. It was kinda boring, and confusing. Or maybe he had missed too much plot before joining them, so things didn't make as much sense to him.

Thankfully for him, the other omega decided to demand for some food right that moment, and the alpha suggested they cook something instead of ordering online. Which, to be honest, was quite surprising to him. His roommate was never a big cook. But he agreed to it regardless, just because it was better than doing nothing, alone in his room.

He sat down by the table and let the other two decide what they wanted to eat, watching them get

the things they needed and only moving when one of them asked him to do something specific. It's not like he didn't want to help more, but he didn't know what to do, and they seemed to be working together just fine without him, having some good dynamic going.

However, since he wasn't doing much, it was hard not to let his mind wander and fill with silly thoughts he probably shouldn't be having. Like, how long Dream was taking with his meeting.

It was just a little odd, to realize how much time had passed. Usually, their meetings didn't last for long, normally taking less than an hour. So it either had gone for longer than it should, or... It did end already, but the blond stayed in his room.

He had a feeling the second option was more likely. And he couldn't help but wonder if that was a bad sign.

It was hard not to go there, not to question if he had maybe decided to avoid him or wanted to be alone after everything that passed. However, the more he thought about it, the more he felt that maybe; just maybe; it was actually a good thing.

He knew his friend, he knew how much he could overthink. And he knew sometimes in order to organize his thoughts and process things he needed alone time. So it was possible that this just meant the boy was taking his time to figure out whatever he needed to figure out, and was actually a beneficial thing for them and not a reason to get scared again.

The brunet sighed, shaking his head and pushing his thoughts away. It was fine, it would be fine. He didn't need to think about it, nor let himself get worried beforehand. He needed to trust his partner. And he needed to help his friends with the food, too, to show some kind of appreciation for everything they've done for them so far.

Soon enough they were all working together to cook the meal, and soon after that they were sitting and chatting as they ate it. They spent a short while just talking after that, and then he helped them clean the kitchen and watch the dishes. Once they were done, though, he decided to go to his room instead of joining them again to watch more episodes of the show.

He kind of wanted to get some rest now, and he really didn't think he could keep paying attention without making it fairly obvious that he didn't like the story.

He made his way upstairs slowly, and went to his bed as soon as he walked into the room, laying down and curling up with his blankets. And then, he allowed himself to process too.

He allowed himself to go over everything that happened, everything that was said in the conversation of two nights ago and how he felt about it. He allowed himself to focus on his own reactions, on his own emotions, and simply on himself in every possible aspect. Because, if he was being completely honest, he had to accept that half of the bad things that had happened so far could've been prevented if he had been better at taking care *and* listening to himself.

After a few minutes of going through his memories, through a bunch of what ifs, and the things he wanted for the future, he finally fell asleep. He wasn't physically tired, but mentally he still was, and the rest was well received.

The next time he opened his eyes and regained consciousness, was when a knock on his door caught his attention enough to wake him up. He sat down slowly, rubbing his eyes and taking a few seconds to assimilate what was going on before letting out a quiet 'come in'.

It was slightly surprising to see the blond opening his door, but at the same time, he felt relieved.

The boy instantly noticed the state he was in, and offered him a soft smile.

“Sorry, I didn’t know you were asleep.”

“‘Ts fine,” he mumbled in response, moving to the side to make some room for his partner. But the alpha didn’t move, he stayed by the door.

He seemed a little nervous, maybe even hesitant, shifting on his spot with an expression that showed he wanted to say something. The omega gave him a questioning look, tilting his head with confusion.

“Are you- Do you have any plans for today? Like, are you going to be busy?” The American asked, after a couple of seconds. The Brit felt a little more confused with the question, but shook his head regardless.

“Not really.”

“Okay, cool, good,” the boy mumbled, a little too fast. “So, do you... Would you be okay with going out somewhere?”

George blinked a few times at his words, how sudden they were making him feel somewhat taken back, and not helping him feel any less confused.

“What do you-”

“Can we go out, like, together?” Dream interrupted him, playing with his own hands. “I wanna go to this one place, and I wanna take you with me.”

The brunet stared at the blond for a few seconds, taking in his words and the eager expression he was offering him. He hummed, still feeling a bit lost but not caring so much anymore, then nodded slowly a couple of times in response.

“Yeah,” he mumbled. “We can go out.”

The alpha instantly seemed relieved, his soft smile growing bigger and letting out a soft chuckle.

“Great, that’s- Yeah, okay, that’s good.” He nodded a couple of times. “Is fifteen minutes okay or do you need more time? I don’t wanna run out of daylight.”

“Fifteen is fine.”

“Okay, great,” the boy said again, nodding as before. “I’ll see you downstairs, then?”

“Yeah, I’ll see you there.”

The tall one offered him one more smile, mumbling a quiet thank you before turning around and leaving the room. The brunet stared at the door for a few seconds, then carefully stood up to get ready.

Huh, that was weird. But also, it was kind of nice. They hadn’t really gone out anywhere in a while, and he highly doubted he was taking him somewhere just to dump his ass and officially break up.

He decided to change his sweatpants for a pair of dark jeans, to look a little more presentable in case they went to a public place, but kept Dream’s hoodie on for comfort. He grabbed his wallet next, placing it in his pocket, and took a second to comb his hair with his fingers, before looking

for his favorite shoes and putting a scent patch on.

As soon as he was ready, he left the room, walking downstairs slowly. The bond was already waiting for him there.

A soft smile appeared on his face right away, the brunet returned the gesture. Without saying much, they both headed to the door, and the omega followed the alpha to the car.

They stayed quiet as the American began to drive, the Brit resisting the urge to ask where they were going and simply trying to stay calm. The atmosphere felt fragile, too filled with unresolved tension and anxious thoughts, and he didn't want to be the one to break it.

So the silence remained, focusing on the window and the views that it offered him. And that continued for around forty minutes, until the car began to slow down.

They finally parked soon after, his partner hurrying to leave first so he could open the door for the smaller boy. He helped him get out as well, and as soon as the omega stepped outside, he quickly looked around to try to figure out where the alpha had brought him. It looked like some kind of park, or at least a green area, a few trees filling his vision, flowering bushes, and a stone pathway showing the way they should follow.

"Where are we?" He asked, his eyes drifting to the boy.

"This is, um... Well, I actually don't know what this place is called." His friend let out a soft chuckle, making the Brit smile. "But I used to come here a lot when I was younger. It's just... A familiar place, a comforting one."

The brunet hummed to his words, looking around again. The American gestured to the stone pathway, then began to walk, making sure the smaller boy did so as well and was by his side. They weren't the only ones that decided to visit that park that day, but every person his eyes could find were far enough not to be a concern.

The omega glanced at every tree they passed by, examining every flower and small detail he could find. He tried to imagine young Dream walking around, exploring the place and discovering all its wonders as he was doing now. And his mind was so focused on taking in the new location, that he wasn't even bothered by the prolonged silence between his partner and him. Even if he was still confused as to why he had brought him there.

"Hey," the boy's voice took him out of his thoughts, making him look at him. "This way," he mumbled, pointing to his right. The Brit realized then the path had divided in two, giving two different options to where to go.

He nodded, walking in the direction his friend pointed to, glancing at the trees as he did so. But then, something caught his attention again. His eyes traveled down, looking at the big hand that was gently taking his own.

A light blush appeared on his cheeks right away.

"Dream," he let out, sounding more embarrassed than he expected. "We- Someone might see us."

Even if the chances of being recognized could be low, and he hadn't seen any other human cross their path for a few minutes now, there was still always a possibility.

His partner chuckled to his reaction, offering him a smile.

“That’s why I chose this path. People rarely come this way, the playground is on the other side,” he explained, squeezing his hand in a reassuring gesture. But then, his smile faded, expression shifting into something else. Something more similar to his own expression, his cheeks turning light pink as he chuckled again, more awkwardly this time. “But, even if we find someone...” The alpha looked at him, then back at the road in front of them. “I don’t- I don’t think I care.”

Blood rushed to his face with those words, his heart suddenly beating faster.

It was a bad idea. It was too risky for them, two public figures that had too much to hide. It was something he knew he had to deny, and try to make the blond change his mind. But... He didn’t want to.

It was a bad idea, and not one he should agree to. But it also felt like a victory. Because if he didn’t care about being seen, if he didn’t care about the possible rumors and speculation...

“I used to come here a lot when I was a teen,” the tall one interrupted his thoughts. “Whenever I was feeling angsty, I would come here to just... Be in my feels or whatever, and clear my mind.”

The brunet looked at him again, the blond looked back at him. He slowed his steps then, until they came to a full stop and he was standing there, staring at the omega.

“I... I’m ready to talk,” he announced. And George felt his stomach twist.

“Okay,” he whispered in response, nodding a couple times.

Dream nodded as well, squeezing his hand before beginning to walk again. And suddenly, being there didn’t feel as weird.

Being able to wander around, looking at a pretty view, and having fresh air, was way less anxiety-inducing than being locked in a quiet room with all their fears and nervous scents filling it. And the atmosphere was way less tense as well. It was a smart move, and one the familiarity of the place probably brought the alpha comfort as well to be able to do what he needed to do.

The blond took a deep breath, squeezing his hand again before looking at him.

“You- You asked me what I was scared of,” he began to say. The brunet nodded to his words, in an almost shy manner. “I... Well, it’s just... It’s this- *us*, it’s all of this.”

The omega stopped his steps. He felt his heart skip a beat, looking to the boy with pleading eyes as if to beg him to assure what he said wasn’t as bad as how it sounded.

He didn’t want to assume the worst, not when he had been scared of them together as well, but it was still hard not to feel uneasy with such a blunt explanation.

The alpha turned around to face him, offering him a reassuring smile and placing his free hand on his cheek and caressing his skin with his thumb in a soothing gesture. That was enough to make him relax, taking a deep breath before nodding softly, as if to let him know he could continue.

The boy took a deep intake as well, nodding in response.

“You told me you’ve never been in love, or well, not like this... Right?”

The brunet nodded again.

“Yeah,” he mumbled, and despite feeling weird about talking about it out loud, he still tried to

explain it. "I think I've been in love, kind of, but... Never wanted to mate them I guess."

His partner hummed to his words.

"And have you ever had your heart broken before?" He asked then. The small boy looked at him, hesitating for a moment. And just with that, the tall one hurried to clarify. "I mean, before all this... Before- before me."

George shook his head, awkwardly shifting on his spot before looking at the road in front of them.

"No."

He could see in the corner of his eye as his friend nodded again, then he began to walk again, pulling at him gently to make him walk as well.

"Well... I have, both things," the blond mumbled. "I've thought that I found someone I wanted to be with, and then... Had to say goodbye."

The omega felt his stomach twisting hearing that sentence. He shouldn't feel weird about it, it shouldn't make him uncomfortable. But he couldn't help it.

Maybe because knew how much of a bad time his friend had gone through in the past because of love, and he didn't want to be the reason why he had to talk about it. Maybe because the irrational part of him didn't want to think about his partner with someone else.

Then again, mentioning was important for him, and something he needed to do. So, he would listen.

"And it sucked, and it hurt," the alpha continued. "But eventually I moved on, because they just... Weren't right" he explained, then looked at him, squeezing his hand. "I can't go through that with you."

The brunet fixed his eyes on him, despite his steps continuing and not knowing the path they were in. Dream was holding him, after all. And he trusted he would never let him fall and be hurt.

"George, you're the most important person in my life," the blond let out. He sighed next, shaking his head. "And I don't only *want* to be with you, but I know if I'm meant to be with someone then that person is *you*. You're the one, you've always been, and will always be," he declared, eyes locking with his own. "I could never get over you. If I love you and then we break up, I could never move on."

"I would never break your heart," the omega whispered right away.

"But I could," the alpha said in response.

The Brit furrowed his brows, confused by that statement. If he meant he could break the brunet's, or if he meant he could break his own, he wasn't sure. But either way, he didn't understand.

The boy slowed down, until he was no longer walking. Then, he looked at some point close by. Brown eyes followed the green one, looking at the birdbath a few meters away. They stared at it for a few seconds, before the blond glanced at him again.

"I used to be scared of the ocean," he suddenly confessed. And the omega blinked with confusion at how unexpected that felt. "The unknown, the unpredictability, how deep could be... I don't know." He chuckled, shrugging to his own words. "But I thought if I learned how to swim, I would

like... Have some control, or something. I would... I wouldn't drown."

Once again, their eyes met, and the boy offered him a faint smile. One that held too many emotions, too many unsaid things. The Brit stared at him, trying to process what he just said and figure out what it meant, or how it related to his previous words.

In a way, it felt completely random. A fun fact he simply decided to share. In a way, it felt like it meant everything. Like everything was connected and this was as open as his partner had been so far, showing him his inner world and all his doubts.

Once again, the alpha began to walk, getting him to do the same. Their pace was slower this time, and the hold of their hands was tighter. Dream took a deep breath, closing his eyes for just a second as if to prepare himself to speak again.

"George, you're everything to me," he said then, in a quiet tone. "And I want all of you," he added, eyes looking for his as before. "I want so much, everything you'd be willing to give me and more..."

Another deep intake, tightening the grip on his hand as if needing the support.

The omega rubbed his skin with his thumb, trying to provide him some comfort.

"I want more, and more, and more. I'm always wanting more," he whispered, looking at the path again. "Because I want you to be mine, in every possible way, and... And I know the feeling won't stop until I get all of it."

The brunet felt as heat pooled on his stomach, blood rushing to his cheeks as well. His heart felt weirdly heavy, yet his chest felt lighter, and his heartbeats were so fast he could feel them in every single part of his body. He opened his mouth to talk, to reciprocate his words and agree to give him everything he wanted. Yet before he could, his partner spoke again.

"But that's- That's too much. I'm too much," the blond said, shaking his head as if knowing the Brit would try to contradict him. "I *know* I can be too much," he stated, as if that was simply a fact. Then, green irises fixed on him, offering him a sad smile. "But I'm also not enough sometimes."

The omega blinked to his words, confusion feeling him again. He furrowed his brows right after, ready to protest against his declaration, but the American shook his head as if to tell him not to, hurrying to finish his sentence before he could interrupt him.

"And that... That scares me, George. I'm scared I might not be the one for you, the way you are for me."

"Dream."

"I upset you, I don't give you what you want, I'm not there in the ways you need me to," the boy quickly said, to emphasize his point.

"Because I don't ask for it, Dream. That's not your fault."

"Just-" The alpha took a deep breath, looking away and pursing his lips for a moment before being able to continue. "If I'm too much in what I want, but I'm not enough in what I give... I- I don't- I could ruin everything."

The blond stopped walking again, closing his eyes and focusing on breathing. The brunet had too many things to say, but he could see his partner needed a moment to collect himself. He could tell

he wasn't done talking.

"If we bond and I don't meet your expectations... I could make you unhappy, I could fail at being a good mate" the boy whispered. A sharp breath, a squeeze to his hand, keeping his eyes closed. "And you would pretend it's not hurting you, and maybe you would become distant, but you would *stay*," he added in the same tone. "You might try to get more at some point, but ultimately you would give in and settle... Because you're you, and when it comes to me, you'll take what you can even if it's not what you truly want, just so I stay happy."

The omega felt his stomach twisting once again, but for a different reason this time. It wasn't anxiety, nor nervousness, nor discomfort. It was nothing but guilt. Because his best friend knew him too well, and because that's exactly what he had convinced himself to do at first, before he was able to finally confess his feelings.

"And that, George, that would break my heart."

"Dream," he whispered.

And God, he wished he could tell him his fears weren't justified, but he didn't want to lie to him. Just like he had reasons to support his own fears in the past, the boy had his own too.

He wouldn't do it. He had learned his lesson and would never try to do that again, to pretend things were fine when they weren't and let things fall apart. Yet he couldn't blame him for believing that would be his reaction, he couldn't blame him for fearing the worst, not when, in a way, he was right. That, however, didn't mean his whole statement was justified.

"Dream, you're more than enough. And you aren't too much, you never are," he said, and of that he was completely sure. "The things you want, I want them too--"

"Let me- Let me finish," the blond interrupted. The brunet shut his mouth right away.

It had taken them so much time and effort to get to that point, to be finally talking, that he wasn't going to ruin it by not letting the boy say what he needed to say. Even if he was being his self-conscious and insecure self and letting anxiety get the best of him, he needed to remember what Sappnap said and be able to listen to him.

These were his fears, these were his reasons. And he needed to try to understand him, he needed to hear him out.

The alpha started to walk again, but only for a brief moment, until they were under a big oak tree. He stopped then, and finally turned around to face him properly.

"Being with you in the way we were, it felt like a blessing," the boy began. "At first it was just... Well, I mean, it was just... Making sure no one else could have you, basically." He chuckled, and the omega couldn't help but smile shyly. He still remembered the comment he made when their deal had just started, that comment that made him feel weirdly happy and warm, and maybe a little too flustered for his liking.

'George, I'm doing this to help you.. But that doesn't mean I'm not also being selfish.'

The American caressed his hands with his own, then let out a soft sigh.

"But the more we did, the more we let ourselves get in deeper... The more I felt like it wasn't just about that anymore, but that *I* could have you, all by myself," he explained. "I could kiss you, and fuck you, and sleep together, and go out with you, and get everything I deep inside wanted... But,

in a safe way,” he continued. “I-I thought that if we just- if I didn’t put a name on it, if I didn’t make it official, then... Then I wouldn’t risk not being enough and losing you.”

In a safe way.

The words resonated through the brunet’s head.

He knew how that was, he knew how it felt. He knew the feeling of desperately trying to find safety in a scary situation, instead of facing his fears and trying to move forwards. Once again, they could be too similar.

Losing him was something he had always been terrified of. And maybe they didn’t have the same reasons to believe they would lose each other, but in the end, the core fear was the same. They both meant too much to the other to do anything that could compromise their relationship.

“I could have all the perks of a relationship, and we could be together forever, but without the possible cons that saying it out loud could bring,” the boy added, sighing to his own words, as if realizing the absurdity of what he was saying. “I wanted to eat the cake and have it too, or whatever, I guess.”

The omega couldn’t help but snort to his last sentence, the alpha offering him a faint smile in response. He carefully let go of his hand, but just to place both of his on the smaller boy’s cheeks, cupping them softly. He caressed his skin gently, his smile getting softer as he took a step closer.

“George, you made me want to jump into the water. But it’s hard to swim when you’re scared,” he mumbled, in a quiet tone. “You being mine... It’s all I ever wanted, even before I knew I wanted it. But I’m not sure if I know how to be yours.”

“Then let me teach you,” the brunet said right away. For some reason, his partner seemed surprised by his words. As if he didn’t expect it, as if he hadn’t thought about that before. And to that, the Brit couldn’t help but laugh. “You’re full of yourself sometimes, you know that?”

The American blinked with surprise, his expression tinting with confusion.

“What?”

“You always think you can do everything alone, and like, you’re supposed to be the one making the shots and figuring everything out or whatever,” he let out, shaking his head. “You’re like- You’re always taking the leader role, and carrying all the burdens, and trying to solve everything on your own.”

He placed his hands over the boy’s, holding him in place as he took a step closer. Then, he offered his alpha an understanding smile.

“But this isn’t a *you* problem, Dream.”

The blond stared at him, still seemingly taken back for a second, before his face began to relax. His lips curved up slightly, his features softening.

“It’s ours,” the boy mumbled, finally figuring it out. “And we figure it out together.”

“Like we always have,” the omega added, nodding to his words. “We can’t be DNF if it’s just you, you know? That would just be... A big D.”

Dream instantly snorted to his words, a loud wheeze following right after.

“A what? I- George-”

“You heard me,” he mumbled, a smirk appearing in his face.

The boy’s laugh would always be his favorite sound. Seeing him smile would always bring him relief.

The blond continued to giggle for a couple of moments, getting him to join him at some point. But eventually, the sounds died down. The alpha seemed calmer now, a faint smile still in his face as he continued to caress his cheeks. Yet after a moment, he sighed, letting go of him and taking his hand again instead.

“You know everything might change, right...?” He asked. “If we make it official.”

“Hasn’t it already?” The omega replied.

Seeing each other in person, living together, sharing their first kiss, getting sexual with each other, sharing a room, seeing the other as their mate... Nothing was the same as it was half a year ago. Even if they were still, essentially, the same.

“I guess, in a way,” his friend admitted. “But in a way it feels like it’s the same. Just... More.”

George hummed to his words. To that, he could agree.

The American stared into his eyes for a couple of seconds, before lowering his head for a couple of seconds, in an apologetic gesture.

“I really didn’t mean to hurt you,” the boy mumbled, then looked at him again. “When you said that you loved me, I was ecstatic. But in my selfish happiness I just... I didn’t think of what I was doing, or how I was hurting you by not replying with words,” he admitted quietly. “I thought it was obvious, how we felt. And if I didn’t say things out loud, we would be safe. But it wasn’t like that for you.”

The brunet hummed again, nodding to his last sentence.

It was kind of ironic, because usually he himself was more of ‘show’ instead of ‘tell’. But in this case, with everything being so new and unknown for him, he needed the confirmation. It didn’t feel as necessary now, with everything his partner had explained. Because in a way, he still used words to explain his feelings. But he couldn’t deny a part of him didn’t want the security those words would bring him.

“If you love me, I need to know for sure,” he decided to say. Because either it was by saying that, or just by continuing to assure him that a future together was where they were heading to, he just needed to feel safe with what they were doing.

“I do,” the blond instantly said in response. “I say it all the time, or well, I did. I just... I just added the friends part, so both things could be equally as true, and we could keep our safety,” he explained.

And yeah, the brunet had understood that part already. He could see where the boy had come from by doing that, even if it had confused the shit out of him in the moment.

“But I do, George. In the same... In the same way as you.”

The omega’s chest quickly filled with warmth, a pleasant feeling on his stomach as his inner

cheered to the confession. It wasn't literal, it wasn't a blunt declaration of love like the one he himself gave. But it was better than what had been offered to him before, and he could tell he was being honest.

However, he could still sense some hesitation, his scent still held some light anxiety. He tried not to get nervous about it, keeping calm as he quietly spoke.

"But...?"

"I just don't want to ruin us... I don't wanna lose you."

"You couldn't," he assured right away.

The alpha smiled at him, a faint and shy smile, but that seemed to trust his words a little more now than when they first started the conversation.

"Would you tell me, though? If you're- if you're not happy, or need more, or need something different?" The boy questioned.

The brunet nodded right away.

"Yeah." He would from now on, that was for sure. Even if it was hard for him, even if he still needed to work on his own communication skills and vulnerability. He would learn how to, if that's what they needed to be okay. "Would you?" He asked in return.

"Yeah." His partner nodded as well. "And if I'm not enough-"

"Dream," he cut him off. "You made me fall in love without trying to. How could you not be enough?" He questioned, rolling his eyes.

The American's cheeks quickly turned a pretty shade of pink. He let out an embarrassed chuckle, shifting awkwardly in his spot before nodding a couple of times.

"I- Yeah, okay. Yeah," he let out, a little too flustered. "I um, I might need you to remind me that though."

The Brit couldn't help but smirk, finding the reaction slightly amusing.

"I can feed your ego, yeah," he mumbled. The boy snorted at his words.

"You're such an idiot."

George offered him a smile, Dream gave him one in return. They stayed like that for a moment, simply holding each other's hands. And they didn't need to use words this time to understand they both felt more at peace now, more sure that they were on the same page and wanted the same.

And maybe the alpha still hadn't officially called him his mate, but everything he said still felt like a win.

He could understand that his partner had been struggling with his own fears and insecurities for a while, but it was still kind of new and this was his first time addressing it out loud. He could understand that because that's how it was for him, struggling as well for over a year and repressing his own feelings, then needing a month and his friend's support to come to terms with them enough to admit them.

It took him time, to get to that point. So the boy probably needed time too, to fully get there. It was

only fair to give it to him.

For now, everything he said was enough, he was content with it. Because he trusted that they would get to that point. They both wanted to.

“It’s getting cold,” the blond suddenly mumbled, taking him out of his thoughts. “We should head back.”

The brunet nodded a couple of times in response, holding his hands tightly as they began to walk again, heading to the car.

“I can’t believe you brought me here to talk, we could’ve done it in our room,” he joked, in a lighthearted way. He wasn’t actually complaining, it had been quite nice, if he was being honest.

“What?” The boy looked at him, almost seeming offended. “Oh come on, it was romantic.”

“Confessing under an oak tree, a tree that smells like you… Wow, Dream, you really are full of yourself.”

“I’m gonna leave you here and leave on my own,” the boy threatened. “Good luck getting an uber.”

“You wouldn’t dare.”

The alpha let out a soft laugh, the omega smiling in response.

It didn’t take them too long to get back to the car, and soon enough they found themselves driving to their home in comfortable silence. The forty minutes went faster this time, now that anxiety wasn’t filling them anymore, and they even stopped by a McDonalds to grab some dinner on their way to the house. By the time they got there, though, they had already finished their meal, only what they got for their two friends was still intact.

Dream parked the car, then turned it off. However, he didn’t get out right away this time. He stayed on his spot, seemingly submerged in his own thoughts. George gave him a questioning look, confused by the sudden change in behavior. The boy looked at him, hesitating for a moment before finally speaking.

“Karl and Sapnap are leaving tomorrow,” he mumbled. “Apparently Karl’s preheat is close, so Sapnap will go with him and stay there until the end of his heat.”

The brunet blinked a few times to the unexpected information, furrowing his brows in confusion.

“Okay…?”

“Why don’t you go with them?” The blond blurted out. “Like- Not until his heat, obviously. Just for a couple of days.”

Just like before, the omega blinked to those words.

“What?”

“And I’ll go to my mom’s, for a few days too.”

“What?” He repeated, taken back by the sudden suggestion and how out of nowhere everything was. He blinked once more, staring at his partner as he tried to process his words. And then, he frowned even more. “You want to- You want us to be apart already?” He accused. But more than

upset, he was just confused. He felt utterly lost to what was going on.

“No, I don’t,” the alpha instantly assured. “But I just... I think I need to. Visit my mom, or be alone, or whatever. If I want to really fix the mess I made.”

The omega opened his mouth, then closed it again. That made absolutely no sense to him.

“What do you mean?” He asked. The boy reached for his hand, taking it softly and squeezing it one time.

“You told me to find you, George,” the blond said, in a quiet tone.

“I’m right here, Dream.”

“But you still feel out of reach,” he instantly replied. “Or maybe I’m the one who’s not fully here.”

As before, the brunet blinked to his sentence, trying really hard to take everything in and process what was going on.

“I... I still haven’t given you what you wanted, not with the words you need.”

“That’s okay-”

“No,” he interrupted, shaking his head. “I haven’t given you what you wanted, but not because I’m scared. I’m not anymore,” he assured, squeezing his head again. “I know what I want, I know that I want you, and want to be with you.” The boy offered him a reassuring smile, reaching to take his other hand. The omega looked at him, unconvinced. “But I don’t want to keep doing things the wrong way, George,” the alpha continued. “I don’t want to do things in a way that, once we look back, it would feel bittersweet” he added. “I did that too much, and you deserve better than that. I want to do things right.”

“What does that mean?” The smaller boy asked, in almost a whisper.

“It means I wanna fix my mistakes, and I want to court you properly.”

Blood instantly rushed to the Brit’s cheeks, feeling weirdly embarrassed by something that, at the point they were in, shouldn’t make him flustered at all. But maybe that kind of proved his partner’s point. They had skipped a couple steps.

It didn’t feel completely necessary, it wasn’t something he could say he particularly needed to be okay with being together. But Dream apparently did, and if he wanted things to work out, they both had to be comfortable with the way their relationship was going.

“It means I wanna ask for what I want, and I want you to *choose* me,” the blond added. And a part of him wanted to tell him that he already did, but his more instinctual side was thrilled with the offer. “Maybe... Maybe some of what we’ve been doing counts as courting, maybe there’s not many changes I need to make. Maybe I just need to ask properly, or, I don’t know,” the boy mumbled. “But since I don’t know, I need to figure it out. On my own.”

George looked at him, staring at his face for a couple of seconds. Then, he nodded. If that’s what his partner needed in order to be ready to make it official, he could do that. The boy had tried to give him what he needed, he could try to do the same. And he trusted him, he really did.

If Dream thought that was for the best, he would follow him in his decision. He’s done so many times, he would continue to do so many others.

“Okay,” he agreed. The blond squeezed his hand. “But you promise we’ll be together again soon?”

“As soon as possible,” the alpha assured right away. The omega smiled in response. And then, the American moved closer, until his lips touched the Brit’s.

The brunet relaxed into the gesture, his heart beating faster to the soft way his partner’s mouth danced with his own. So gentle, so full of care, so loving. The boy pulled away after a few seconds, offering him a faint smile.

“I already miss you,” he whispered. George felt his heart melt.

It was dumb, it wasn’t even possible when they were literally right there, together in the car. Yet somehow, he was already missing him as well.

Karl’s house was cozy and always somewhat warm. Not too much where the warmth would be annoying, but enough to never feel cold. The apartment wasn’t too big, but still had enough space for the three of them to be comfortable.

George shifted on his spot, trying to get comfortable on the couch while simultaneously doing his best not to wake up the boy curled up against him. Things had been pretty calm so far.

They got to the house by lunch time, and his friend had instantly given him a little tour around his place. They ordered food next, eating it in the living room as they watched a movie. Then, they went out for a couple of hours, the other omega wanting to show him his favorite store. Things had been fun, they’ve been okay.

A part of him felt a little off being there, especially when the couple would interact romantically with each other in front of him, but for the most part, he didn’t feel bad being apart from the blond as he originally feared that he could. It was weird being without him, and maybe he missed him a little, but he wasn’t angsty about it. And, the more hours passed and he allowed himself to enjoy the time with the other two, the more he realized that he actually needed that.

Ever since he got to America, almost four months ago, his life had pretty much revolved around Dream.

It wasn’t a big change of how things were before; his focus always being mostly on the boy throughout their friendship; and it wasn’t a bad thing for him either or something that particularly bothered him. Especially since they were finally in person, and could fully dedicate their time to each other as they wanted for years. However, he had to admit that by doing that, he had neglected bonding with the rest of his friends.

In those four months, he had barely seen his friends, despite having plenty of free time that he could’ve spent hanging out with them. And in the two occasions he did see them, it wasn’t just with him but group things. Even with his roommate, he could count with one hand the times they’ve spent time together just the two of them.

It wasn’t necessarily bad that the blond and he gatekept most of each other’s time, that’s how their dynamic always was, after all. But it wouldn’t kill him to maybe start more things on his own, and enjoy other people’s company once in a while. Especially if they were going to be in a relationship.

He brunet let out a soft yawn, exhaustion already appearing after traveling that morning and doing things all day. Over twelve hours with his friends was more than enough for his social battery, and

counted as his fair share of spending time with other people. Now, his body was just demanding him to get some rest.

The sound of the door opening caught his attention, watching as Sapnap returned to the room with a bowl of popcorn. And as soon as the alpha saw his sleeping boyfriend, he let out a soft scold.

“He does the same thing *every time*,” the brown-haired mumbled, shaking his head before sitting down on the couch. “He asks for snacks just to fall asleep while I’m getting them.”

The Brit smiled with amusement to his words, carefully helping move the boy so he would be resting by his mate’s side instead.

“I think I’m gonna head to bed,” he declared then, letting out another soft yawn.

“Are you sure?” His friend asked right away, giving him a questioning look. “We haven’t ordered dinner yet.”

“M sure,” he mumbled in response. “I’m too tired, I just wanna sleep.”

The boy hummed, nodding a couple of times.

“Alright then, get some rest. Call me if you need anything.”

The omega let out a quiet ‘thanks’ in response, before slowly getting up, then heading to the guests’ room. He removed his pants sleepily, then crawled into the single bed. It was weird to sleep in one after getting used to a way bigger one, but he was too tired to care.

He reached for his phone at the night table, deciding to check social media for just a couple of minutes before letting himself fall asleep. He clicked on twitter first, and as soon as it opened, his eyes instantly noticed one particular tweet. His lips curved up in a smile, staring at the simple ‘hi’ displaying on his screen. Then quickly clicked on reply, typing an ‘idiot’ before pressing send. Not ten seconds later, his phone began to ring.

He didn’t lose a beat, answering right away.

“Hello?” He instantly let out.

“Hi,” Dream’s voice resonated at the other side of the line. And it was just one simple word, yet it still was enough to make him smile, his heart beating just a little faster. “How are you?”

“M good,” he mumbled, shifting on his spot to get comfortable on his bed. “You?”

“I’m okay,” the boy mumbled in response. And then, silence.

He stayed quiet, unsure if he was supposed to say something or let the alpha explain why he had called. Not like he needed to explain himself, not like he would complain about it. But maybe he wanted to, or, something. Maybe he did have a specific reason.

After a couple of seconds, the blond let out a nervous chuckle.

“Sorry, I figured that if you were on twitter, then you probably weren’t busy.”

“I’m not,” he confirmed. “Just got in bed.”

“So early?”

“Flying is tiring.”

His partner chuckled again, then hummed quietly. He could almost see him nodding his head, with a soft smile adorning his face.

“Yeah, I guess you’re right,” the boy mumbled, then seemingly shifted on his own bed. “So... How has it been? How was your day?”

“‘Ts been fine,” the omega said quietly, letting out a soft yawn next. “Kinda tiring, though,” he added, the American humming again. And he was about to ask him the same question, ready to hear about his day, but the blond spoke again before he could.

“I miss you.”

His heart rate instantly increased, chest feeling warm and his cheeks as well. He closed his eyes, taking a deep breath and trying to prevent a goofy smile from appearing.

God, how such small things could cause such big reactions on him? But how could he not react, when the words were said with the softest of tones, so freaking lovingly?

“You’re an idiot,” he whispered, getting a quiet giggle in response. He smiled to the sound, then sighed in defeat. “Me too,” he admitted, just as quietly as before.

“I miss you more, though,” the alpha instantly said.

This time, he couldn’t help but snort. He didn’t mean to make fun of him, but... Well, maybe he did, just a little.

It was amusing, it was dorky. It also made his stomach fill with bubbles, but he couldn’t admit that part out loud.

“Why are you being like that?” He questioned, in an accusatory tone that made it clear he was also joking.

“What do you mean?”

“You’re doing it on purpose,” he accused next. Because he knew his best friend too well, and he could tell when things had a double meaning. He wasn’t lying by saying that, but he wasn’t being completely serious either.

“What am I doing?” The boy questioned.

“You’re just... You’re saying those things, and being all cheesy, like couples in bad movies.”

“Well maybe you make me cheesy, George, never thought of that?” The American defended right away. “Maybe I’m cheesy for my omega.”

Just like that, the brunet’s brain disconnected. He took a sharp breath, chest suddenly feeling tight and a weird feeling appearing on his stomach.

He could feel his cheeks bright red, and his body heating up with a mix of embarrassment and pride. And his inner, oh his inner. All his instincts were freaking out, in the best fucking way possible.

“Dream...”

“God, I really miss you,” the blond whispered. “Your face, your laugh, your lips...” A breathy chuckle. “... Your warmth, feeling you close, touching you.”

Another sharp intake, his face burning up.

God, he was fucked. Utterly, and irremediably, fucked.

The power the alpha had over him was too big, and only took him a few words to get the omega to be falling for him all over again.

“Dream,” he whispered as well, trying to keep his cool and remain calm.

“I wanna kiss you so badly,” the boy mumbled. “I wanna hold you close, and scent you, and kiss you until your lips are red and tired.”

“Stop,” the brunet choked out, taking a sharp intake after. He closed his eyes, trying to focus on not letting his heart go crazier than it currently was. “Not- Not here.”

The other side of the line went quiet. Embarrassment instantly invaded him. Just by saying that, he had made it quite obvious what his partner’s actions were causing on him. And that was pretty embarrassing, considering there was a chance the boy didn’t have any *weird* intentions with them, or hadn’t realized how they sounded.

After a couple seconds, though, the tall one hummed.

“Why not?” He asked. And whether *that* had been the path he originally had been wanting to take with his conversation or not, he could tell the question was directed to that topic now, as if he was actually considering the possibility since it had been brought up.

“I’m at Karl’s *apartment*, Dream, what do you *mean* why not?”

“It’s not like they didn’t have sex when they were staying in our house, I’m sure they did many times,” the American was quick to say, but he could tell he was half joking and not actually trying to convince him. He wouldn’t try to push that agenda after the Brit dismissed the idea so hurriedly. Still, he huffed to his reasoning, rolling his eyes.

“That’s because Sapnap’s one of the owners, they’re allowed to. I’m just a guest here.”

“Fine, okay. No *funny business*,” the boy finally agreed, sounding reluctant. He knew he was just messing around by using that tone, though, and not actually upset about it. “What are you wearing right now, though?”

George couldn’t help but snort to that sentence.

“You’re such an idiot,” he let out, shaking his head as a soft chuckle escaped him.

His partner giggled as well, and then, as the sounds died down, they went quiet.

But the silence wasn’t uncomfortable, it didn’t feel wrong in any way. It was just like the old times, when they stayed in line despite not having anything to say, just to have each other’s company.

The brunet shifted on his spot again, trying to find a position he would be comfortable sleeping on.

He heard the blond do the same at the other side, and that felt like the old times too.

“You’re ready to sleep?” Dream asked then. The omega hummed, nodding despite not being seen. “Me too, actually” the alpha added then. “But I just... Wanted to call you first. I wanted to hear your voice.”

He couldn’t help but smile hearing that. He couldn’t stop his heart from feeling warm. But then, he realized. He didn’t have to do that, not anymore. Because loving him was allowed, his feelings were okay.

“I wish we were together,” he whispered, a late-night confession.

“Me too,” the boy said quietly, his reciprocated affection. “And we will, be together again,” he promised then. “... Soon.”

Once again, the brunet snorted.

“You did *not*.”

The blond wheezed to his reaction, getting the omega to laugh as well. Then, he sighed, smiling through the phone.

“Let’s go to sleep, yeah?” He mumbled. The Brit hummed in agreement. “Goodnight, George.”

“Goodnight, Dream.”

His partner hung out a couple seconds after. And although a part of him wished he didn’t, and they would’ve slept in call as they used to, he knew this was for the best. He would only miss him more, and he needed to rest right now.

Surprisingly enough, or maybe not so much, it didn’t take him long to fall asleep. And his eyes didn’t open again until late morning, the next day.

Sunday went pretty similar to Saturday.

They went out to check some stores and grab some lunch, taking a few pictures with fans this time, and then bought some things from the supermarket to snack on later. And once back in the house, Karl decided to show the two boys all of his favorite comforting items for his heat, putting special attention on showing off the blankets he would use for his nest.

George soon realized, being with the couple as an addition to their activities, and being with them when he was the center of their focus, were two completely different experiences. He was able to observe more details, to watch their dynamic unfold, to see the ways they showed each other affection and acted around the other.

It didn’t take a genius to notice the way they spoke to each other was different than with him, and even when they behaved like two friends would there was still a *vibe* there telling them off. It didn’t take a genius to notice that Sapnap would drop his whole life if the taller omega asked him to, looking at him with a devotion that couldn’t be taken as anything but love.

He’s seen that look before, when the boy spoke to him about his mate.

The brunet could be really slow sometimes.

In retrospect, it was no one’s but his own fault that he didn’t know the two were a pair sooner. It was as clear as water, he could see that now. It was almost funny how much he could miss just by not paying enough attention.

“Alright, I’m gonna put this back in the closet, then we can choose a movie.” Karl’s voice took him out of his thoughts, watching as the boy grabbed his blankets and headed back to his room. Then, George glanced at the alpha.

Sapnap’s smile was ridiculously soft.

“You look happy,” the brunet mumbled. His friend let out an airy chuckle, nodding slowly.

“Yeah... I am.”

The omega couldn’t help but smile at that answer. However, the *lovey dovey* expression on the boy’s face quickly changed, looking at the Brit now seemingly nervously.

The brown haired cleared his throat, turning on his spot to look at him more directly.

“Actually... Now that you mention it...” He cleared his throat again, then fixed his posture. “You know how so far we’ve been like, taking it slow and shit? Like just, spending heats together and seeing each other on some weekends but... You know, still testing the waters with this courtship thing and figuring stuff out?” He asked.

The Brit blinked a few times, a little confused by the question, but still nodding in response.

“Well, I think... Fuck that. I don’t wanna do that anymore,” the boy said, his lips curving up slightly. “After this past week, taking care of a house and two *children* together...” George rolled his eyes at his choice of words. “I don’t think we need to go slow anymore.”

The brunet hummed to his words, slowly taking them in and processing his sentence. He nodded at first, seemingly understanding. But then, just in case he actually didn’t; and because he was working on not assuming things anymore; he tilted his head.

“What does that mean?”

“I think I’m ready to mate him, man.”

The omega’s eyes widened to the confession, staring directly into his friend’s slightly pink face. He looked for any sign that he might be joking, but found nothing but honesty and certainty.

“For real?” He still asked, with a hint of excitement in his voice. His roommate let out a nervous laugh, nodding a couple times.

“Yeah, for real,” the boy confirmed. “And well, I thought... I mean, I would move in here with him at first, of course. Recently mated and shit, we would need space and privacy...” he mumbled, getting a knowing smirk from the Brit that he clearly tried to ignore. “But I was thinking... Well, I’m pretty sure Karl sees you as family, you two have gotten kinda close, right?”

George would be lying if he said those words didn’t make him feel stupidly happy, his expression softening as he nodded a few times in response.

“And, you know Clay and you are my family too, right?” The brunet nodded again. “So I thought... If you guys are fine with it... I want him to move in with us, and be all together.”

The smaller boy’s eyes instantly widened again.

“Really?” He let out right away, his inner matching his own excitement.

Sapnap’s demeanor relaxed to his reaction, his smile growing bigger as he nodded.

“Yeah, really.” He chuckled. “I want us to be a pack.”

“A pack.”

“I mean, if that’s fine with-”

“That’s fine with us,” the omega quickly replied. Because he was sure Dream wouldn’t complain about that, and because he was a little too thrilled with the idea. Maybe it was because he’s been a little emotional lately, with everything that’s happened to him. Or maybe because he truly cared for his two friends, even if he wasn’t the best at showing it. Either way, the idea made him happy.

George had never been a part of a pack, other than the one he was born in. He wasn’t quite sure he fully understood every aspect of the dynamic. But he still liked the idea of having an official family now in America, in his new home.

Home.

He’s been in Florida for almost four months now, yet it felt like he was just starting to discover all the layers of his new life.

Maybe because things hadn’t stopped changing and evolving since he got there, or maybe because he was finally accepting those changes and letting things happen. He was letting people in, he was bonding, he was showing how he felt, and adapting to the new things. He was settling in, and meeting this new version of himself.

The brunet took a moment to analyze his thoughts, and then, he hummed.

“I think I wanna head back to the house.”

His friend looked at him right away, giving him a confused look.

“What? Why?”

“I wanna be alone,” the brunet mumbled, in a calm tone. “I kinda miss it.” Because not taking the time to properly spend time with his friends hadn’t been the only thing he had failed to do since he got to America, but spending time alone was also something he had stopped doing since he left his birth country.

George liked being alone, he enjoyed having time for himself and doing whatever he wanted. And he couldn’t help but realize there had only been one occasion in which he had been fully alone in his new house, without either of his roommates in their own rooms. The time that started it all, those short minutes that changed everything.

Sapnap stared at him, as if trying to read his face. Then, he relaxed, offering him a faint smile. Whatever he had seen on the omega’s expression, he probably realized his petition wasn’t due to anything bad.

“You sure?” He still asked. The Brit nodded a couple times. “Okay, I’ll drop you off at the airport tomorrow morning, then. Sounds good?”

“Sounds good.”

“Who’s going to the airport?” Karl’s voice got both of their attention, quickly watching him get back to the living room and looking at his confused face. And then, the two roommates laughed.

He enjoyed the rest of the night with his friends, until they were all tired and in need of some rest. He changed his clothes before getting in bed, then he called his partner to let him know his new plans and say goodnight. It was slightly amusing to get a plane ticket confirmation just a couple minutes after hanging out, but in all honesty, it wasn't too surprising.

He managed to wake up early the next morning, and Sapnap dropped him off at the airport as he promised. He slept almost the whole flight, then took an uber to a few blocks away from their house, walking the rest of the way as a preventive measure. And as soon as he got inside, he quickly texted both of his roommates to let them know he was there.

The brunet headed to his room next, dropping his bag by his door and letting himself fall on his bed. He allowed himself to relax for a few minutes, not doing anything but laying down on the cold mattress. But he didn't go as far as to sleep this time, not really feeling like doing so for once. Even if he was tired, after so many days doing stuff.

He took his phone again after a while, checking social media for a moment, before finally standing up. He hadn't streamed in a hot minute, and people were wondering why. So, it seemed like the perfect time to do so.

It had really been weeks since his last stream. He couldn't even remember his last solo one. It would be good if he started working on his own content again, despite the fact that he had his friends with him now. It would be good if he still had his own things going on.

Getting his setup and green screen ready didn't take too long. Deciding what to play or do took longer. But after an hour or maybe a bit over it, he finally pressed the 'go live' button.

It was funny how he never particularly felt like streaming beforehand, his motivation for it usually not too high unless other people were involved, yet whenever he was already doing it he usually had fun and really focused on whatever he was doing.

He knew how to put on a show, and he still enjoyed it.

Time went pretty fast whenever he was live, and before he realized, four hours had passed. It was funny how he never particularly knew how to say goodbye, how he always had trouble putting an end to the streams regardless of if he originally wanted to do it or not. After another half an hour of simply chatting and trying to wrap things up, he finally pressed to end stream and turned his computer off.

And now, he was really tired. And hungry, very hungry.

He sighed, slowly standing up. However, before even considering going to the kitchen, he first grabbed as many of his blankets as he could, then left the room. He wanted to make sure he would not only sleep comfortably whenever he took his nap, but would also feel safe and content.

So, he headed to the alpha's room.

The omega placed his blankets down over the blond's bed, going back to get a couple more and a few pillows as well. He took his time to arrange all the items on the mattress in a way he knew he liked, getting in the bed to test how it felt before finally standing up for real and deciding to head downstairs.

He walked slowly, taking his time since he had plenty of it, while thinking of what he could eat that didn't involve having to cook. But before he could get to the kitchen, suddenly; and unexpectedly; the doorbell began to ring.

The sound completely took him off guard, and for a moment, the brunet questioned what to do. His first instinct was to think someone was at the wrong house. Yet after a moment of hesitation, he decided to check and see, just in case.

He opened the door just slightly, enough to peer outside without having to come out. A young boy immediately looked at him, then at the piece of paper he had in his hand.

“Is this... George?” He asked. And now, the omega was even more confused. But still, he nodded. The boy hummed, taking some distance and turning around.

The Brit raised an eyebrow, opening his door just a little more to see what the beta was doing. But the moment he watched him get something from his motorcycle and turn back to face him, brown eyes instantly widened.

He stared in complete disbelief as the delivery guy walked closer, first handing him a plastic bag from what it seemed to be a sushi place, before carefully giving him a bouquet of *blue and green* roses.

George felt as if his heart began to race yet came to a full stop at the same time, a heavy blush taking over his cheeks right away.

“Here, it’s from your boyfriend,” the boy mumbled.

The omega’s face turned bright red completely. He froze on his spot, eyes glued to the flowers and unable to give a response.

Embarrassment, excitement, he wasn’t even sure of what he was feeling.

It was a lot, he was feeling a lot.

“He already paid, so...” The beta awkwardly mumbled. “Have a nice day.” And without adding another word, he headed to his motorcycle.

The brunet stood by the door for a while longer, chest all too tight and head now a complete mess. But after a moment or two, he finally snapped out of it, quickly closing the door and running to the couch, sitting down on it and placing the gifts by the table as he hurried to get his phone and call the familiar number.

“Hello?” How quickly his partner’s voice filled his ear indicated he had been waiting for that moment.

“Dream,” he instantly let out, sounding more choked out and flustered than he expected.

His heart was still going at a hundred per hour, cheeks just as red, and his stomach filled with bubbles.

“Dream,” he said again. “You just- What did you- You got me *flowers*.”

“Yeah,” the alpha quickly confirmed. “Are they- Did you like them? I know you’ve said dandelions are your favorite, but I couldn’t find any store that sold them...”

“And finding blue and green roses was *easier*?” He instantly questioned. He heard the boy chuckle to his words, mumbling a quiet ‘well...’ in response. “And the food, I-”

“I figured you probably hadn’t eaten. I was watching your stream so-”

“Yeah, no, that’s- That’s not-” He took a deep breath, trying to calm his thoughts and organize them enough to speak clearly. “What I mean... Dream. Where did you even- What kind of place...?”

“I ordered the flowers first, while you were still streaming, and got them delivered to the sushi restaurant,” his partner explained, understanding what he was trying to ask him. “Then I placed your order at that restaurant, told them about the flowers, and told them I would call again to let them know when to deliver it. So as soon as you ended-”

“Dream,” he cut him off, his brain still trying really hard to process what had just happened. Both because of how surprising it was, and because he’s never experienced that before. “Why did you- You got me *flowers*,” he repeated his previous words.

“Because you deserved to be treated right, George,” the blond calmly replied to his unfinished question. “And I want to take care of you, even if I’m not there.”

The brunet felt as if his heart was about to explode. He closed his eyes, taking a deep breath, then opened them again, glancing at the roses.

God, he loved him. He really loved him.

“You’re an idiot,” he whispered, shaking his head. “You keep acting like we’re in an old romantic film or something.”

The alpha laughed softly to his words, and he could almost see him smiling through the phone.

“Well, I mean...” The boy mumbled, with a tone that sounded all too teasing. The omega scoffed in response, rolling his eyes.

But then, something quickly crossed his mind. And before he could fully process the memory, he found himself saying it out loud.

“He called you my boyfriend,” he blurted out. The other side of the line got quiet. “The delivery guy,” he clarified, in case that wasn’t obvious.

The American remained silent for a moment longer, before an embarrassed laugh filled his ear.

“I said- Okay, to be fair, he wasn’t exactly *wrong*- But that’s not... Well, technically, I said partner,” the boy explained, stumbling over his words. “I said it was for my- for my partner.”

“He wasn’t exactly wrong?” The Brit repeated right away, ignoring everything else from the explanation.

“I mean, was he?” The blond questioned. “I’m... I said I would court you, didn’t I? And I’m- I’m trying. That was me- I’m doing it right now, so...”

Once again, the brunet felt his face heating up, chest feeling warmer as well. His stomach was full of a weirdly pleasant tingling sensation, all of his body tickling as his inner cheered louder than he’s ever heard him.

“Dream,” he whispered.

“I wanna be more than that, though,” the boy quickly said, before he could add anything else. “You know that, you know I want to go all in.”

“Dream,” he whispered again, his tone whinier this time. “Does that mean-”

“Not yet,” the alpha cut him off again. “I have a plan, George, don’t ruin it.”

The omega couldn’t help but scoff, yet his lips still curved up in a smile. His body still felt just as excited. His heart felt just as full.

God, if that was what courting felt like, he was glad he agreed to it.

“So, um,” his partner mumbled, getting his attention again. “Do you- I was thinking we could watch some movies, have a little movie marathon in discord,” he added. “I got myself dinner too, so. Do you wanna...?”

“Yeah,” he replied right away. “Let me get to the room, and I’ll get in discord.”

“Okay, cool, good,” the blond mumbled, and he could almost hear him nodding. “It’s a date, then.”

“A *date*,” the omega repeated, in a teasing tone. The alpha chuckled softly. “Okay, I’m gonna hang up, then,” he mumbled then, getting a familiar ‘alright’ in response, before the call was over. And as soon as silence filled the room again, George took a deep breath, letting out a nervous laugh.

A part of him wished Dream had actually come back for that, him being the one bringing the gifts and having their little date in their house together. But just for him, he would try to be patient. The boy said he had a plan, after all.

The brunet took a couple moments to just breathe and calm down, trying to recover from the whole experience, before grabbing the flowers and the food and heading to his partner’s room. He placed both things on the nightstand, before going to get his computer. Dream was already in discord by the time he logged in, clearly waiting for him, and the call started soon after.

Hearing his voice again only made the feelings inside him remain there for longer. But it wasn’t a bad thing, not at all. He kind of liked it.

It took him a few minutes to choose the films they would watch, but once they were ready, they didn’t stop. They watched movie after movie, eating their food and talking in between, until complete darkness fell over them and the sun was born again. It wasn’t until around five in the morning that George’s body finally gave up, and he had to reluctantly accept he was too exhausted to continue and say goodnight.

He opened discord on his phone, just to rejoin the call and talk for a little longer while he got ready for bed, laying down with the boy still on the other side of the line. The moment his head hit the pillow, though, it was over for him. And before he could reply to the soft goodnight his alpha offered him, he was already deeply asleep.

And he didn’t wake up for a long time, until his physiological needs got the best of him.

His eyes opened tiredly and slowly, taking him a few moments to regain consciousness. His movements were slow as well, as he carefully reached for his phone to check the time. However, as soon as he looked at the screen, something else caught his attention.

A simple text, just one.

‘Text me when you’re up’

The brunet hummed, placing his cellphone down again as he worked on getting himself out of bed.

He dragged his feet on the ground as he walked to the bathroom, taking care of his needs there before washing his hands and face. He returned to the room right after, putting on some sweatpants that he had left in the blond's closet at some point in the past few months, then grabbing one of his hoodies.

Once he was dressed, he sat down on the bed, grabbing his phone again and replying to his partner with a 'hi'. Then, he reached for the unfinished package of cookies that he had gotten the night before after the third or fourth movie.

He only got to eat a couple of cookies, before another text came in. The omega looked at the screen again, blinking a few times once he saw the content of the message.

'I think I left my wallet downstairs, can you check please?'

He stared at the words for a couple of seconds, in disbelief. The alpha had been out of the house for over three full days, and he just realized *now* that he didn't have his wallet with him?

He rolled his eyes. The boy could be very detail-oriented sometimes, but he also forgot about the most basic things when he was too in his own head.

The Brit slowly stood up, making his way out of the room and heading to the first floor. He went straight to the living room first, checking the couches in case it had fallen out of the boy's pocket. Then, he went to look around the kitchen. And when he didn't find anything there, he decided to try his luck in the dining room, highly doubting it would be there though since they rarely spent time in that zone of the house.

There were no signs of the wallet anywhere. George sighed, taking his phone out of his pocket and dialing the blond's number. Dream answered right away.

"Hello?"

A weird, constant and soft sound in the background filled his ears. The brunet blinked, confused by the quiet noise.

"I couldn't find it," he mumbled, then tried to focus on the sound.

... Was that water running?

"It's fine, I lied," the alpha instantly said. "I have my wallet with me."

Again, the omega blinked, confusion quickly taking over him.

"What do you-"

"Can you open the front door, please?" His partner interrupted.

At first, his words only made him more confused, completely lost to what was going on. But then, his eyes widened, heartbeat picking up slightly. Because why would the boy be asking him that, unless...

He hurriedly ran to the front door, snapping it open. And brown eyes met green ones. A smile adorned the alpha's lips, using his free hand to move away the wet strands obstructing his vision, before hanging up and placing his phone in his pocket.

"Hi," he said right away.

The omega stood there, eyes just as widened. Not because seeing him was too shocking to believe, but because of the state the boy was in.

Small drips fell from his hair to his face, clothes slowly soaking as well as water continued to pour on him. The Brit blinked a few times, then immediately looked up. But just as he thought, there were no clouds in the sky, a warm and sunny day still present. So where was the water coming from? And why was the angle so weird? What the hell was going on?

The brunet instantly took a step forward, until he was right outside the door. The first thing he noticed was the ladder carefully placed against their house. He looked up again then, and his eyes grew even bigger with surprise.

There were two sprinklers somehow taped to the walls, at each side of the door, carefully positioned in an angle that would allow the drops to fall over the blond.

George blinked once, then twice.

“What the fuck?”

“I was really hoping it would rain today, but the weather hates me,” his partner mumbled, letting out a soft laugh after.

The brunet immediately looked at him again, confused out of his mind.

“Dream, what is this-”

“I told you I wanted to fix things,” the boy said right away. “I wanted to make them right.”

The alpha offered him a smile, using his hand to fix his hair again. The omega stared at him, trying to process his words. But his explanation didn’t make things any clearer. He still didn’t know what was going on, or why he had placed literal sprinklers in their house’s walls.

“What are you talking about-”

“George,” his partner cut him off, inhaling deeply before taking a step forward. “That day, under the rain, it was the happiest I’ve ever been,” he stated. “But I ruined it, because I wasn’t ready.” He sighed, then shook his head. “I don’t want that memory to be stained. I don’t wanna- I don’t want you to see rain and think of heartbreak.”

The boy stared into his eyes, with a look so soft yet weirdly intense. The Brit felt his body relax, demeanor changing as well. Slowly, things began to click, and warmth pooled inside him the more he realized what everything was about.

“Dream.”

“I didn’t know what to do, to feel like I deserved to accept your love and be happy,” the blond continued. “Even if I wasn’t so scared anymore, I still felt like I had messed up too many good memories, and *us* in the process too.”

The alpha offered him a faint smile, one filled with regret and self-blame. The omega took a step further, wanting to get closer. But his partner quickly shook his head, to stop him from doing so.

“But I talked to my mom, and thought about it, until I realized that I couldn’t really go back, you know? I couldn’t pretend nothing happened and start from zero again,” he explained. “But... That didn’t mean I couldn’t do better.” His smile grew bigger, more hopeful now. “I can’t change the

memories I ruined, but I can replace them with new ones.”

The boy looked up, to the wall in front of him. The brunet followed his gaze, looking at the fake rain the blond had created. His heart squeezed in his chest, suddenly feeling the overwhelming urge to cry despite not being sad.

This was it, wasn't it? It was happening. It was happening right now.

He looked at his partner again, noticing he was already staring at him as well.

“George,” the boy said, and his heart squeezed again. “I've known for years that I wanted to spend my life with you, but I didn't fully understand in which way, until I had you here with me.”

Dream took another step closer. The omega could feel his body trembling. He took a sharp breath, swallowing hard, as if that would make him any less nervous.

This was it. This was really it.

“The way you make me feel... God, George, do you have any idea of what you do to me?” The alpha let out a breathy chuckle. “When I think of my future, I think of you. When I think of growing old with someone, I think of you. When I think of what *love* means to me, I think of you.”

Green eyes stared directly into brown ones.

The brunet felt himself unable to look away.

“You're everything to me, and more,” the boy continued. “And I want you to be mine, in every possible way.” Another step closer. “Everything we've done so far, all the firsts we've had... I want to do it all again. But not just as friends.”

The blond stood in front of him, less than a meter away.

He offered his hand, and the Brit took it without hesitation.

“I want to have a first date, a real one. I want to introduce you to my family, properly this time. I want to share a room, and officially make it *ours*.” He squeezed his hand, caressing his skin with his thumb, while still holding his gaze. “I want to kiss you for the first time again, every single day of my life.”

The boy glanced down to their hands, at the way their fingers intertwined, humming to himself before looking at him again. Then, he took a step back, pulling at him gently to make him walk again.

“I want to be yours, I want you to give you all of me,” he declared. “And I want everyone to know you're mine.”

Heat pooled on the omega's face, heart racing and body suddenly feeling ten times warmer. That tingling sensation that he had been feeling so often lately, and the familiar bubbles on his stomach, quickly appeared again. And he couldn't say he didn't know that sensation.

He felt it for the first time, over a year ago. He felt it that one night, and made him realize he had fallen in love.

He didn't think it was possible to fall any deeper. It seemed like he was wrong.

“*Dream.*”

“So, George,” his partner mumbled, as he continued to pull him to walk together. “Please let’s do this again.” And then, he stopped, once they were both under the fake rain. “Can we do that, George?”

The brunet felt lightheaded. It was hard to think, it was hard to process. If there had been any mental wall left, preventing him from fully giving in, he could say with certainty now that they had completely crumbled.

He took a sharp breath, then tried to focus. And deep inside, he knew what the blond was asking for. Yet still, he quietly asked.

“What do you... What do you mean?”

“I need you to say it again,” the boy confirmed. “Like you did that day.”

Once upon a time, that petition would’ve caused resistance. The instinct to protect himself that he had built over the years and his incapacity to be vulnerable would’ve made him go into a defensive mode. The fear of being hurt was big, and especially after failing once and getting his heart broken, he would’ve been reluctant to accept. But that was another time. That was another him.

Communication and honesty were skills that he was still learning to use, but had already changed him.

He trusted the alpha. Like he always did, but in more levels and ways now. He trusted him with his heart, because he believed him and every single one of his words. And just like that rainy day, where the drips had helped him pour his feelings out, the soft water that now covered made him feel free and brave one more time.

One step closer. The boy mimicked his action. A hand placed on his cheek, a reassuring smile. And the safety of knowing he was home. He was his home.

George took a deep breath, closing his eyes for a second before staring into the green ones.

“I love you, Dream,” he whispered.

“I love you too,” his partner instantly said.

And everything inside him broke, just to be born again.

Tears began to fall down his cheeks. A nervous laugh, chest tightening with overwhelming happiness. His feelings were flooding him. He wanted to drown in them.

Dream pulled him closer, cupping his face with both hands.

“I love you, George,” the alpha said again. “I love you like I’ve never ever loved somebody.” A quiet sob escaped him, more tears falling down. “And I want to love you forever.”

His partner moved closer one more time. Then, lips pressed against his own. And just like that, time froze. And just like that, the world stopped existing. The whole universe ceased to exist again. There was nothing but them, Dream and him. And everything felt like too much and he couldn’t breathe yet he still wanted more, so much more.

The boy let go of his face, just to wrap his arms around him, holding him close as his mouth danced together in perfect syntony. It was just a couple of seconds, it was just a brief instant. But in that moment, it felt infinite.

The blond pulled away slowly, taking some distance before turning around, looking everywhere around them.

“I love George!” The boy suddenly yelled, as loud as he could. “I love GeorgeNotFound!”

The omega’s eyes widened, a nervous laugh escaping him. It was like a *deja vu*, but with real memories. And the familiarity of the situation was almost amusing, and soft too, and so romantic in the most ridiculous way, yet still just as embarrassing.

He hurried to grab his partner’s arm, pulling him closer again to cover his mouth with his hand, playing along with recreating the scene and repeating old actions.

“Shut up!” He said, just like that time. Except he couldn’t help but giggle now, everything feeling so absurd in the best possible way. He removed his hand right after, shaking his head. “You’re an idiot, you know that?”

“Maybe *you* make me an idiot, George,” the boy instantly said, continuing to guide their memories into making a full circle.

The brunet let out a laugh again, the blond laughed as well. He cupped his face again, wiping the small tears that continued to fall. Then, he moved closer like before, connecting their lips gently.

The Brit melted into the kiss, letting it last longer than the last one, before they broke apart slowly. The American let go of his cheeks then, reaching for his hands next. He held both of them, squeezing them softly.

“George,” he whispered, looking at him with loving eyes. And this was it. This was really it. “Would you be my mate?”

The answer was easier than anything had ever been in his life. The nod came instantly, a soft *yes* escaping his lips before his brain could command his body to talk.

It was everything he never thought he wanted. It was everything he had needed to hear. It was everything he thought he wouldn’t have. It was everything he doubted was real, but turned out that it was. Oh, it really was. It was everything, and more.

And now he understood what *Dream* meant, about wanting so much it could be overbearing, because you knew anything less than all wouldn’t be enough. But they didn’t need to worry about that, not anymore. Not ever again. Because they had it, they had it all. They had each other, and they were in love.

“You didn’t need to ask,” the omega mumbled, in a joking manner. The alpha chuckled to his words, giving him a soft peck on his lips before suddenly wrapping his arms around him and picking him up.

George instantly wrapped his legs around his hips, and arms around his neck. The boy kissed him once again, slowly and gently yet deeper than before.

The gesture was just as short as the others, though, soon breaking apart to focus as he began to walk to the house. As soon as they got inside, then placed the omega down.

“Give me a second,” he mumbled, before going outside again. And in a matter of seconds, the fake rain stopped, the brunet realizing then he had gone to turn the sprinklers off.

He gave his mate an amused look the moment he came back, right after he closed the door. And as

if reading his mind, and sensing the teasing he would eventually get for his actions, his cheeks turned slightly pink, letting out an embarrassed chuckle.

“I can’t believe you did all that just to ask me out,” the Brit let out.

Because yeah, it was perfect, but that didn’t make it any less funny that he had bought sprinklers, then crawled some ladder just to tape them to the wall, so he could simulate rain. He particularly couldn’t believe that he did all that, right after staying up until five in the morning.

“Did you sleep at all?” The omega questioned, raising an eyebrow. The alpha’s guilty expression was enough of an answer.

“I’ll sleep later,” the boy instantly said. “Right now, I just want to love you.”

And now, it was George’s turn to blush. But he wouldn’t let him make him flustered, not this time. He would focus on the other reaction those words caused him. He would focus on the warmth in his heart, and the need of physical closeness to match the emotional intimacy he just experienced.

The brunet took a step closer, then quickly removed his hoodie, throwing it to the floor.

“Then love me, Dream,” he whispered, placing his hands on the edges of the boy’s shirt to take it off as well. “Make love to me.”

He found himself in the alpha’s arms before he could even blink, a yelp involuntarily escaping him as he wrapped his arms around him, the boy immediately starting walking to head upstairs to their room.

“God, I love you,” his mate let out, soon reaching the door and opening it in an instant. “I love you so fucking much.”

“Dream,” the omega whispered, the words only increasing his temperature.

The blond walked them to the bed, but stopped his steps right before reaching it. His eyes widened slightly with surprise, the reaction confusing him for a moment until his eyes followed his gaze, realizing what he was looking at. Embarrassment instantly hit him.

“I-”

“You made a nest,” the boy let out, looking back at him again. “You were nesting in my bed.”

Blood rushed to his cheeks, looking away and feeling like he had been caught doing something he shouldn’t. Even if the American’s reaction made it very clear he wasn’t upset.

“I just- It’s- It’s a small one,” he mumbled, stumbling over his words. “I wanted... It was just- Your bed smells like you.”

The alpha’s eyes widened a little more. Then, a prideful laugh escaped him. He kissed his lips right away, then moved to his cheek. And the other. And his jaw.

“I love you,” he whispered, kissing his neck next. “I love you, George.” Another over his gland. “My omega, only mine.”

“Dream,” he whined, taking a deep breath. “Clothes off. Now.”

He didn’t have to ask twice.

The blond quickly placed him on the bed, right in the middle of his nest, hurriedly working on removing both of their remaining clothes before joining him. Legs tangled together, warm body getting over him. Lips found each other again, a new kind of hunger in the ways their mouths moved now. Hands roamed his body. His own explored broad shoulders.

In a matter of seconds, the room was filled with panting and pleased sounds, whispers of names and petitions for more.

Fingers moving in and out, tongue playing with his nipples. Hand working on his length, kisses placed over his gland. The alpha prioritized his pleasure, just like he always did. The omega pushed his limits, making him break and take what he wanted too.

And he never felt fuller, having him inside. And each thrust caused waves of satisfaction, running through his whole body. And sex didn't feel like just sex, but something completely different. And his mate got what he wanted, fucking him in a way that made it feel like the first time. Because in a way, it was.

Pleasure never felt better. And the boy who couldn't be fully satisfied was completely left behind. Not just physically this time.

Fingers running through his hair had become a familiar feeling. Arm wrapped around him, and warm body pressed against his own was like being at home.

Seeing the alpha first thing after waking up was the best way to start his day. The soft smile offered to him brought him the same relief and happiness as meeting for the first time. And hearing his voice, so raspy and tinted with sleep, was all he needed to reassure himself that yeah, this was real. He was really there, with him, it wasn't a dream.

"Good morning," his partner said, in a quiet tone. Then, he lowered his head, to press his lips on the omega's forehead. "How are you feeling?"

The brunet hummed, carefully shifting on his spot and stretching before wrapping his arms around the blond again, nuzzling against his chest.

"M good," he mumbled, the boy chuckling quietly at his actions. He began to pet his hair again right after, looking at him with loving eyes.

"Yeah? How is your body, though? Do you need some meds or-"

"You weren't *that* rough, Dream, don't be full of yourself," the Brit teased. "I could've taken more."

The American snorted to his words, raising an eyebrow.

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah."

His partner rolled his eyes, shaking his head a couple of times before lowering his head to kiss him again, on the lips this time. Despite all the teasing and mocking, knowing how caring the blond was and how much he worried for him still made his inner purr in content.

But, to be fair, he wasn't wrong. If he could handle him in his rut, he could handle everything. Nothing would ever be too much.

He still understood why the boy was asking, though. Ever since they got to the room the day before they spent most of their time making love. Over, and over again, night settled and exhaustion took them out.

It wasn't all they did, it was still on and off. After the first round, the need for a shower had gotten them to leave the bed. Especially since they had been under the water, a detail that they disregarded at first to prioritize intimacy, but that they couldn't keep ignoring once their hormones had died down.

The alpha made sure that they ate proper meals in between rounds too, and they even took a short nap at some point. Plus they spent a short while getting some of George's stuff from his room, items that he used on a daily basis, and moving them to Dream's, the eagerness to prove they were serious about what they wanted getting the best of them.

But yeah, even with the pauses, they had a shit ton of sex.

Both because all the overwhelmed love was too much to contain and the need to show it was still high after their vulnerable moment. And because they knew how to please each other a little too well, and after months of learning how to push the other's buttons they had become addicted to the dance of their bodies under the sheets.

It was hard to hold back, when all you wanna do is give in. So, they didn't hold back at all.

A kiss on his cheek took him out of his thoughts.

"Are you hungry? Do you want me to get you some breakfast?" His partner then asked, fingers still running through his hair.

The omega shook his head, sighing contently before shifting to bury his face on the alpha's neck.

"Wanna cuddle more," he mumbled against his skin, still too sleepy to want to start the day. The blond chuckled softly to his words.

"You're so clingy sometimes," the boy mumbled in response.

"You like it."

"I do."

George smiled to himself, satisfied with that answer. He inhaled deeply by his neck then, for a few seconds, before finally pulling away to look at him again.

"Dream," he let out. "It's fading."

A blatant lie. And an obvious one as well. The alpha raised an eyebrow, giving him an amused look, making it even more clear than they both knew his sentence was far from being truthful. Because sex wasn't the only thing they had done over and over.

Their mix was still heavy in the air, completely filling the room. The smell was even stronger in their bodies. Yet the omega couldn't get enough.

It was an instinctual thing, really. It was his inner demanding for more. Because he wanted it all,

and as long as he didn't have it, that voice inside him would keep begging to be scented as if to further confirm they truly belonged to each other. He couldn't help it, really.

Or maybe he could, but he didn't want to.

"Dream," he whined, nothing but a taunt. The blond smirked, notoriously not buying his excuses nor his act, yet he still knew he would comply.

He couldn't say no to him. He's never been good at denying him anything he asked for.

"Yeah?" The boy mumbled, the omega nodded in response. "Well, I have to fix that, then."

The American was gentle as he pushed the Brit to lay down, carefully getting over him before lowering himself, until his neck was right by the smaller boy's. George wrapped his arms around him, pulling him closer with eagerness. And then, the alpha's gland met his own.

A pleased sigh escaped his lips as they began to rub together, blueberries and snow dancing with oak and brown sugar as they slowly became one new fragrance. His body instantly relaxed, heart feeling warm, and hands slowly caressed his partner's back as their scents continued to blend and mix.

God, he could never get enough of it. He couldn't believe it took him so long to realize just how good scenting felt. Or maybe it was because of Dream. Maybe he was the one that made it feel good. It felt right, like... Meant to be. And he loved every second of it.

And him. Him too.

"I love you," the alpha whispered, as if reading his thoughts.

"Love you," he let out, in a whisper as well, keeping the boy just as close as he slowly brought their movements to a complete stop.

He still stayed by his gland, though, keeping their scents locked together for a moment longer while fully resting his body over the smaller one. Despite how big he was, and the fact that he was heavier, the position wasn't uncomfortable.

After a minute or two, however, the blond carefully pulled away, moving to lay by his side instead. He wrapped his arms around the brunet, pulling him into his chest. And the Brit instantly nuzzled against him like before. The American brought his hand to his partner's hair, petting it softly. And they just stayed like that for a moment, quiet and calm in each other's arms. Yet he could still tell that Dream wasn't as relaxed as he was. There was something in his smell, some kind of uneasiness and a hint of concern.

George hummed, carefully lifting his head to look at him.

"What's wrong?" He questioned.

Green eyes quickly found the brown ones, hesitation in his face as if unsure if to speak or not.

"Are you sure you're okay?" The alpha finally blurted out.

The omega blinked a few times, confused by the question and where it was coming from.

"Yeah...?"

"It's just- Are you *sure* sure?" The boy asked again. "You feel a little too warm, and now I was

thinking about it and- I mean, the fake rain, we were under the water and- You're not sick again, are you? Did I make you sick?"

The brunet blinked again, taken back by his words and the worried tone in them. He stared at his partner for a moment, processing what he had just asked. And then, he understood.

... Oh.

The Brit slowly pulled away, carefully moving until he was sitting on the bed. He had completely forgotten, despite having things to remind him of it. Karl had to leave for a reason, after all. And Sapnap was right months ago when he had said they were kind of in sync.

He looked at the nightstand, reaching for his phone to quickly check the date, needing to confirm his suspicions just in case.

September 21st.

"George?"

His attention went back to the boy right away, seeing his both confused and concerned expression.

"I'm fine," the brunet instantly assured, placing his phone down. "It's just my pre-heat, I forgot it was supposed to start today."

It was always something subtle at first, just a little *something* to let him know it had begun. A light headache for a couple hours, or his body feeling a bit weak, or his skin getting warmer, any little detail that could help him realize his hormones were starting to change.

The symptoms didn't necessarily start right away after that, the first few days weren't usually that bad. But slowly, they would increase, and both his mood and need would exponentially get affected. He would probably be okay the rest of the day, but by the end of the week the changes would most likely be a little more evident.

The alpha's eyes widened to his words, clearly not having expected that explanation.

"What?" He let out, staring at him with surprise as he processed his words.

He quickly sat up as well, placing a hand on the omega's cheek as he examined his face.

"Are you- Do you need something? Should I be doing something?" The boy asked right away. "Is there any medicine or-"

"I'm good, Dream," he instantly interrupted, slightly amused by both the reaction and his rant. "I promise," he added, but his partner didn't seem convinced. "I don't feel off or anything, it's just the first day so it's not like, a big change. You can relax."

The blond looked at him with uncertainty, but after a few seconds of hesitation, he nodded, as if to let him know he had decided to believe him. He still looked just as uneasy, though.

"Your stuff, do you- Are you gonna nest here or in your room?" He asked next. And before the brunet could give him an answer and point out to the fact that technically he had already started nesting there in that bed, the boy sighed. "I should call my mom."

George couldn't help but snort.

"You should call your *mom*?" He raised an eyebrow. His partner nodded a few times.

“Yeah, I need- I need an omega healthcare class or something.”

“An omega- Dream. What are you talking about?” The Brit let out, a little too amused by his partner’s sudden panic. “This isn’t my first heat here, you know how it is-”

“That’s different,” the boy cut him off. “This- It’s different now.”

“How is it different?” He questioned, raising an eyebrow again. The blond looked directly into his eyes, sighing as he cupped both of his cheeks.

“I’m your mate now, George,” he said, offering him a faint smile, his face still tinted with nervousness and insecurity. “I need to be able to provide whatever you need, and just, take care of your needs. I need to- I wanna be a good alpha for you.”

The brunet felt his heart melting, heat pooling on his stomach right away. God, Dream was an idiot. He really was.

An idiot in love.

He offered the boy a reassuring smile, placing his hands over the bigger ones.

“Then ask me,” he mumbled. “You don’t need your mom, or a class. You can ask me if you’re not sure.” The alpha blinked a few times, as if he hadn’t considered that until the omega pointed it out. And then, he relaxed, his smile growing bigger and seemingly more sincere. “You did a pretty good job on your own last time, though,” the Brit decided to add, shrugging softly. “Just do those things again. Buy me ice cream and blankets, and cook for me, and fuck me a lot.”

The American snorted.

He let out a soft laugh. George smiled to the sound.

The boy relaxed even more with that, sighing to himself before nodding in agreement. Then, he looked at him again.

“So... Does this mean...? I mean, then your heat is like...”

“Three weeks away,” he confirmed, knowing that’s where he was going.

“And I guess I don’t have to ask if you want me to be your heat partner again.”

It was the brunet’s time to snort, rolling his eyes to the half-joke.

“Obviously.”

The blond offered him a smile, he smiled in response. However, even if he believed his own words that they would know what to do and how to act since they’ve done it in the past, he couldn’t deny his partner was also right in something.

It *was* different this time. And spending his heat together wasn’t just about helping each other or needing to prevent a drop, but simply the need of being with his mate during his most vulnerable days.

It would be different, but not in a bad way.

He wanted to know how it would feel, to be loved during those days.

Now that the alpha was calm again, he wrapped his arms around the omega again, pulling them to lay down like they were before. Then, he moved closer, until they were face to face and his lips found the smaller boy's. The Brit hummed into the kiss, allowing himself to relax into the familiarity of the gesture.

It was sweet, and tender, and all too chaste. But it didn't last long that way.

Eager mouths sought each other with need, actions growing demanding and sinning of lustful hunger. Hands were soon exploring the other's body, caressing warm skin and pulling closer. And soft sighs and sounds began to come out, the temperature of the room rising. However, just as fast as the intensity of the kiss grew, it suddenly went back to zero when his partner broke apart.

Dream took some distance rather quickly, sitting up on the bed again and looking at his own hands. It took George a second to process the kiss was over, feeling slightly disoriented and taken back by the abrupt change.

He blinked a few times, taking a moment to process what just happened before slowly sitting up as well, giving the boy a questioning look. The blond seemed hesitant, as if he wanted to speak but didn't know how.

After a few seconds, though, he finally did.

"Um, George," he mumbled.

"Yeah?" He replied right away. Yet the boy stayed quiet, not adding anything else. "Dream?"

"Okay, this isn't how I wanted to- I wasn't planning on asking yet, or, like this," the alpha blurted out. "But since- I mean, with this news I just- We... I can't wait."

The brunet blinked again, concern slowly filling him, noticing the nervous demeanor of his partner.

"What's wrong?"

Dream took a deep breath, then finally looked at him again. He doubted for a moment, before quietly talking.

"You know I said that when we're together, I'm always thinking about bonding..." He asked. The Brit nodded in response. "Well, I wasn't lying." The boy chuckled, almost seeming embarrassed. "And if we spend your heat together I just... That might be an issue."

The smaller one blinked one more time, then tilted his head with confusion.

"How would it be an issue?"

"Because, George." He let out a breathy laugh, inhaling deeply with his cheeks slightly pink before continuing. "Because... *Fuck*, I don't know how I'll hold myself back this time," he finally let out.

Blood crept to the omega's cheeks, his blush matching the alpha.

The confession shouldn't be too surprising, yet it still somewhat felt like a big revelation.

"But I don't want to *not* spend it with you, you know?" His partner continued, his face reddening some more. "And well... Okay, this is like- this is probably not the best way I could've done this, but..." He took a deep breath, then reached for one of the omega's hands. "I really want to mate

you, George.”

The brunet’s heart was beating out of his chest. The blond looked at him, expectantly, as if waiting for something.

He blinked, unsure of what he was trying to communicate with that stare. The American let out a nervous laugh, shaking his head before moving closer.

“What I meant is…” He began again. “I know we *just* got together, and this is only three weeks away. So I would- I would understand if it’s too soon, for you, and I’ll figure out what to do if that’s the case. And fuck, I really wish I could’ve asked in like, a more romantic way,” the boy rambled. “But… If you want it too…” He cleared his throat, then squeezed his hand. “I want to mark you, and make you mine, George.”

… Oh.

Oh.

Yeah, okay. He understood what he was trying to say now. Or well, ask. Clear as day.

“But if it’s too soon-”

“It’s not,” the brunet hurried to say. Maybe from the outside, it was. They didn’t truly confirm the nature of the relationship until less than twenty-four hours ago. But titles were just titles. Their wait had been way longer than that. Even before they even started messing around. Even before they even met in person. Such a big part of their relationship was waiting, even if for different reasons at first. He was tired of it.

They hadn’t followed any of the right steps or the right order of things during the progression from being friends to more than that, so why would they start now?

He stared at his partner, then shook his head.

“But… I don’t want you to do it then.”

Dream blinked a few times, confusion instantly appearing in his face.

“What do you-”

“You want it, I want it. So why does it have to be during my heat?” The omega questioned. But once again, the alpha seemed lost, like he was suddenly talking in another language.

“What?”

The brunet rolled his eyes. Okay, maybe he needed to be more direct.

“Three weeks isn’t too soon. It’s not soon enough,” he declared. “I don’t want to wait anymore, Dream.”

That seemed to do the trick. And a million emotions crossed his partner’s face.

Shock, confusion, embarrassment, excitement, hesitation, happiness. All too quick, all too briefly.

“But I thought- I mean, people usually…” The boy mumbled, clearly still processing the confession.

George couldn't blame him, and he knew what he was referring to with his half-sentences. Normally, couples would willingly wait until the omega's heat to bond; waiting for one of the full of consciousness moments, of course, but still during those days. Their bodies were naturally more prepared to mate during that period, after all, so it didn't hurt as much. But he didn't care about that.

He wanted to experience it in full, and he wanted to experience it now.

Brown eyes sought green ones. Dream stared at him, reading his face. Then, his body relaxed, finally taking in what the brunet was saying.

"You don't want to wait?" He still asked to confirm.

"I don't want to wait." The Brit nodded a few times.

"And you're sure?"

"I'm sure."

"A hundred percent?"

"I want you to mate me, Dream," he declared. "Right here, right now."

He squeezed the boy's hand to emphasize, and a tingling sensation filled him when he did; as if electricity ran between them, from one body to the other. And he knew, just with that, that they were on the same page.

"I'm ready if you are," he whispered.

"I am," the boy whispered back.

One stare, one nod. Accomplices with a silent pact. 'Right steps' thrown away, focusing on their mutual goal.

George had never been courted. He's always known that he didn't wanna even consider a courtship unless he's a hundred percent sure his feelings were real and strong. He didn't want to be courted unless he was ready to become someone's mate. And they were now. They were for Dream. And he was ready. His instincts and brain were on the same page about it, and he was sure that he wanted him.

Maybe in a way he wasn't exactly courted now either, not officially for more than only a couple days. Yet at the same time, their whole relationship felt like a courtship. Like that's always the path they were heading to, like there was no other destiny for them.

It was that simple, it was that easy. He loved him. He wanted him. He was sure of it.

Strong hands placed on his waist, carefully moving him to get him to lay down. He wandered up and down, feeling his sides, caressing his skin slowly. Soft lips pressed against his chest, small kisses placed there and over his shoulder as loving words and praise were whispered against his skin. A shaky breath, body growing warmer, heart beating faster than ever in his life.

He spread his legs, the alpha positioning himself in between, now gently stroking his inner thighs. Another shaky breath, closing his eyes, trying to stay calm and relaxed.

"You seem nervous." His partner's quiet voice got him to open his eyes again. "Are you scared?"

The boy asked, offering him an understanding smile.

He let out an awkward, breathy, laugh, nodding a couple times.

“A little.”

“Me too,” the blond admitted, nodding as well. “But... I think that’s normal, isn’t it?”

That question was enough to get his body to relax, even if just slightly.

“Yeah,” he whispered. For the situation, for what they were about to do, the normal reaction was to feel a bit anxious.

Dream smiled at him again, he returned the gesture.

“I love you, George.”

He couldn’t help but shiver to those words, his body temperature raising again and the need for intimacy quickly invading him. He grabbed the boy’s arm gently, pulling him closer and into a kiss. He would never get fully used to hearing those words. He would never get tired of them either.

Love was a terrifying feeling. But it was okay to be scared sometimes. It didn’t mean it couldn’t also be thrilling.

The idea of being permanently connected to someone could be a little scary as well. But that didn’t make him any less ready to experience it.

He’s made up his mind. He was ready.

George didn’t think he truly understood what love was until he met Dream. And he didn’t fully understand how it was to fall in love, until he did for him. But now that he did, there was no coming back.

And maybe he could be happy alone, and never really needed a mate or, but with Dream, he *wanted* it. He wanted to belong to him. To someone who he knew would never treat him as just a belonging. He wanted to be his, while knowing he would never treat him as anything but his own free person.

He wanted to share his happiness with him. Because that’s how it was supposed to be, wasn’t it?

Love wasn’t about *completing* you, it wasn’t about finding other halves. No, if you feel like you’re not enough or less of a person when they’re not around, then that’s not the right love for you, nor is love the right word for it. It wasn’t about completing. It was about *complementing* you.

It was about finding someone that matched your energy, and goals, and clicked with you. Making your life better, brighter, just by being there.

Dream had always been that person for him. Now in every possible way he could think of. And choosing to be together was easy. It was simple. Because he was his best friend, his partner, and the person his instincts, heart and brain had chosen to share a life with.

‘You’re everything to me... I could never mean it in only one way, it wouldn’t be enough.’

The boy’s words resonated in his head.

Oh. He got it now. He understood what he meant.

The movement of their lips got faster and needier. He wrapped his legs around the alpha's waist, pulling him even closer as his big hands caressed his sides again. They soon moved down, though, until they reached his ass. He squeezed and massaged for a second, before long fingers found his entrance.

He didn't really need to be prepped. Between all the sex of the previous day and how wet he already was, he was more than ready to take him. The blond knew that perfectly well, so he only thrust his fingers in and out a couple of times before pulling his hand away, to wrap it around his dick.

One glance, one nod. All the confirmation he needed. He positioned himself against his hole, then slowly pushed himself inside.

It didn't take them long to find a rhythm they both liked, the boy shifting his hips in the angle that drove him crazy. It didn't take long for soft moans to come into the kiss, fingers now wrapped around his leaking cock and adding to his pleasure. And maybe they've fucked a million times before, but he could swear each time was better than the last.

The perks of knowing all of the other's weak spots. The perks of learning how to satisfy each other.

His moans got louder as the thrusts got faster, even more when the alpha moved his lips to his neck, nipping and pulling at his skin to paint it with red and purple. Mouth over his gland, placing kisses all around it, got his legs to tremble. And the moment he began to suck, electric waves ran down his spine.

He got louder, and louder. So Dream fucked him harder. Until his eyes clouded with small tears of pleasure, and he was panting so fast he couldn't breathe. Until his inner walls were clenching around the alpha's dick, getting closer and closer with every time he hit his prostate, hand still stroking him fast. And then the boy moved his lips to his ear.

"I wanna knot you," he whispered. "Can I-"

"Yes," the omega instantly let out.

The boy picked up the pace, working on his dick faster as well. He went back to playing with his gland, teeth barely grazing at it. He spread his legs further with his free hand, pushed himself deeper.

"I love you," he whispered. "I love you so much."

And the pleasure was too high to handle it.

He was cumming before he could even warn, and with the way his insides squeezed at the alpha's cock, he quickly felt himself being filled. His partner did as he asked for, and knotted him right away.

The brunet let out a small whine of discomfort, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath. It was always a little painful, taking his knot when he wasn't in heat. But maybe he liked that. Maybe he liked it a little rough.

Dream lowered his head, squeezing his scent gland with his teeth and causing him to moan again. Then, he reached for his hand, holding it tightly.

“I love you,” he whispered.

“I love you too,” George mumbled back.

“Forever?”

“You don’t need to ask,” he quickly answered. But still, he nodded. “Forever.”

And as their bodies still worked on riding off their orgasms, the pleasure still high and flooding them, the boy pressed his lips against his gland again. The brunet’s heart began to race, tightening the grip on their interlocked hands.

A faint kiss; a question.

A quick nod; an answer.

Dream took a deep breath, he did as well. And the alpha let his teeth slowly sink into the omega’s skin.

Oak and brown sugar. Blueberries and snow. Two quite different scents, that somehow worked perfectly together. Now forever becoming one.

He let out a quiet whimper as the teeth broke his skin, sinking deeper into his gland to leave a permanent mark. And an overwhelming sense of safety, of belonging, of loving and being love, completely filled his senses, flooding him full.

Caramel ice cream and blueberry plants took over them, the warmth of his mate’s body feeling like his own and both of their hearts beating at the same rhythm.

Everything that didn’t make sense in the world, now had a clear meaning, and suddenly felt like he knew it all. And nothing else mattered but his mate and him being together, nothing else mattered but the love they felt for one another. A connection so strong he could swear he was feeling what the boy was feeling, as if every part of them were now linked together.

His body trembled with the overwhelming sensation, electricity running through his whole body and head feeling light. And once the alpha finally pulled away, and licked the small drops of blood over the fresh wound he had just made, the feeling didn’t stop.

The magical bubble they put themselves into lasted for a while longer, all of their senses overloading and seeking each other’s touch to feel even more connected. The blond pressed his lips against the brunet’s, kissing him slowly yet passionately and whispering declarations of love in between.

It took a couple of minutes for him to finally start calming down, the sensation slowly fading. But even when it finished disappearing, things still didn’t feel the same anymore. The change was made. And now they were mates.

“I love you,” Dream whispered in his ear one more time, carefully moving him to shift their positions into a more comfortable one. “Feeling okay?” He asked then, one hand drawing soothing patterns over his hip while the other ever so lightly traced the new bite mark on his neck.

The Brit nodded a couple of times, closing his eyes and breathing deeply before opening them again.

“M happy,” he admitted, in a quiet voice. His mate instantly smiled.

“Me too,” the alpha said, nodding to his words. “Happier than ever,” he added. But then, he paused, and a smirk appeared on his lips. “Well, or at least it’s close. You know hitting one million had always been my dream, I don’t know if that kind of happiness can be topped…”

George couldn’t help but snort to his bad joke, hitting his shoulder softly in a playful manner.

“You’re an idiot.”

The blond laughed at his reaction, moving closer to place a quick peck on his lips.

“Mhm,” he agreed. “And you’re stuck with me now.”

“I changed my mind, you’re gonna have to unmark me.”

It was Dream’s time to snort.

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“Is that so?”

“It is.” He nodded a few times. “I’m completely serious, Dream.”

“Obviously, I can see that,” the boy played along. And then, they were both laughing.

The alpha kissed him again, for just a little closer this time, before breaking apart. He placed his hand on his cheek then, caressing his skin softly. The omega hummed, closing his eyes and relaxing to the affection.

It felt nice, it felt perfect. Like everything was right in the world.

They stayed like that for a while longer, processing what they did and what it meant. And then, a silly thought crossed his mind. He couldn’t help but smirk.

“Sapnap’s gonna be so pissed,” he let out. His partner looked at him right away, giving him a questioning look. “He told me he wants to bond with Karl. But like, we were faster, and we beat them. We won.”

Dream let out a soft chuckle, an amused smile adorning his lips as he moved his hand to pet his hair.

“Well, I guess they’re losers now then,” he mumbled.

“Yeah, he sucks.”

The boy snorted to his words, shaking his head.

Then, he moved down, pressing a soft kiss on his forehead.

“I love you, George,” he mumbled. The omega hummed, nodding in agreement as he closed his eyes, getting a little closer to the boy to nuzzle against his chest. “Tired?” His mate asked, getting another nod in response. “You can sleep, I’ll clean you up as soon as I can pull away.”

The alpha doing things for him sounded pretty appealing. A nap was pretty tempting too.

“Okay,” he agreed. “Don’t leave me while I’m asleep, though.”

“I won’t,” the blond assured, continuing to pet his hair. “I would never leave you.”

For some reason, he felt like that last sentence wasn’t directed to just during his nap. It probably wasn’t.

George hummed, allowing himself to relax. He trusted his mate, he believed in his words. And as sleep began to claim him, a hundred memories came to his mind, going over everything that happened to get to the point where they were now.

In a way, it felt like something was ending. Because in a way, a lot of things were coming to an end. The doubts, the unreciprocated feelings, the lack of communication, the inevitable conflict. Their fears, and the fallen tears. Not knowing where they were standing, not knowing what would happen next. All the confusion of a causal relationship that was anything but casual.

But things being over didn’t feel like a loss, and he wasn’t sad for leaving them behind. Happy memories would remain happy, like little treasures that they now owned. And bittersweet moments would still hold their lessons, the growth that they brought them would forever stay with them.

It was an ending, but not a goodbye. Because at the same time, it was a new start.

And with his mate’s arms wrapped around him tightly, he felt at peace. He was ready for change, and to discover all the new things life could bring them. As long as they were together, he was ready for anything. That’s all he really needed, and he knew that they would be.

Because he was in love with Dream. And Dream loved him too.

Their story was just beginning.

Chapter End Notes

The end.

i have so many things to say right now, and im so overwhelmed with ambivalent emotions, but i'll first explain the emojis before going full on sappy mode

so, the spoilers without context on twitter: breakfast in bed and they nap, then they go out and drive to a park. they call on the phone and george goes back home, dream sends him flowers and then fake rain. george is warm and he realizes his pre-heat is starting, they talk about it and decide to bond.

many people got things right this time, like actually a lot of you, so my shoutout go to some of the ppl that guessed more things together: error, maria_cruz715, emma03973662, and lucyswayy. but again, many of you got things right so thank you all for participating!

and now, the sappy part

when i first started this story, getting the amount of support and love thats gotten never crossed my mind, not in a million years. i knew there were people that would read it, but this? to this level? i couldnt even begin to imagine something like that. it has been an mindblowing experience, one that had changed my life for many reasons. i feel like

my love for writing is stronger than ever and im finally not holding myself back and writing as much as i want and in the ways that i want to. overall, it has been the most amazing and incredible experience, i dont think anything will ever top this for me. im really bad with words when it comes to expressing my feelings, but i just want you to know that every single one of you is special to me for contributing to make this story what it is. i couldnt have gotten to this point without you, and for that i am forever grateful.

now, the story still has an epilogue left, but the plot itself is over with this chapter. this is the official ending, and the epilogue is just a little extra to thank you and to delay saying goodbye fully ahaha. but yeah, this is the ending, the happily ever after, and in all honesty its kind of bittersweet. im happy for all the memories, the good moments, the experience and the love, but its still sad to let go. this book means a lot to me, it probably always will.

i hope you guys had enjoyed this journey as much as i have, i hope youve grown with me as the plot developed. i hope you dont hate me so much for all the angst i threw here and there ahaha. and most than anything, i hope you liked this ending.

i cant thank you enough for all the support guys, i cant thank you enough in general. but still, i'll say it one more time: from the bottom of my heart, thank you

anyways, i feel like ive said only 20% of what i want to express, but im nervous and overwhelmed and again, im bad at expressing my feelings ahah. so yeah, i'll leave it here for now, i might say more in the epilogue's notes.

i'll be waiting for your comments, and i'll be lurking on twitter to see all your reactions. my dms are open too, if you prefer that.

have a fantastic night/day, and see you in epilogue and the next adventure

i appreciate you all

- Winter

[twitter](#)

[tumblr](#)

P.S: Epilogue will be posted in exactly two weeks, on July 27th, in celebration of IYLM four months anniversary of being born

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

At his twenty-five years of age, George was convinced he knew exactly how the world worked.

As a young omega, he had lived through enough experiences to understand himself, his needs, his instincts, and what he wanted from others.

He wasn't an expert in every aspect of life, and maybe he didn't fully get some things and got confused over some others, but overall, he knew enough to come to some crucial conclusions.

Heats were annoying but bearable, spending them alone was frustrating but manageable. Sexual acts were just for release, and romantic relationships were just to pass time. He didn't particularly want a mate, his feelings weren't as important as his thoughts, and love wasn't something he needed to face outside the platonic type.

That's how it worked, at least for him. But before he realized, he was proven wrong. And everything he believed slowly began to crumble down.

Growing sexual frustration, a heat drop. Secret and repressed emotions, a deal he wasn't sure he should've accepted. Instincts he didn't want to listen to, actions that went way past friendship territory. Before he could react, everything began to change. Barriers fell, and everything he didn't want to address had to be addressed. And he re-learned all the things he thought he knew, seeing them completely differently.

He saw how heats weren't bearable anymore and he didn't want to be nor spend them alone. How sex could be pleasant if done with the right person and romantic relationships were so meaningful he couldn't do them with just anyone. How he wanted a mate, but a specific one, and his feelings couldn't be kept hidden forever.

So, he didn't. He let them out.

And a rain of emotions met an ocean of fears. And he realized, there was so much he had been missing. There was so much more he could get. He realized love wasn't so terrifying when you give it a chance, and things didn't need to be simple or easy to work out in the end.

At his twenty-five years of age, George learned to accept he didn't know it all.

As a young omega, he still had plenty of experiences to live through to understand himself, his needs, his instincts, and what he wanted from others. But that was okay. It was a part of growing. And if there was anything he didn't get, he could ask about it, and learn.

He didn't need to figure it all out on his own. He wasn't alone.

And neither was his partner. He didn't need to be afraid of the unknown either. Because he had George. And he would *always* have him.

Thin fingers moved to his own neck, gently tracing the bite mark by his scent gland. A faint smile formed on his face, a sense of pride and satisfaction filling him. Even after three weeks, sometimes it still didn't feel real.

He was glad that it was. He was happy, happier than he's ever been.

"You're awake," a low and soft voice suddenly mumbled, taking him out of his thoughts.

The brunet hummed, carefully and slowly shifting to look at his mate, laying naked by his side. He nodded in response, despite the gesture not being necessary. His eyes were clearly open, and he had clearly heard the blond. Dream offered him a tender smile right away, moving a little closer and cupping his cheek with one hand, caressing his skin gently.

"How are you feeling?" He asked quietly.

"Tired," the omega mumbled.

He yawned, then for a moment before shifting again to lay on his side, to face his partner. His face twisted with displeasure to the effort of having to move, his muscles and sensitive skin not too happy with it either.

God, half of his body was in slight pain. But, to be quite honest, he couldn't say he cared too much.

It would be weird if he *wasn't* in slight pain, even if his body was in a state that made it easier to endure everything his instincts begged for.

"And sore," he decided to add. Then, he took a moment to mentally scan the rest of his body, to see if there was any other feeling worth mentioning. "And hungry, really hungry. Like, 'in need of an actual meal and not snacks' kind of hungry."

The alpha offered him an amused smile, then moved closer to kiss his forehead.

"You're talkative today," the boy pointed out, the brunet hummed in response. Then, the blond pulled away, sitting up and grabbing a bottle of water from the nightstand.

"Yeah," the Brit agreed, nodding a couple of times, then took the bottle when his partner offered it to him. "My heat is almost over, so..." He shrugged.

The last few days had been... Intense. To say the least. He was aware responses had mostly consisted of 'alpha', 'need you', 'more', and non-verbal ones. He was aware he had acted even more instinctually than the last time, vulnerability coming easy in the comfort and safety of being with his official mate.

Everything felt different now that they had bonded. Everything felt stronger, all the sensations intensified, and way more overwhelming in a pleasant way. He felt more connected to his partner than he's ever felt, and getting into an instinctual headspace came way easier as well, just like staying in it was too.

It was quite surprising, actually. Just how out of it he had gotten at points, and for how long as well. Maybe because it wasn't two close friends fucking to help each other out this time, it wasn't being pleased by the person he wanted but couldn't have. It was an omega, with his alpha, making love over and over again.

Funny enough, though, he had a better recollection of those 'inner driven' moments too, although the memories were still quite blurry and foggy.

He had to admit, he liked his heat more this way. He liked how things were changing, and how being with Dream made everything better.

However, that didn't mean being in heat was suddenly a wonder. It was still a pain in the ass.

... Pun intended.

"Just one more day," he mumbled, almost to himself, then took a sip of his water.

"Just one more day?" The blond echoed, confusion clear in his voice.

The omega looked at him, nodding to his question, not quite sure why he seemed so surprised by it.

"Yeah," he confirmed. "I should have one last wave left and then I'm done."

"Oh," the alpha let out, blinking a few times, still seeming like he wasn't expecting that. "It was shorter this time," he mumbled then. And now, George was the one looking confused. "It's only been three days," the boy explained.

... Oh.

He understood his confusion now.

The omega had forgotten for a moment that his sense of time wasn't the best during his heat, and he usually lost track of it. Falling asleep and waking up constantly during the same day made it difficult to figure out just how many had passed. Then again, the peak of his cycle ending after four days wasn't too weird in him. Even if it could be in other omegas.

"Well, I told you my heats usually last between three and five days," the Brit mumbled, shrugging after. "Plus, I went into a compensatory heat between my last real heat and this one, and my last was a day longer than what I'm used to, so..."

"Makes sense," the blond concluded, nodding as if to let him know he accepted his explanation. George hummed, taking a few more sips from his bottle before putting it aside. Dream stared at him, seemingly thinking for a moment before speaking again. "Could it be bad for you...?" He asked. "Like, for your health?"

"What?" The brunet blinked a few times, confused by his question.

"Having compensatory heats," the blond clarified. "Or well, your hormones getting high so often."

"I don't think so, it shouldn't be." He shook his head. He couldn't say he knew the answer for sure, but he hadn't ever heard of that being an issue. "But I'll probably get in sync with your rut next year anyways, so we don't need to worry."

"In sync," the American mumbled. The Brit rolled his eyes.

"You're an idiot."

The alpha chuckled to his reaction, seeming rather proud of his dumb joke. But that didn't last too long, his face shifting to a more serious one seconds later.

"Um, so, how does that work exactly...?" He asked. Because that's what they've agreed on. He would ask him whenever he had doubts about *omega's stuff*.

"Now that we're mates, my heats will probably start to come a couple weeks later than they used to until it matches your cycle," the brunet explained, in the most simple way he could think of.

The blond hummed in understanding, nodding a couple times. And now that the topic was over...

“So, food?”

“Right,” the boy instantly said. “Do instant noodles count as a real meal?”

George raised an eyebrow to the question. Usually, Dream would never ask nor suggest such a thing. He cared a little too much about him eating properly. But from the last time he had learned, the blond didn’t want to leave him alone for a second if he could avoid it.

“Sure,” he mumbled. Noodles would do for now.

The alpha nodded, and the brunet watched him as he left the bed and headed to the small table they’ve placed by his closet, with an electric kettle and a toaster on it. The boy reached for three instant noodles cups from under the table, and began with the super complex process of pouring hot water on it and waiting for three minutes for it to be ready before placing the food in a big bowl to share.

His partner returned by his side after a moment, offering him the bowl and kissing his head. He mumbled a quiet thank you, then began to eat, focusing on that for a few minutes. His mate did as well, occasionally drinking water and offering him the drink as well.

Once they were done, the boy placed the bowl aside, then helped him to lay down again before doing the same, wrapping his arms around him. The American began to caress his arms right away, pulling him close. The Brit nuzzled into him, closing his eyes, comfortable in his lover’s warmth.

Lips were pressed against his forehead, then the hands holding him moved to caress his back.

“Do you wanna sleep again?” The blond asked in a quiet tone. The brunet shook his head right away.

“Not yet,” he mumbled.

“Not yet?” The alpha repeated, seemingly confused.

The omega sighed, opening his eyes and lifting his head slightly to look at the boy directly.

“You haven’t kissed me on the lips once since I woke up, Dream,” he complained.

His partner blinked a few times, obviously not having expected that. But then, an amused smile appeared on his face, and he raised an eyebrow.

“And that’s why you don’t wanna sleep?” He questioned.

“Yeah.” The brunet nodded. “Can’t sleep until you kiss me.”

The blond snorted to his words, pulling him a little closer and cupping his face with his hand.

“Is that so?”

“Yeah, it is.”

“Well then...”

Dream always gave him what he wanted. Dream always complied. He didn’t leave him waiting a second longer.

Soft lips found his own right away, pressing together in a gentle and affectionate gesture. They danced together with slow movements, careful and delicate, yet still holding need and passion. His partner kissed him like he meant to make up for the lost time, breaking apart to breathe just to connect their mouths again right after.

And then again, and again. Until George's head was spinning and his body felt just a little bit warmer than needed for the situation.

The blond pulled away after a few moments, kissing his cheek before offering him a smile and wrapping his arms around him again. He pulled him closer, burying his face on the smaller boy's shoulder as he began to caress his back like before. The Brit wrapped his arms around him as well, closing his eyes. And they stayed like that for a while, not saying a word, just enjoying each other's company.

Until the low voice broke the silence.

"I love you," the boy whispered, close to his ear.

Heat instantly pooled on his stomach, his heart racing slightly and blood creeping to his cheeks.

It was just words, words that weren't new. Words that he's heard more in the past three days than he did in three months. Yet he still couldn't stop his inner from cheering like it did the first time.

His mate pulled away slightly, just to look at him again. Then, he pressed his lips against the brunet's, just for a couple seconds.

"I love you," he said again, tone even softer.

"I love you too," the omega whispered, hoping his face wasn't half as warm as it felt. The alpha smiled in response, moving a hand to cup his cheek.

"I love you more, though," the blond mumbled. And George instantly rolled his eyes.

Dream could be so cheesy sometimes. He could act like the protagonist of a romantic movie. Like the kind of character that would argue to not be the one hanging up the phone, or would insist on letting the love interest walk out the door first.

"I love you," the American said one more time, getting his attention again.

And it was almost funny, it was kind of amusing. To think of how much he had wanted him to say it back and how much it hurt when he didn't, yet now that he did, he couldn't get him to stop. Not like he really wanted him to. He couldn't get tired of hearing him say it.

The brunet took a deep breath, the growing warmth on his lower abdomen and the tingling sensation on his skin making it hard to keep focus.

"Dream," he whispered, pulling him a little closer. "Make love to me."

A soft chuckle escaped his mate's lips, raising an eyebrow to his words and looking at him like he found what he said somewhat funny.

"Don't you wanna save your energy for your last wave?" He questioned. "This is the first *real* pause you've had in days and-"

"You know I'll have enough energy either way," the omega interrupted. His body would keep him

ready and needy no matter what, so he didn't see his point. "Come on, I'm fully awake, I wanna feel you," he whined, pulling him closer. But the boy still seemed amused by his behavior, still didn't give in. George pouted. "What? You don't wanna fuck me anymore or...?"

"Of course I do," the blond instantly said. "I never not wanna fuck you," he added. "But... I won't."

"You won't?"

The alpha shook his head slowly, humming as he pulled away, sitting up and looking at his partner.

"No, I have a better idea," he declared, examining the brunet's body with his eyes. The omega blinked with confusion. "You wanna feel good, right?" He asked, getting a nod in response. "Then be good and do what I say." Just like that, blood rushed to his cheek, his heart skipping a beat. He felt as his breath caught on his throat, a sense of nervousness invading him, as if anticipating what would come next. "I want you to lay down on your back, and follow my lead, okay?"

God, fuck.

His eyes closed shut, taking a sharp breath.

In a blink of an eye, his brain was filled with memories. In a blink of an eye, his blush grew warmer with familiar words.

"Dream," he let out in a whisper, voice tinted with embarrassment and arousal.

"Lay on your back, George," his mate repeated.

And so, he did. He shifted his position, spreading his legs apart next. And god, it was embarrassing. It made him feel weirdly shy. But he liked it, his instincts reacting to the feeling and his head feeling lighter and slightly clouded right away with it.

Because George could be a brat, and he enjoyed bossing the alpha around. He enjoyed being the one calling the shots, and making his partner do whatever he wanted. He could be demanding, and a little bit too spoiled. But sometimes, just sometimes, he liked to be manhandled.

He liked to submit to his mate.

The blond hummed, slowly positioned himself in between, looking at his exposed body.

"Good. Now put one hand over your dick, and trace the shape of it with one finger, slowly," the boy ordered. And the familiarity of the situation only made him feel ten times warmer. "Place your other hand over your thigh, and imagine I'm caressing your skin softly, up and down."

Following instructions had gotten increasingly easy over the past three months. And accepting that sometimes Dream liked to please him without getting anything else in return, too, because the omega's pleasure was reward enough and made him pleased too. He trusted his partner would know how to treat him, would know how to satisfy him, and would get what he wanted from it as well.

"Move the hand on your thigh further up, then behind, reaching your ass, teasing the entrance," the blond instructed. "Imagine I'm the one teasing you with my finger, pushing the fingertip in. Getting deeper with each thrust, but going slowly, taking my time with you."

Being watched was still just as embarrassing as the first time, during the alpha's rut, but he was

learning to leave his apprehensions and put on a show for him. Doing what he wanted with exaggerated gestures, being as vocal as he could without holding any of his sounds, and letting the pleasure be visible on his face.

Because if pleasing him was the blond's way to get off, he would show him just how good of a job he was doing. And every sharp breath, every shift on his spot, every time big hands moved closer to in between his own legs, it felt like a small victory.

"I... I know *exactly* where to touch to drive you crazy," the man whispered, clearing his throat after. "'Cause I know your insides as the back of my hand," he stated.

And the brunet could only get louder with his sounds, almost as if to tell him he agreed. Because he did, he truly did. He knew every part of his body better than George himself did.

He took the time to explore him fully, to learn his weaknesses and preferences, to discover everything the distance and the friendship title had stopped him from doing so before. He became an expert on the omega's body, and yet he still wanted to know more each time. And the brunet let him, he let him see and try and take as much as he wanted.

"Imagine it's me who reaches your sensitive spot, touching you the way you like, to give you as much pleasure as I can," the alpha whispered. "And I slowly pick up the pace, moving it faster before adding a second finger."

A louder sound, a sharp breath in response. Moving his finger faster inside, big hand reaching for his own leaking cock, finally mimicking him and offering himself some relief as well. But still watching him, always watching him. Following every single one of his movements.

"In and out, again and again, moving faster with every thrust before spreading them, in scissoring motions," the man instructed, a soft sound escaping his lips after. "T-To prep you for something bigger, something I know you want and I'll make you beg for..." Another sharp breath, moving his hand faster. "Beg, George."

"Please," he whined right away, lifting his ass ever so lightly; both to give his mate a better view of what he was doing to himself, and to try and tempt him to take over and replace slim fingers with something else.

"Please what, baby?"

His whole body shivered to the nickname, as if he hadn't been calling him that over and over for the past three days. He inhaled deeply, trying to focus on the question, before staring at his partner right into his eyes.

"*Please, alpha.*"

The groan the man let out was too much for him to handle. And even if he knew he wouldn't give him what he wanted, even if he knew he wanted him to keep using only his fingers, he would beg over and over anyways just to keep getting that reaction.

"T-Thrust your fingers harder, keep hitting that spot... Keep imagining it's me, keep wishing that it was."

"I do," the brunet whispered, nodding with flushed cheeks. "Want you *so* bad."

And despite the whole thing being for him, to drive *him* crazy, Dream still looked like the most affected one between them.

The way he panted, the way he growled, how blushed his face was. The way he moved his hands, and his eyes never leaving him nor for one second. Because George was the source of Dream's fascination. No matter what they did, no matter what context.

Obscene words and dirty narration continued to push him to the edge, until they reached the climax of the story and their bodies reacted accordingly. Their names in each other's mouths, then lips pressed together. Painting the omega's stomach white with both of their releases.

And then, he was exhausted again.

His limbs felt heavy and his chest moved slowly as his partner cleaned him up, focusing on breathing for a moment while trying to collect himself and not pass out right there and then. After a minute or two, the blond finally laid by his side, wrapping his arms around him and pulling him into a gentle hug. He caressed his back softly, kissing his head a couple times.

"Good?" He asked. The brunet nodded in response.

Then, they went quiet.

For a while, neither of them said a single word, the alpha continuing with his actions so the omega could relax and fall asleep. But he couldn't, not just yet. Not with something still very present on his mind, going over and over that fact as if to prove himself he wasn't making it up.

No, he was pretty certain that was the cause.

"I can't believe you remember all that," he finally let out. The boy gave him a confused look, clearly not understanding what he was referring to. "I mean, that was almost word by word what you... Like, it was almost exactly the same that you said when... You know."

The American blinked a few times, then, a soft blush took over his cheeks. Yet he still snorted, chuckling to his words as if the Brit was being silly for bringing that up.

"You remember them too if you noticed that, so..."

"I didn't, not with *that* much detail." The brunet shook his head. "I only remembered when you said them, 'cause they felt too familiar."

The boy hummed to his words, offering him an embarrassed smile before shrugging.

"Well, can you blame me?" He let out. "You have *no idea* how many times I went over that conversation, even after doing it a second time. I... God, I couldn't stop thinking about it."

George couldn't help but smirk at the confession, slightly amused by it and feeling rather proud of himself.

"Was it like, your jerking off material or something?"

The alpha's face turned bright red.

"N-no, no... I, *no*," the blond instantly said, shaking his head. The brunet raised an eyebrow, unconvinced. "Not *at first*, no," his partner clarified then. "Not until I was sure it wouldn't upset you if I did. Then... Well, just, yeah. Yeah."

The omega snorted to his response, finding it funny how nervous he got saying that. After everything that's happened, after everything they did, and considering they were literally bonded, it

was kind of amusing to see how shy he seemed about such a small detail.

“I still have your photos too,” his partner added then. “The nudes you sent me.”

Brown eyes instantly widened, and now, he was the one blushing.

“Dream-”

“You sent them to me, on purpose. They’re mine,” the American was quick to interrupt. The Brit looked at him in complete disbelief, ready to protest. “Come on, George, you can’t tell me you seriously thought I would delete them.”

... Okay, fair enough.

He would be lying if he said he didn’t consider the possibility of his *best friend* keeping them.

“You’re an idiot,” he still said, because he wasn’t about to admit he could potentially be right.

His mate smirked in response, moving closer to kiss him on the lips before shifting their positions so the omega could lay on his chest.

“Let’s sleep now, yeah?” He mumbled, getting a nod in response. “I love you, baby.”

Just like before, his stomach filled with familiar butterflies, heart feeling warm.

“I love you too.”

It didn’t take long for sleep to claim him. It didn’t take long for the exhaustion to do its job. His body needed the rest before the last peak of activity, so he slept deeply for more than a few hours. The next time he woke up again, the room was suffocatingly hot and the air was too heavy to breathe properly. His skin was burning up, legs rubbing together with uncomfortable wetness, and head too foggy to formulate coherent thoughts.

All he could do was to call for his alpha, and beg for his help. But his mate, of course, was already there.

Legs tangled together in a matter of seconds, temperature raising even more as his needs took over. One position, then another, strong hands moving him around as they pleased. Getting on all fours next, raising his ass and presenting himself, wanting to be marked again despite already being taken.

More, he needed more. After every release, he was ready to go again. So his alpha didn’t stop, using his hands and mouth too, doing everything he could to keep him pleased.

And despite how annoying it was that he kept insisting on using *the thing* to cover his dick, insisting that it was what they’ve agreed on, he still couldn’t complain. Not when he fucked him so hard he couldn’t even remember his own name. Not when he knotted him every time he asked for it.

All he knew was *alpha*, and *love*, and *more*, and *mate*. Until his brain was too foggy to keep track of things anymore, and memories were just a blur of pleased sounds and harsh thrusts.

Hours felt like minutes, minutes felt like a lifetime. One more round until he had nothing to release anymore, and then, he was asleep again. He didn’t wake up until twelve hours later, and all he did then was eat a small meal and drink some water before falling back asleep for a couple more. After

that, though, he was back for good.

Still tired, and sore as fuck, but feeling better and like himself again. No more mental fog, no more distressing warmness.

The brunet hummed, leaning into the calming feeling of fingers running through his hair. Lips pressed on his skin kept him relaxed and comfortable. Kisses placed on his shoulder were soft and soothing.

His mate continued to offer him gentle affection, keeping him in his arms, safe and protected.

“Do you want me to run you a bath?” The boy offered in a quiet tone. “Maybe with some bubbles?”

“Later,” the omega responded, just as quietly. “Wanna stay in bed a little longer.”

He was still too tired to move, still too in pain to do anything. His partner nodded to his words, kissing his cheek after. They stayed in silence for a moment after that, simply staying close and relaxed, until the blond’s phone alerted him of a new notification, and he slowly pulled away to check it.

George carefully reached for his own phone as well, quickly looking at all the messages he had gotten the past five days, then looking at the date.

He hummed to himself, putting the phone down.

“Sapnap and Karl are probably mates now too,” he mumbled, watching as the alpha also put his cellphone away to wrap his arms around him again.

“Yeah.” The boy nodded a few times. “We should buy them something, to congratulate them.”

“Why? They didn’t get us anything.”

Dream snorted to his words, pulling him closer as he let out a soft giggle. He kissed his cheek after, in an affectionate gesture.

“Well, technically we don’t know that. We haven’t seen them since before we told them, so they might have something for us too.”

The brunet hummed to his words, then looked at him with suspicious eyes.

“What do you know that I don’t?”

His partner’s cheeks instantly turned pink.

“Nothing.” George raised an eyebrow, unconvinced. “I- Nothing. I actually don’t know what they got us, or if they got us anything,” the boy insisted. “I just- I just *think* they probably did, because my mom said-”

“Your mom?” The brunet instantly asked. And when his mate’s cheeks grew even redder, his eyes widened. “Oh my god you told your mom already, didn’t you?”

“George, listen-”

“You did!” The omega scoffed, shaking his head. “I thought we said we would wait-”

“She’s my *mom*, George,” the alpha defended, like that was reason enough.

The Brit blinked a few times, then shook his head again.

Unbelievable. They *agreed* to wait to do it together, they were *supposed* to invite her over to tell her.

But well, he couldn’t say he was too surprised. He couldn’t say he didn’t expect it. He knew pretty well by now that the blond was his mom’s boy, and that he would probably gossip to her whenever something important happened.

He didn’t really mind it, if he was honest. It was kind of sweet. Which didn’t mean he couldn’t make fun of him and give it a hard time for it.

“You really can’t keep a secret, can you?” He shook his head one more time. Dream sank on his spot, looking somewhat embarrassed.

“*To be fair*, I haven’t told anyone else but her.”

The brunet stared at him, then rolled his eyes. Technically, it was true. It was his idea to tell Sappnap right away, so that didn’t count as the blond’s fault. But he didn’t have a doubt in his mind that the alpha had been tempted to tell other people, or at least wanted to. The only reason why he hadn’t was probably the fact that they quite literally agreed not to, not until they figured out how they wanted to do it. Plus, they had agreed to do it together.

They talked about it, a little bit, after they bonded. They discussed how they both wanted their friends and family to know about their relationship. It was an important thing, after all, and they wanted to be able to behave like mates around them. But they didn’t want to tell them right away, they still wanted to have a few days for themselves first.

They would tell them eventually, once they were ready. Just to them, though. Just to the people they knew.

The fans, and the public, and the rest of the world, wouldn’t have the same privilege. Not for now, at least.

Such a big part of their lives and relationship was already public, so much of what they did, had done, and would do, was already shared with the internet and everyone who wanted to see. They just, didn’t want to have to share this part now too.

How they felt about each other was theirs and only theirs, and they wanted to keep it that way.

Maybe one day they would want to announce it with words, maybe one day they would make official what people already suspected. But for now, they would simply be themselves and let people assume whatever they wanted to assume. No holding back on how they behaved around each other, not exactly. But not making statements to confirm or deny things either. Everything was fairly new for them anyways, and they wanted to live that process of adapting and learning how to be mates privately. Until they felt like making it public.

But friends and family deserved to know. And they wanted them to be a part of it too. And especially the blond, he knew how much he wanted to declare his love for the brunet.

“Maybe it’s time, though,” the boy mumbled, getting the omega’s attention again. “To tell more people, or well, our friends,” he added.

A faint smile appeared on the Brit's face. It was almost like the boy was purposely trying to prove his thoughts right, as if he was listening to the things going through his mind.

"Like, we should announce it in our discord, so when Sapnap and Karl break the news about them mating the others won't be as excited about it," the American continued. "We would take the spotlight from them, it'd be awesome."

George couldn't help but snort to the idea, his face tinting with amusement. He wasn't going to deny that it would be funny. Pulling a prank on the couple, ruining their moment by making his and Dream's relationship public all of the sudden. And well, as he said, it's not like they wouldn't tell their friends eventually anyways. But that didn't seem like the right way or right moment to announce it, no matter how tempting the idea of messing with Sapnap could be.

"We can't just tell them we already *mated*," the omega pointed out, shaking his head.

One of the reasons why he personally felt like they needed time to figure out how to announce it, was the fact that they skipped a few steps on the Relationship Process TM.

It wouldn't be the easiest thing to explain.

"They don't even know we are a thing yet," he completed then.

His partner shifted on his spot, letting out an awkward laugh.

"George... I'm pretty sure they did," he mumbled.

And the brunet's eyes instantly widening, embarrassment hitting him right away.

"*Dream-*"

"No, no, I didn't- I didn't say anything to them, never, I swear," the boy was quick to assure. "I just- I just think they probably had an idea, even if we didn't say it. Because... You know, they're- they're not stupid."

The omega opened his mouth to talk, but closed it again right after. He wanted to believe they had been subtle enough when they had their friends over for them not to notice anything, but that was probably him being naive. Plus even if they were somewhat subtle, they still smelled like each other more than they should.

In all honesty, it was dumb to ever think they wouldn't get the hint. A part of him always knew they would get caught. Maybe a part of him even wanted it, the most instinctual side that wanted to be seen as the alpha's mates.

"Besides," the boy mumbled, cupping his partner's cheek with his hand. "Haven't we *always* been a thing?"

George couldn't help but smile shyly at his words, rolling his eyes despite the blush on his cheeks making it obvious that annoyance wasn't what he was feeling at that moment.

The blond moved closer, until his lips found the brunet's. They kissed softly, and slowly. Nothing but a chaste gesture, filled with delicacy. His mate pulled away after a second, but just to press him against his chest next, caressing his back softly. And God, he always felt so safe in his arms. That's exactly where he belonged.

"Okay," he whispered, wrapping his arms around the alpha.

“Okay?” The blond repeated, clearly confused by the sudden word.

“We can tell our friends,” he clarified, lifting his head slightly to look at his partner. “But after Sapnap and Karl say their news.”

Green eyes widened to his sentence, surprise and confusion in his features.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.” He nodded.

“But I thought- Didn’t you want to wait..?”

“Karlnap is moving here in a month, and we’re gonna be a pack. Everything is changing,” he mumbled, the best explanation he could offer.

A soft smile formed on his mate’s lips, nodding a couple times in response as if to show his agreement.

In a month, everything would be different once again. It wouldn’t be three best friends living together anymore, but two couples forming a pack, living as a real family. Their dynamic would change, the house distribution as well, a lot of their futures plans too.

Things were constantly changing, and sometimes, waiting for the right time was just stupid. You make it the right time, you make it work.

A part of him was nervous about it, and he still wasn’t quite sure of what they would say or how. But they would figure it out, and it would work out in the end.

“Are you excited?” Dream suddenly asked, getting his attention back on him again. “About Karl moving in with us, I mean.”

“Obviously.” He nodded, shifting to lay on his side and nuzzle against the boy’s chest some more. “We already got the blueprints of the new design for my- the omega room, I’ll send it to your email so you can work on it.”

Even without seeing him, he could feel his partner blinking in confusion.

“*The omega room?*” The alpha instantly questioned.

The brunet nodded again, humming softly.

“Yeah, for me and Karl.”

“For you and- *George*. You’re- You’re *not* sharing a room with Karl.”

“Why not?”

“*Why not?*” His partner repeated, and he tried his hardest not to burst out laughing at his reaction. “Because you’re sharing a room with *me*, George, what do you-”

“Yeah but you get annoying somethings,” the omega mumbled, pulling away slightly to look at him. His offended expression was way too funny to stop the playful bit.

“*I* get annoying?” The boy questioned. And this time, he couldn’t help but snort.

“You get so jealous so easily,” he mocked, laughing softly before moving closer to press a soft kiss on his lips. The blond’s cheeks reddened slightly, yet he still huffed and pulled him closer in a possessive manner.

“Because you’re mine, George,” he mumbled, kissing him quickly in response. “I’m tired of sharing you.”

“Well if I’m yours, then you have to give me what I’m asking for and-”

“No.”

He pressed their lips together again, more firmly this time, and longer as well. The omega melted into the gesture right away. Strong hands pulled him to lay over warm chest, then caressed his sides slowly, keeping them together in an embrace as their mouths continued to dance together.

They kissed with need, yet never stopped being sweet and soft. They kissed for a couple moments, until their lungs demanded for a break. The blond shifted their positions then, laying the brunet on the bed now and getting over him next so he could bury his head on his shoulder and place kisses over his neck.

He pressed his lips over his delicate skin over and over, giving special attention to the mark by his gland. The omega closed his eyes, humming with content and relaxing to the feeling. The alpha continued with his actions for a while longer, simply kissing his bond mark over and over.

“I wish I could bite you again,” the boy whispered, after a moment. “I wish I could bond with you again every time that we make love.”

Blood rushed to his cheeks, heat pooling on his stomach as well. He didn’t respond out loud, but he didn’t need to. His inner purring and sweet pheromones filling the room were indicators enough of how he felt about it.

“I just... Wanna keep making our bond stronger, somehow.” Another kiss on his gland, soft and quick. “I know I can’t keep biting you over and over, I don’t- I wouldn’t wanna hurt you.” One more kiss, then another one. “But just... I wanna do something, everything I can, to keep making you mine.”

George inhaled deeply, heart beating faster.

He liked that. He really liked that. He liked how it showed just how much Dream was sure of loving him. So sure that even bonding didn’t feel like enough, so sure that he still wanted to find more ways to show him how strong his feelings were.

The boy pulled away slightly, to stare directly into his eyes, and cupped his cheek with one hand.

“Maybe we should get married.”

A loud snort instantly came out of his mouth. He raised an eyebrow with amusement, looking at him with disbelief.

“What?”

“Yeah. We should- I wanna marry you.”

“Dream,” he huffed, rolling his eyes. “That’s not- That’s not necessary.”

“Why not?”

The brunet blinked a few times, looking at him directly again, examining the blond’s face as if trying to figure out if he was seriously asking that or not.

“Because we just mated, Dream,” he pointed out.

Marriage wasn’t something George had ever considered necessary for himself. He understood why other people did it, but never thought he could want it too. It was just a ceremony, a legal way to be bonded to someone outside the biological one. Maybe because for the most part, everyone he had ever met in his life that has gotten married did so for one of two common reasons.

One, because they were an omega abandoned by their previous mate with whom they had bonded, and wanted something to feel officially connected to their new partner. Or two, because they were older people that had been mated to their partner for years now and wanted to ‘*re-mate*’ them. Obviously, neither of those were their case. They had only been mates for three weeks, not even a whole month.

The blond offered him a face that could only be described as ‘well duh’, as if he didn’t see how his words related to the point at all. George rolled his eyes, sighing after.

“People don’t usually re-affirm their bond with that until like... I don’t know. Until at least a few years of being together, I guess.”

“Since when do we do things like people ‘usually’ do?” The alpha was quick to respond.

But of course, that wasn’t enough to make the omega suddenly see things his way, only giving the American another raised eyebrow in response. Because yeah, maybe they didn’t follow the normal way of doing things half of the time, but that didn’t mean the boy’s words now made all the sense in the world.

“Why do we have to wait?” The blond asked.

“Why do we have to do it now?” He questioned back.

“Because I’m sure of how I feel, and I wanna keep getting bonded to you in every way.”

George felt his cheeks growing warmer with his words, the instinctual part of him cheering with excitement. But despite how compelling the offer could feel right now; because yeah, he would be lying if he said the idea didn’t make a part of him him really fucking happy; he knew weddings were a lot of work, and a lot of planning, and it had the legal component too. And they had *just* mated, and they were about to become a pack with their friends, and that was *a lot* of changes at once.

“But what if I wanna wait? What if I want us to be more settled first?” He pointed out. And before his mate could add anything else, because he could see he wanted to insist, he spoke again. “I’m not saying I don’t want to. But why *can’t* we wait?”

The boy stopped for a moment, examining his face with his green eyes. He took a moment to process his words, before sighing in defeat.

“Okay, okay, fine. That’s fine,” he mumbled. “We’ll get married in a year then.”

A snort escaped the Brit’s lips right away, face tinting with amusement.

“A year?” He questioned, the American instantly nodded. And the boy couldn't help but look at him with disbelief, noticing how serious he seemed. “Dream.”

“Okay, *fine*. We can do it in two,” he offered next.

George opened his mouth to talk, then closed it right after. He stared at the boy for a moment, as if trying to read his mind, and find the joke in his words. But there wasn't one, it wasn't a joke. The blond didn't just *seem* serious. He *was* completely deadass serious.

“Dream,” he whispered.

“Four?” The alpha mumbled. The omega didn't respond, hesitant. And again, it's not because he didn't want to accept. The more he heard him ask about it, the more he wanted it.

But that was exactly why he couldn't give a thoughtless answer, that's exactly why he had to think of their future and what was best for them. Because this was real, he could tell. The boy was asking for real. And whatever he said yes to, it would be like making it a plan, making it an agreement.

“... Maybe in ten, ask me again then,” he finally whispered, a sense of nervousness in the mouth of his stomach.

The American looked at him like he had suggested the most horrifying thing in the world.

“Ten is *way* too much time, George-”

“Why? We're already bonded for life,” the Brit defended. “Ten years is nothing.”

“Yeah, but I don't wanna wait that long,” his partner argued.

“Why not? You think you'll change your mind by then or-”

“Don't be dumb,” his mate instantly cut him off, sighing after. He slowly got off him, sitting up by his side instead. The brunet sat up as well, and the blond quickly reached for his hands to hold them then. “It's just... We'll be so *old* in ten years,” Dream mumbled. “I'm gonna be thirty-three, and you're gonna be like, sixty or something.”

A loud scoff came out of his mouth, rolling his eyes.

“That's *not* how time works-”

“And our life will be so different in ten years, we'll be so much busier,” the boy continued. “Like, taking care of the house, still making content, working in our company, all the things we do now, but while raising our two kids and helping them with homework...”

A deep blush instantly took over his cheeks, his heart racing right away. The blond squeezed his hands, offering him a soft smile, as if noticing his reaction.

“We won't have as much time to plan things out... And do you really want our children to be at our wedding, baby?”

George closed his eyes for a second, trying to push away his own embarrassment and all the warmth sensations feeling his stomach and chest. God, that could really be their life in ten years, huh?

That really was the life they were creating together, the life they wanted for themselves.

To grow old with one another, having kids of their own someday, and learn all the mate related things they had yet to explore.

He couldn't help but wonder if they would still be living with Karl and Sapnap by that point, or if they would result to buying two houses next to each other instead so they could keep being a pack while having personal and private space. He wondered if their friends would have their own children too, and if their kids would grow up together and get to be as good friends as their parents were one day.

And maybe those were things he never thought of before falling in love with Dream. But God, he wanted it. He wanted their own little family, and spending their lives together, and finding new ways to show each other their growing love.

"And I just, don't wanna wait so long for you to be mine in every possible way, okay?" The alpha said, taking him out of his thoughts.

The omega looked at him, cheeks still flushed and heart still beating fast.

"Four years," the boy offered again. "Please?"

This time, George couldn't stop himself from nodding.

"Maybe if you propose for real," he mumbled, a shy smile appearing on his lips. The blond smiled back at him right away, squeezing his hands again and moving a little closer.

"Engagement ring and getting on one knee and all that?" The boy questioned, in a joking tone. The brunet's smile got bigger, shrugging softly with faked disinterest.

"Maybe," he mumbled. "If you still wanna do it by then."

"Okay." Dream nodded to his words. "I'll propose in four years, then."

Without giving it a second thought, and before he could say anything else, the omega pressed his lips against the alpha's. The blond wrapped his arms around him right away, kissing him back with as much eagerness as the smaller boy did.

George held his face with tenderness as their lips moved in unison, asking for more, craving for more, needing to show all the love he had to offer him. Because fuck, he loved him. He loved him with every part of him. Every single cell of his body screamed his name.

He was his mate, and he fucking loved him with his whole self.

And sloppy kisses and clingy caresses kept being exchanged as soft giggles and happy tears continued to appear, locked in their own personal bubble of future plans and life promises.

All the things they wanted to do together, all the things they wanted to experience. All the things that would change between them, all the things that would stay the same. And maybe four years wouldn't be four years, both sinning of impatience way more often than they would ever admit. But time didn't matter, the promise would be fulfilled anyways.

Because they always did, because they always found their way to the other. Even when a continent kept them apart, even when their fears did as well again.

Big thumbs wiped his tears away carefully, gentle kisses pressed on his cheeks as he was pulled to rest on familiar chest again. Giggles died down to give space to a comfortable silence, and he

allowed himself to relax and calm down.

He was tired, and his hormones were still unstable, and his mind was a clouded mess. But none of it felt like a bad thing right now, none of it caused him distress. Or at least, it didn't make him any less happy. He was so fucking happy. Happier than he's ever been.

His heart still felt warm, and full, and heavy. But he liked it that way, he could get used to it. It was just one more thing he had learned to embrace.

Because at his twenty-five years of age, George learned to accept he didn't know it all.

As a young omega, he still had plenty of experiences to live through to understand himself, his needs, his instincts, and what he wanted from others

But that was okay. It was a part of growing. And he was ready to do so, to figure things out with his mate by his side. Because he had Dream. He would *always* have him. And he couldn't wait to see what other things life would teach him, them.

"I love you," the alpha mumbled, moving a hand to pet his hair.

The omega smiled at his words, nuzzling into his chest and getting comfortable in his arms.

It was just words, words that weren't new. Words that he's heard more in the past three days than he did in three months. Yet he still couldn't stop his inner from cheering like it did the first time.

"I know," he whispered, nodding a few times. He did, he truly did.

No more uncertainty, no more doubts. Every action that he took, every word that he said. Everything the blond did was always so full of love, showing it with every gesture and sentence regardless of the context. That's how it had always been, wasn't it?

I say it all the time.

He did. One way or another, he always did.

Maybe at the time it wasn't in the ways he needed, but now that things have been cleared out, he could see he wasn't lying when he said those words. There was love in *everything* he did. And now, more than ever, he didn't stop saying it. He didn't stop showing it. Making him believe. As if making up for all the doubts he once caused. Or maybe just because it came natural to him.

"I love you too, Clay," the brunet added then, hugging his mate a little tighter.

Because he wanted to do that too, he wanted to make him believe him too.

He wanted to erase every possible doubt he could have about it, and show him how he, exactly as he was, was more than enough for George, and he would love him no matter what. He wanted to be able to say everything he was once too afraid to, and he wanted to learn how to say it without words, too, like his partner did. He wanted to share his feelings with him in all the ways he could find, and make up for all the years he stayed silent because he knew wanted more and didn't think he could get it.

But that was one of the good parts of being bonded for life. They had years and years to keep showing each other how they felt, and learn the best ways to express themselves. And together, this time.

Despite not being able to see him, he could tell Dream smiled at his words. He continued to pet his hair, keeping him just as close. So close that he could hear his heartbeat. So close that it almost felt like their hearts were beating in sync.

His partner moved closer, kissing the mark on his gland softly. A gesture he was really starting to like, a gesture he could never get tired of. Because even after three weeks, sometimes it still didn't feel real. But he was glad that it was.

"I love you more, though," the boy mumbled.

George couldn't help but roll his eyes, an amused smile appearing on his face. And it was almost funny, it was kind of amusing. To think of how much he had wanted him to say it back and how much it hurt when he didn't, yet now that he did, he couldn't get him to stop.

Not like he really wanted him to. He couldn't get tired of hearing him say it.

He didn't think that was really possible, though. He didn't think he could ever love him more than the omega did. He fell first this time, after all. He fell without him trying to make it happen, too. He fell so hard he didn't know what to do with himself, and almost ruined everything in the process.

He loved him so much his heart ached from being so full, he loved him so much he would go with him to the moon and back if he ever asked. He loved him so much that he mated him just days after they started courting. He loved him like he's never, ever, loved somebody.

But... It was nice to think the feeling was mutual, and the boy also thought that. It was nice to think that Dream believed his love could be stronger somehow, enough to say that statement. So for now, just for now, he would let him win that round.

They had plenty of time to argue about it in the future, and present all the reasons why each of them thought they were right. They had plenty of time to keep disagreeing on who was the winner, and for new arguments about it to start.

They had plenty of time together, all the time that they wanted. They had the rest of their lives to keep proving their love.

They had each other, forever, and always.

Chapter End Notes

exactly four months ago, this fic was born. today, it comes to an end.

i'll never stop thanking you for the support, and all your kindness and love.

thank you for making this experience one of the best of my life. youre all very special to me, and i hold you very close to my heart.

who knows, maybe we'll revisit this story some day, maybe we'll visit some other povs. but for now, this is the goodbye.

see you in the next universe, in our next story

with love, winter

["If you let me" playlist](#)

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